July 15, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

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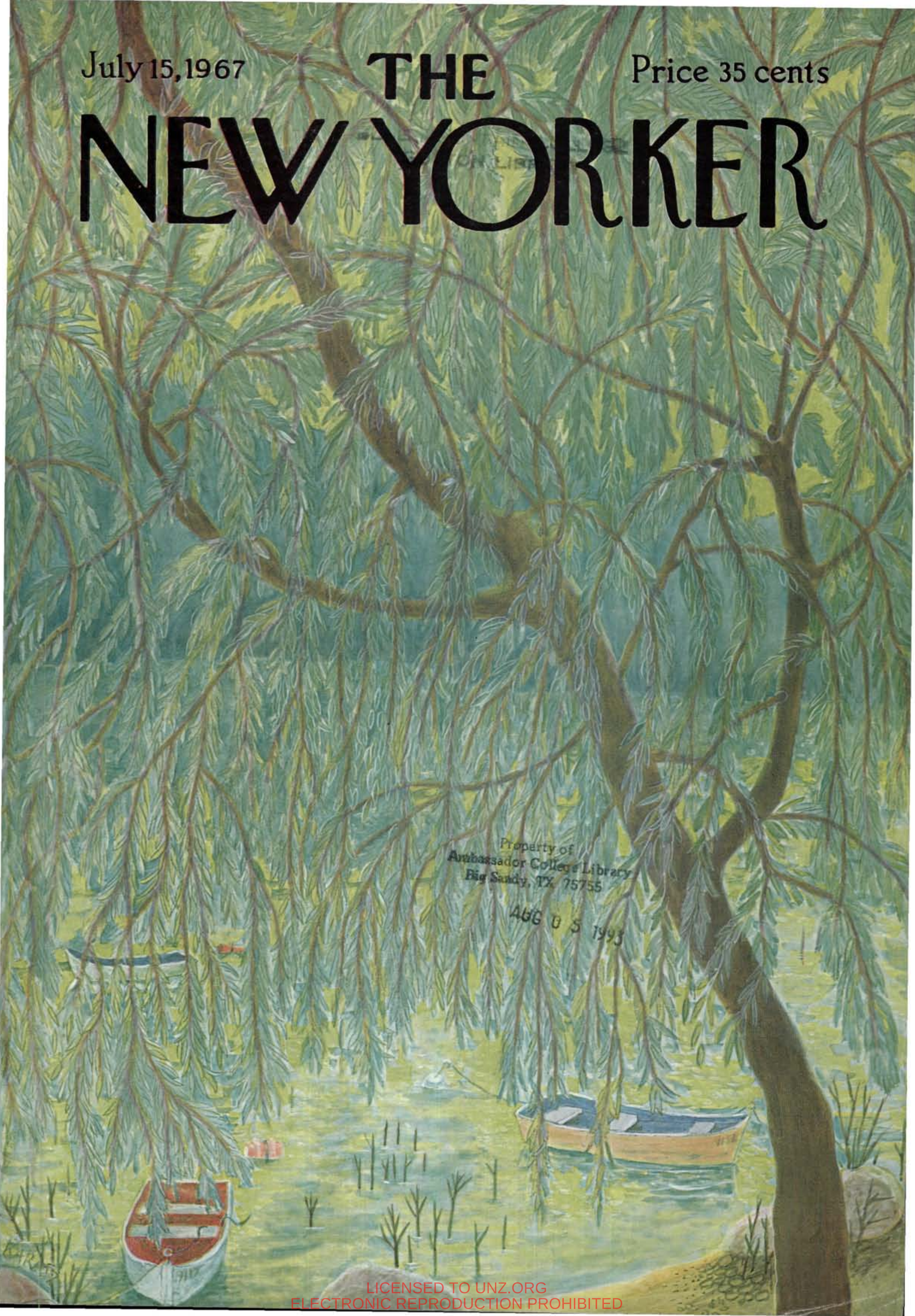

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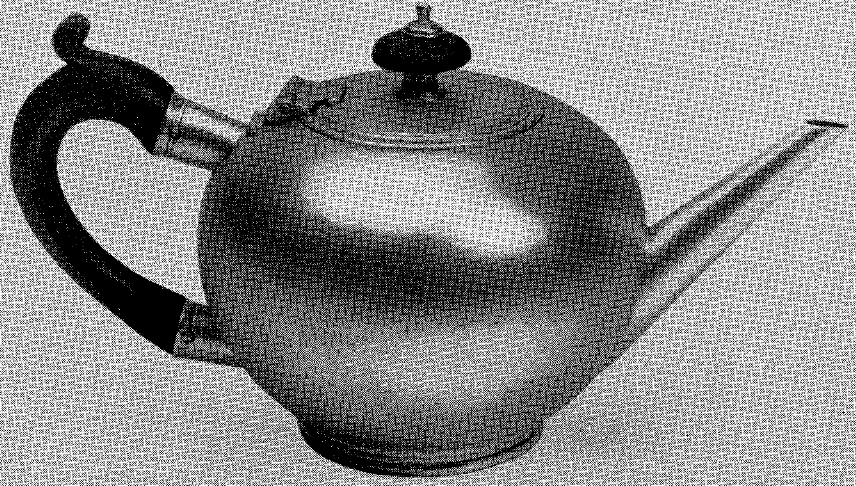

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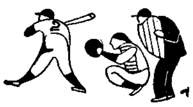
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Black Comedy—A droll business created by Peter Shaffer and having to do with some difficulties that occur in a South Kensington apartment when the lights go out. John Dexter has manipulated the worthy cast very cleverly, but Mr. Shaffer's "White Lies," which serves as a curtain-raiser to "Black Comedy" is a dud. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Don't Drink the Water—Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Peggy Cass, and Dick Libertini are among those pleasantly employed in this farce by Woody Allen. It concerns a Jewish family from Newark that takes a trip behind the Iron Curtain and gets into trouble there. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter's description of homelife in a North London *ménage run* by an eccentric widower who unexpectedly finds himself playing host to his eldest son and the son's wife, a girl of vast accessibility. The play is a rickety affair, but the actors who perform in it are uniformly admirable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Star-Spangled Girl—Anthony Perkins, Paul Sand, and Sheilah Wells are all young and enthusiastic in this comedy by Neil Simon about a protest publisher, a writing genius, and a folk singer in San Francisco, but the end result is pretty dreary. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. Not overly incisive but fairly funny and beguiling. It is acted by a splendid cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon—and it is also cleverly directed by Alan Schneider. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**cactus flower:** A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, and Robert Moore are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Apple Tree—Short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer provide the basis for the three sketches that make up this musical, and they have resulted—particularly in the case of Mark Twain—in an entertaining show. The book, music, and lyrics were provided by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, and the enterprise was directed by Mike Nichols. Phyllis Newman is filling in for Barbara Harris as the principal performer, and Alan Alda and Larry Blyden support her valiantly. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cabaret—An adaptation, by Joe Masteroff, of the John van Druten play "I Am a Camera," which, in turn, was based on Christopher Isherwood's stories about Germany just before the Nazis took control. Never as effective as its source material, but the production numbers are spectacular. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey are among those in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hallelujah, Baby!—The ups and downs of a Negro team—a girl who has a lovely voice and a boy who has brains—in the course of more than half a century of struggling against a culture that gives them little heed. Arthur Laurents's book is drab, but there are some solid tunes by Jule Styne, with satisfactory lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Leslie Uggams, Allen Case, and Billy Dee Williams head an excellent cast, augmented delightfully by Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Tom Jones' book and lyrics for this version of Jan de Hartog's play "The Fourposter" are something less than scintillating, and Harvey Schmidt's music is very simple, but the production is glossy, and the performances of Mary Martin and Robert Preston, who make up the entire cast, are superb. The direction, by Gower Champion, is laudable indeed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri is charming in this musical adaptation of the film "Never on Sunday," but it has little else to recommend it. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **hello, dolly!:** Betty Grable now has the role of Emma Willard. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **mame:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **sweet charity:** A tale about a dancehall hostess panting to meet a man who will love her truly. Helen Gallagher has replaced Gwen Verdon as the girl with lots and lots of heart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **south pacific,** with Florence Henderson and Giorgio Tozzi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Absolutely Freeee—A rock-'n'-roll concert by the Mothers of Invention, an all-male group. The music is exciting, but the question of decibel tolerance does arise, for some of the electronic monkeyshines are deafening. (Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. 777-4530. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30 and 10:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 12:30.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Arms and the Man—A revival of Shaw's comedy. The performance just about gets by, but the play, now over seventy years old, is as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Drums in the Night—It is doubtful whether this very early play by Bertolt Brecht would mean much even if the action and translation were good. They are not. The action takes place during a Communist uprising in Berlin immediately after the First World War. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—Our fathers brought forth on this continent. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. José Ferrer plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. Starting Thursday, July 13, David Atkinson will replace Mr. Ferrer. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—John Hancock, the director, seems to feel that what Shakespeare wrote is not a play but a stencil to be filled in with tricks. A few of the tricks are effective, but most are not. With a couple of exceptions, the performances are either tiresome or misguided. On the other hand, the lighting, by Al Jutzi, is beautiful, and the sets, designed by Robert LaVigne from drawings by Jim Dine, are excellent. Alvin Epstein, a good actor who gets better and better, doubles as

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president, Milton Greenstein, and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLIII, No. 21, July 15, 1967. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1967 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Theseus and Oberon. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Unknown Soldier and His Wife—Peter Ustinov's *attempt at a satire on war through the* ages fritters away whatever force it might have had into facetiousness. There are, however, quite a few entertaining spots, and the performances are generally good. Those of Brian Bedford, as a recurring general, and of Bob Dishy, as a redundant German, are especially good. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This delightful little musical and the six actors who play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is based. Joseph Hardy was the director, Clark Gesner wrote the songs, and John Gordon wrote the libretto. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Russian Festival of Music and Dance—A company of two hundred, including stars of the Bolshoi Ballet, the Piatnitsky Folk Choir and Dancers, four dance companies, puppeteers, acrobats, and soloists from various other companies, plus a symphony orchestra. Presented by S. Hurok for a two-week engagement that starts Monday, July 17, and will run through Saturday, July 29. (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-4200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **KING JOHN**, with Robert Burr, Staats Cotsworth, Cavada Humphrey, and Marian Winters. The second in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, July 29. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of Guy Lombardo's **ARABIAN NIGHTS**, a musical with a book by George Marion, Jr., and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes Linda Bennett, James Hurst, Norman Atkins, and a huge mechanical whale. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The course of true obbligato runs ever so smoothly and inventively when Carmen McRae begins, with passion and puissance, her extraordinary dinner and supper carols in the Royal Box. Hines, Hines & Dad, who share the floor with her, are the sort of snap-the-whip song-and-prance squad you'd expect to find only on the reaches of Miami Beach. The orchestra of Lee Evans, a credit to its chosen profession, is there most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—This is the old, familiar cityscape of which old, familiar Billy Reed is *padrone*, and where old, familiar Ernie Warren is in charge of the small band. The dance tunes run from nine until two or three. No more music after Saturday, July 15.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—It's generally the night before Christmas in the restaurant, where the only things that stir, aside from a Cliff Hall band, are dignified couples gliding along the parquet. The music plays Mondays through Fridays from eight to one, and Saturdays from eight to two.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—William Makepeace Thackeray slept here (though not soundly), which is how he got the idea for "Vanity Fair." Lester Lanin (in person, not a myth) runs one band, George Anaya runs another. Closed Sundays.

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Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The table talk in the Café Pierre, a small lap of luxury, is more hum than dinger; so is the deportment on the dance floor; so are the ministrations of Ben Cutler's cheery little orchestra, which is supplemented, between sets, by Brazilian guitar and song. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—New little-girl singers do not estivate in this town; they just show up in the Persian Room. So here (at ten through the week and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays) is Ann Hilton, a bright and brave beginner. Other times, the well-rounded, firmly packed orchestra of Burt Farber and the carefree cluster of bandsmen collected by Mark Monte do their best. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano-and-fiddle crew leads a more travelled life—four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and from seven to nine Mondays through Thursdays in the Edwardian Room.... ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin goes even farther, transforming (from eight to one) the Palm Court into a marbled palace (with bar privileges) in Xanadu. His holidays are Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The power and the glory of the trumpet belonging to Jonah Jones rules a snug little world at the top of the Himalayas. The music, by his foursome and another battalion, carries on from seven until two, Sundays not included.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—Old Home Week, Month, and Year are celebrated by the owners of the Jimmy Dorsey orchestrations—i.e., the band now run by Lee Castle and sung to by the happily everlasting Helen Forrest and Bob Eberly. They are on deck from eight until two every evening but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—There's *no place to go* but down after one has lived to the full the life after dark that goes on on this altiplano. George Cort's small group of firebrands and Marco Rizo's band pulsate from eight to two every night but Sunday and Monday.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—The largest stretch of *rus in urbe* we own, equipped with trees, fireflies, open air, and dance tunes (both Latin and Manhattan) every feasible night of the week, beginning at seven-thirty and lasting until half-past twelve or even later. Everybody into the gym if it rains.

Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Always room for one million more on the floor, and no harm can come to anyone, for the Killer-Diller and related exercises are barred. The surroundings are neat but not gaudy, and as much can be said for the two extensive bands. Seven-thirty until one, except for Sundays, which begin at three-thirty; the dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): "I Happen to Like New York" is the theme song, and the people who feel that way arrive for dinner and stay for supper. So do the combinations and permutations of Goldie Hawkins, Wayne Sanders, and Sam Hamilton, who keep one or another piano (or both of them) in a state of euphoria that is just about constant. Closed Fridays through Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): At times, everybody who knows the lyrics (or even thinks he does) gets into the act when Laurie Brewis sits *down at his piano in this, the plainspoken* bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. It's for those who believe in community spirit. No music on Mondays.... **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. A happy islander chants those Basic English ditties of the West Indies from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties, and the Ah, Youth music is the work of Chuck Wayne's trio. It is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays.... **TAMBURLAINE**, 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): You can hardly see the forest for the eerie trees in this Outer Mongolian landscape, but from eight to one you can hear the dance music quite—or perhaps all too—clearly. Closed Sundays.... **KIPPYS**, 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): If it must be a Broadway steak house after the theatre, this one (done in the new manner of the musical-comedy ancestral drawing room) should do. It encases an upstairs inglenook wherein George Taylor, who has been around, addresses a baby grand from nine until two every night but Sunday.

Note—The discothèque is a fact of life, and if it is to be learned at anybody's knee let it be one of these: **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): No-room-at-the-inn is a standing problem, so make known your coming. Brace yourself, too, against the music (the living, breathing Brotherhood of Souls, plus the hot-line ministrations of a disc jockey), for it has the fury of a March wind and the Ides of the same month. The reward: a look at the fashions (in clothes and in conduct) of our gilded lilies and their consorts. Nine until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays.... **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): The gateway to this charmed underworld is a needle's eye. Those who pass it find a Delphic bower in which young ladies who will be goddesses if they ever grow up, or already are, disport themselves with their nimble partners in choreographic feats of daring. Nine-thirty until three-thirty night after night is the scheme.... **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A darkened dell whose mechanized music has a decidedly French accent, whose chairs (and this is setting a precedent) are comfortable, and whose kitchen rustles up a fairly late dinner. Nine is starting time; Sunday is void.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, who concerns himself with the triumphs, not the trivia, of our current songwriters, is at the keyboard of the best-tempered piano in night life. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his agendum. Saturday, July 15, will be his last stand before a brief holiday. Allan Haig's piano is the sole sound on Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Horatio at the drawbridge of the comfortable old castle is Norbert Faconi, who has been kissing hands and fiddling to the King's taste since the early days of our republic. He goes into retreat on Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's playhouses, also planned to bemuse the eye. George Cardini, whose fiddle is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays and Mondays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Eternal (praise be!) Rome. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar is the best of all possible reasons for believing in the entire canon of Spanish music, from classicism on down to caprice. He is on duty in this ornate refectory at dinner and supper every night but Sunday.... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, there is piano from five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night.

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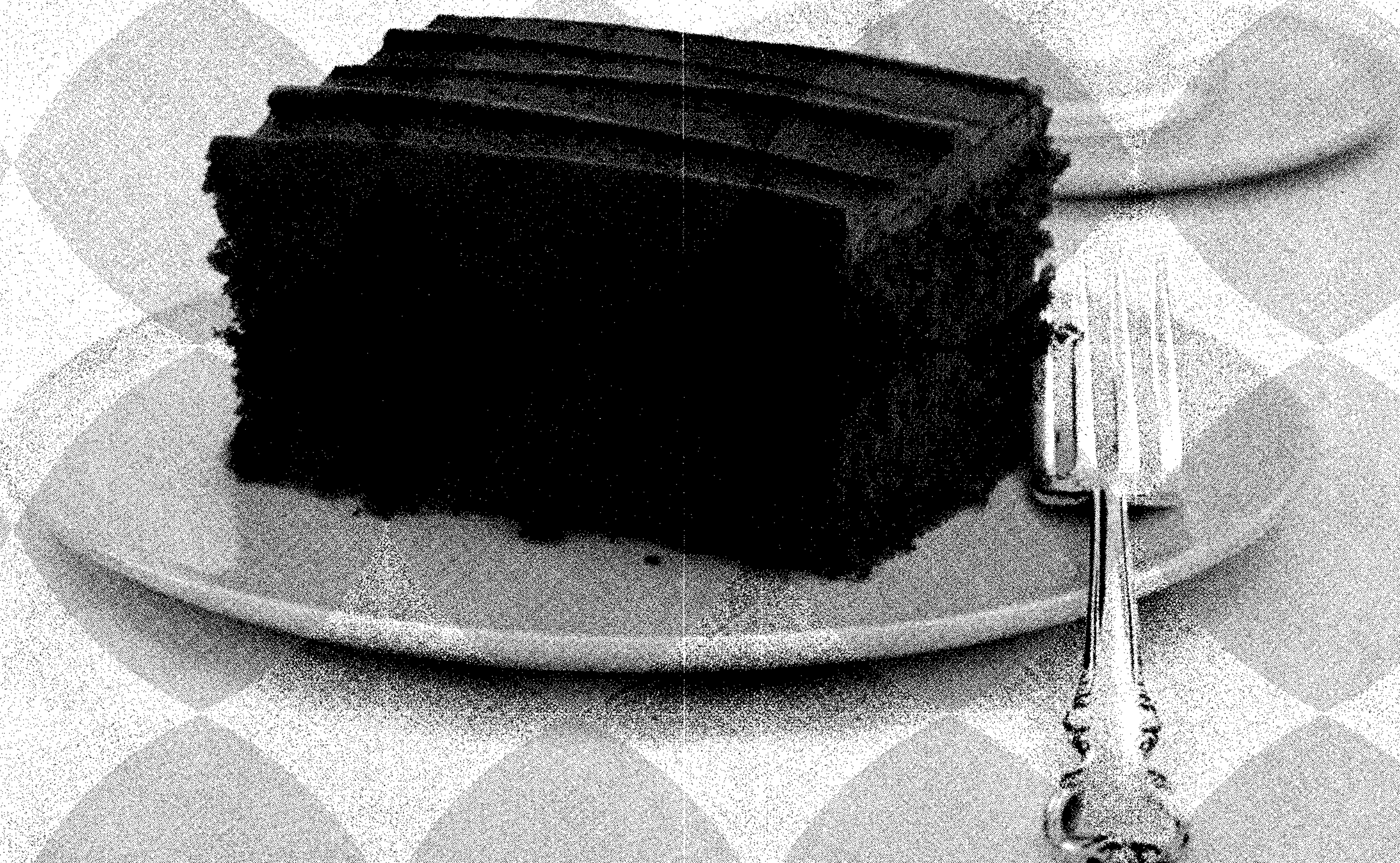

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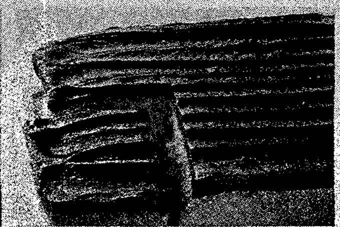
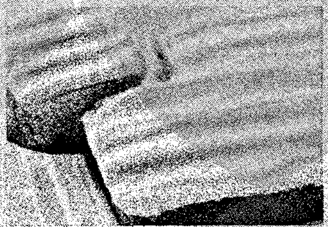
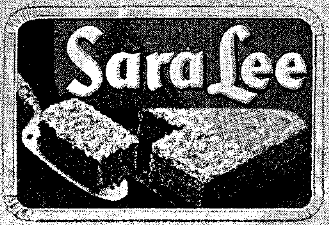
Sara Lee Fresh Orange Cake—fresh oranges in the cake and in the frosting, too.



Sara Lee Golden Cake—all-butter cake topped with rich fudge frosting.



Sara Lee Fresh Banana Cake—butter-cream frosted cake made with fresh bananas.



Sara Lee German Chocolate Cake—caramel frosting with pecans, almonds, coconut.

Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the finest of its townhouse days. In the bar, there is piano from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Enzio Lembo slings a lusty guitar in the opulent bar-restaurant, and slings it until well past midnight. He does homework, though, on Mondays and Wednesdays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The grand old countinghouse offers the desultory piano of George Feyer, whose urban base of action this place is from eight-thirty until maybe two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The august Herman Honigsberg has his violin and his violinists in slow but blithe motion around this industrious Roman piazza. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The standard brands are still represented here, though the incumbents (this being the fairly good old summertime) are not nationally advertised. They are Frank D'Rone, singer of considerable quality, and Jerry Collins, jester. And there are always the Copa ballerinas, kicking (not necessarily in unison) up their heels and their long, lovely legs. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The only logistics problem here is bringing on the girls, and it is solved by bringing them on in heaping handfuls. The extravaganza in which they are involved is further enhanced by the Serendipity Singers, who do not take folk music (or anything else) seriously. The Singers withdraw on Tuesday, July 18. Next evening, Dick Shawn, who stems from the Broadway baronies, starts narrating his jests. Showtime is dinner and supper. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The flash in the pans of the very young, the very mini, who inhabit this bold new world comes from the strobe lights that make up the ceiling; the music, never out of sight (it's produced by real people) but definitely out of mind, is ceaseless and chaotic. No matter what new parodies pop up, this is The Place. The clamor starts at eight during the week, at three on Sunday afternoons, and late in the morning is when it ends. No dining.

CABARETS

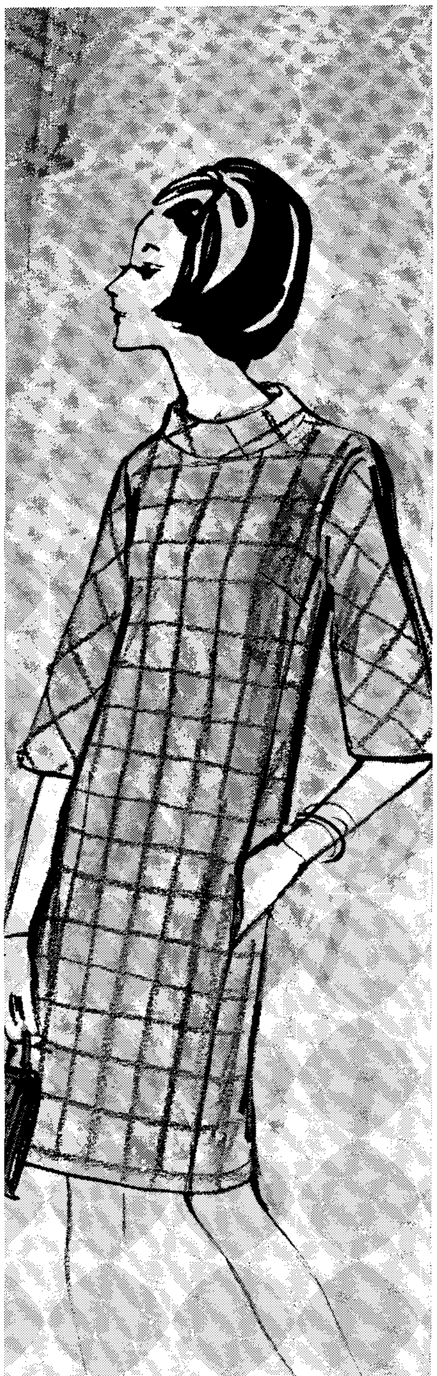
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Many are the true words spoken and sung in jest (or *are* they in jest?) by the arcane Michael Brown, now restored (by Julius Monk, entrepreneur of this seemly educational institution) to night life after a considerable absence. When these two and the other amusers are not at play, Otis Clements and Robert Colston turn their two pianos into a dazzling orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, who aim to prove that all Spanish life is not grim, earnest, and flamenco, are being (as always) musical and mobile. They show up at dinner and supper; the rest of the time, the customers tread the floor in measures light and fantastic. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Emilio Prados and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "The Play-offs of Mixed Doubles," a fair-enough collection of skits and schizoid situation comedies presented in revue form, occurs at nine-thirty and twelve. The player-offer to watch and listen to is the cool little Judy Graubart. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): The idea is hors d'oeuvre—somebody or other from a Broadway show trying out an afterpiece that has nothing to do with his work in the theatre. This happens late; earlier on, the house staff does casual entertainment.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Les McCann's trio and Gary Burton's quartet course the troubled waters of present-day jazz. On Tuesday, July 18, they will be succeeded by the foursome of Ornette Coleman, who has abandoned the plastic surgery of his earlier years for a more comprehensible sort of music. Every Monday is allotted to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and their sixteen vociferous sidemen. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Marian McPartland's threesome, which does not venture far into the *in-extremis* cul-de-sacs that trap so many of its compeers, departs on Saturday, July 15, from this glittery inn, which splits its personality between discothèque and the real thing. On Monday, July 17, Rubin Mitchell's trio (blood and thunder from the West Indies) returns. A menu of some note is also afforded. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The bonuses for perfect attendance here are, on the street floor, the piano (stride, strident, and never astringent) of the great man named Willie the Lion Smith (sometimes solo, sometimes in cahoots with the piano of Don Ewell, the old Teagarden gem), and, in the grotto, the quintet of Dizzy Gillespie (contemporary life viewed with a certain amused detachment) and the fivesome of Miles Davis (contemporary life viewed with a certain alarm). N.B.: All of these hands are absent Mondays, when the sound in the grotto is made, instead, by this or that Latin band. On Tuesday, July 18, the Davises will cede their position to the Modern Jazz Quartet, which, having long ago achieved perfection, is now wondering where it should next proceed. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The fastest guns in the East—that is, Mr. Condon and the likes of Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, Bob Wilber, and Marty Napoleon—are on target. Dining and dancing as well as just listening. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): A new organization, Roy Meriwether's trio, is within the oval bar. Adhering to ground rules, it wafts softly during the late-dinner hour, then works up to a brisk breeze after the theatre. Between sets, Eddie Thompson disports himself on the piano. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual and admirable Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the bouncy guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Permanent Fourth of July, with all the concomitant explosives—washboard, tuba, and such. There's a Sunday session, four-thirty to nine, as well as the usual Sunday-night din. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): Tom Sawyer would have had this old board fence whitewashed; the kids who hang out along it nowadays are intent only on the music, at present the product of Archie Shepp's mystics. As of Tuesday, July 18, Art Farmer's in the dell, along with his quintet, which will include Jimmy Heath. Sun Ra's squad of ten cabalists fills in on Mondays. . . . **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Whooping it up at another of Jack London's Malamute Cafés. The band is tinpanny tympani, the beer flows like Würzburger. Movies, too, also with the patina of years. From nine until doomsday every night. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The only live sound happens on Sundays, when the varying personnel of Jazz Interactions works out in a five-to-nine matinée. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB,** 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): The Elvin Jones quintet, upon which the hopes of many advanced thinkers are pinned, is in residence. The music runs from ten to three, except Mondays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The situation could very well be like this: Friday through Sunday, the Donald Byrd-Duke Pearson All-Stars, with which Pepper Adams is mightily concerned. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): On the theory that the world will end with a bang, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band has been given time here to portray its scheme of rocking and rolling. It shuts down



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

on Sunday, July 16; for a while thereafter, the program will be strictly grab-bag.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MARTA MINUJIN—A magical telephone booth that responds to the speaker's voice by changing his "environment" through color modifications, lights, images, smoke, and other effects; through July 28. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

THE ITALIAN HERITAGE (1300-1650)—A benefit show of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Titian, Rubens, Holbein, and Donatello, lent by American museums and private collectors; through Aug. 25. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SCULPTURES—Pieces by Arp, Nakian, Chamberlain, Westermann, Morris, and others; through Sept. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BLACK**, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by nineteenth-century artists, among them Kensett, Weir, and Currier; through Friday, July 21. . . . **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "The Rainbow Room" is hung with paintings and prismatic colors by, for example, Jensen, Samaras, and Arthur B. Davies; through July 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of Maine by Thon, Betts, Moller, Schoener, and Peirce; through Friday, July 21. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Items by such painters as Childe Hassam, Stephen Etnier, and John Twachtman; through July 28. . . . **PARK PLACE GALLERY**, 542 West Broadway, at Bleecker St.: Mac Wells, Steve Basey, and Gary Bowers are three of the participants in a show of paintings and sculptures; through July 28. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Philip Pearlstein, Peter Saul, and Jean Ipousteguy (to mention a few), also Pascin drawings; through July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: A portrait each by twenty-four American and four British artists, from the eighteenth century to the twentieth; through Friday, July 21. . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: A recap of the gallery's exhibitions of the past season, mainly light and kinetic displays, including works by LeParc, Maddox, and Takis; through July 28.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ADRIA ART GALLERY**, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.: Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and tapestries by present-day artists make up the opening show of the first Yugoslav art gallery here; through Aug. 31. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Pierre Alechinsky, Pol Bury, and Kurt Sonderborg; through July 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LOEB & KRUGIER**, 12 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Giacometti, Balthus, Morandi, and others; through July 28.

ISRAELIS; GROUP SHOW—Works by leading artists, among them Mordecai Ardon and Yaacov Agam, on loan from private collections; through Aug. 31. (Gallery of Israeli Art, 4 E. 54th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Royal treasures assembled from the Museum's collections of objects given to or made for a hundred rulers over five thousand years, from Queen Hatshepsut to Queen Victoria; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ A selection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century prints representing views of Moscow, St. Petersburg, and environs, and the social life of the times; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Abstract art of the sixties, including color-field, hard-edge, and optical paintings, primary constructions, and motion and light compositions; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Fifty-two prints

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

depicting artists and their artist friends, from 1890 to today; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ An exhibition commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of Picasso's "Guernica," on loan at the Museum, comprising thirty-eight preliminary drawings and sixteen postscripts; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings of this century from the Museum's collection—Cézanne, Kandinsky, Kline, de Kooning, and others; through Oct. 1 (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"American Art of the Twentieth Century," over three hundred works ranging from the realists of the early nineteen-hundreds to the advanced styles of today; through Sept. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of selections from the bequest of the private collection of Mrs. Albert C. Barnes, consisting of twenty-two oils, pastels, watercolors, and prints by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans and Europeans, including Soutine, Rousseau, Delacroix, and Glackens; through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings revealing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Photographs, documents, and memorabilia from the life of former President Dwight D. Eisenhower, together with eighty of his landscapes and portraits; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A selection of Russian paintings from the fifteenth century to the present; through Sept. 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 11.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Over twenty mural-size canvases and two monumental painted-steel sculptures by, among others, Norman Bluhm, Giorgio Cavallon, Al Held, Alex Katz, and Fairfield Porter; through Sept. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSIC

BATH FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA—Yehudi Menuhin conducting and playing the violin in the last in a series of concerts. Also with Hephzibah Menuhin, piano, and Joseph Fuchs, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Thursday, July 13, at 8:30.)

BISMILLAH KHAN—Shehnai, and his musicians from India. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, July 14, at 8:30.)

MUSIC OUTDOORS—(In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news)—**CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW:** Lorin Maazel conducting the New York Philharmonic in the first in a series of three concerts, this one with Michael Rabin, violin. (Tuesday, July 18, at 8:30.). . . **PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn: Lorin Maazel conducting a repeat performance of the Philharmonic's Central Park concert. Also the first in a series of three concerts. (Thursday, July 20, at 8:30.). . . **CROCHERON PARK,** Bayside: Lorin Maazel conducting another performance of the Philharmonic's Central Park concert. The first of two concerts. (Saturday, July 22, at 8:30.). . . **CENTRAL PARK MALL:** Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays and Sundays at 8:30, and on Fridays at 7, for picnickers; through Sunday, Aug. 13. Abraham Kaplan will share in the conducting on Sunday, July 16.). . . **WOLLMAN RINK:** Pop, rock, jazz; folk singers and musicians; musical salutes to various nations; and Lord knows what else, brewed and bottled by the Rheingold people and presented Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sun-

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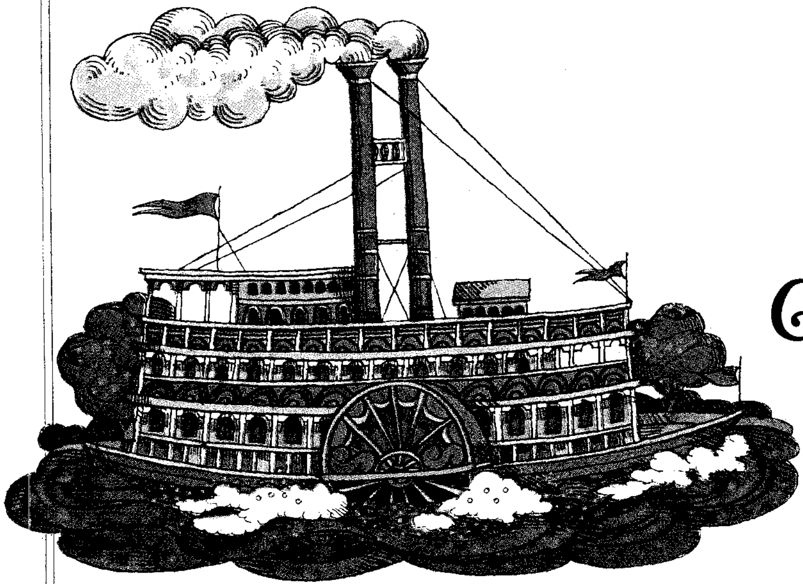

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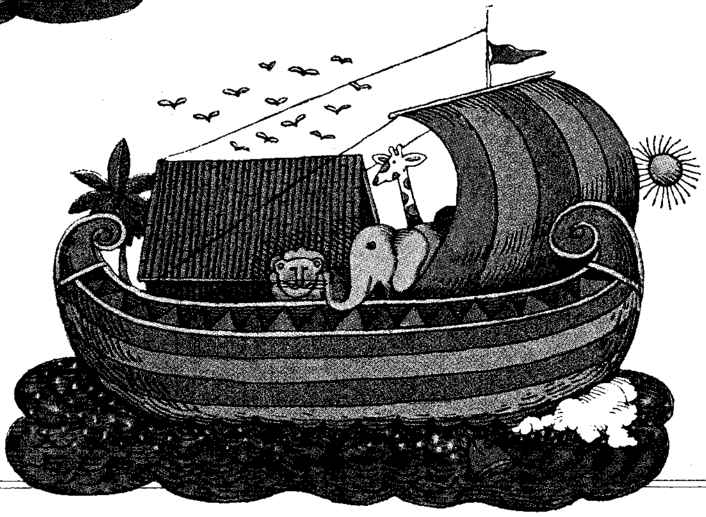

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days. Some concerts start at 6, some at 8, and some are repeated at 10:30. (For information about times and tickets, call 249-8870.) During the next week, keep an eye out for Ian and Sylvia, Herbie Mann's band, and Gloria Lynne.... **CARL SCHURZ PARK:** Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Charles Libove, violin. (Thursday, July 13, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)... **WASHINGTON SQUARE:** Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in the second of two concerts, this one with Esther Hinds, soprano. (Monday, July 17, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway.)

JAZZ—Thursday, July 13, at 8:30: Steve Lacy's quartet.... Thursday, July 20, at 8:30: Tony Scott's quintet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.) ... ¶ Jackie McLean, Betty Carter, and Freddie Hubbard. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, July 22, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 14, at 7: E. Power Biggs, organ, in an all-Bach recital. ... ¶ Friday, July 14, at 9: Antonio Janigro conducting a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony members in an all-Vivaldi program, with Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute; Sherman Walt, bassoon; Lois Schaefer, piccolo; and the conductor, cello.... ¶ Saturday, July 15, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing the chamber orchestra in a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Gene Bullard, tenor; Tom Krause, baritone; the Tanglewood Choir; and the Berkshire Chorus.... ¶ Sunday, July 16, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf directing the chamber orchestra in an all-Bach program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin; the Misses Boatwright and Wolff; the Messrs. Bullard and Krause; and the Tanglewood Choir.... ¶ Tuesday, July 18, at 8: A chamber-music program by the Zimbler Sinfonietta.... ¶ Friday, July 21, at 7: A program of part-songs by the Berkshire Boy Choir.... ¶ Friday, July 21, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with Eden and Tamir, piano.... ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 8: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists.... ¶ Sunday, July 23, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with Lilian Kallir, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 20.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—The New York City Ballet in a three-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Sunday, July 30—Thursday, July 13: "Firebird," "Illuminations," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Friday, July 14: "Swan Lake," "The Cage," "Four Temperaments," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, July 15: "Concerto Barocco," "Prodigal Son," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Sunday, July 16: "Firebird," "Illuminations," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Tuesday, July 18: "Apollo" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Wednesday, July 19: "Jewels."... ¶ Thursday, July 20: "Scotch Symphony," "Allegro Brillante," "Ivesiana," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Friday, July 21: "Apollo" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday, July 22: "Jewels."... ¶ Sunday, July 23: "Scotch Symphony," "Allegro Brillante," "Ivesiana," and "Western Symphony." (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 27. For tickets, call PL 7-8268, in New York, Mondays through Fridays.)

NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL—Final performances—Thursday, July 13, at 2: Hootenanny.... ¶ Thursday, July 13, at 8: "Topical Songs from '76 to '67," with Judy Collins, the New Lost City Ramblers, and others.... ¶ Friday, July 14, at 8: "New York, New York," with Theodore Bikel, Oscar Brand, Pete Seeger, and others.... ¶ Saturday, July 15, at 8: "Country Music and Blues," with Joan Baez, Maybelle Carter, Muddy Waters and the Blues Band (with Otis Spann), and others. ... ¶ Sunday, July 16, at 11: Free concert of religious music.... ¶ Sunday, July 16, at

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Call it a house party atmosphere. Or an air of congeniality. Whatever it is, people fall in love with these resorts. And keep returning to them.

Perhaps it's their size. These are not huge, impersonal hotels. Four are cottage colonies; one is a small waterside hotel. Each is privately owned and individually operated. So the welcome is personal, the feeling relaxed and friendly. It's almost like being taken into a private club.

Although each resort has a charm of its own, there are special pleasures that all provide you. Glorious views of blue-green water and tropical flowers. Fine food, attentive service, excellent swimming pools, dancing under the stars.

Wherever you stay, in a cottage-for-two or for all the family, or a room-with-terrace at the inn, you can be private and secluded when you wish. Yet chances are you'll be caught up in the house party spirit and find congenial company for lunch, cocktails, dinner and evening entertainment.

These are your entree into Bermuda's world of pleasures. Why not speak to your travel agent today?

Cambridge Beaches. White beaches, sparkling water on three sides. 250 year old main house, charming cottages. Excellent cuisine, calypso entertainment. Large pool, game, reef and shore fishing. Sailing, tennis. Hetland and Stevens, Inc., Representative, 211 East 43 St., New York. TN 7-1450.

Lantana Colony Club. Beautiful cottages and clubhouse, on the Great Sound at Somerset Bridge. Choice cuisine. Private beach. Sailing. All water sports. New tennis courts. Golf nearby. Manager, John Young. Leonard P. Brickett, Representative, 1 Palmer Sq., Princeton, N.J. (609) 924-5084.

Pink Beach Club & Cottages. On its own south shore beach in Smith's Parish. De luxe pink cottages with patios. Gourmet fare. Magnificent pool and tennis courts. Golf nearby. Manager, Sig Wollmann. Representative, Leonard P. Brickett, 1 Palmer Sq., Princeton, N.J. (609) 924-5084.

Horizons in Bermuda. Atop a hill overlooking Coral Beach. Luxurious old Bermuda mansion with elegant cottages. Large pool, tennis courts, golf, marvelous ocean swimming—and the mood is relaxing. Robert F. Warner, Inc., Representative, 630 Fifth Ave., New York. JU 6-4500.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2: "Songwriters and the Contemporary Scene," with Judy Collins, the Teatro Campesino, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 16, at 8: Jim Kweskin and the Jug Band, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Sister Rosetta Tharpe, and others. (Festival Field. For tickets, call PL 7-8600, in New York.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, July 15, at 3:30: Dave Brubeck's quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 16, at 8:30: The Modern Jazz Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 3:30: Pete Seeger. (Lenox, Mass.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 15: Maria Alba's Spanish Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 18-22: Toni Lander and Bruce Marks, and Norman Walker and his company, with Cora Cahan. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday, July 13, at 8; Friday, July 14, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); and Saturday, July 15, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Sunday, July 16, at 2, and Monday, July 17, at 8. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Houston, Tuesday, July 18, at 8; Wednesday, July 19, at 1 (doubleheader); and Thursday, July 20, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday and Saturday, July 21-22, at 8.

Boxing—Joe Frazier vs. George Chuvalo, heavyweights, 12 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Wednesday, July 19. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Pan-American Rowing Trials—Fours, pairs, and double sculls. (Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx. Thursday, July 13, at 3; Friday, July 14, at 4; and Saturday, July 15, at 5.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. The Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 15; the Great American, Wednesday, July 19; and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 22. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 5. The Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, July 15; the New Jersey Futurity, Wednesday, July 19; and the Choice, Saturday, July 22. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Soccer—National Professional Soccer League at Yankee Stadium—Wednesday, July 19, at 8: Generals vs. Pittsburgh Phantoms. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 2:30: Generals vs. Atlanta Chiefs.

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Saturday, July 15, at 3:15, and Sunday, July 16, at 1.

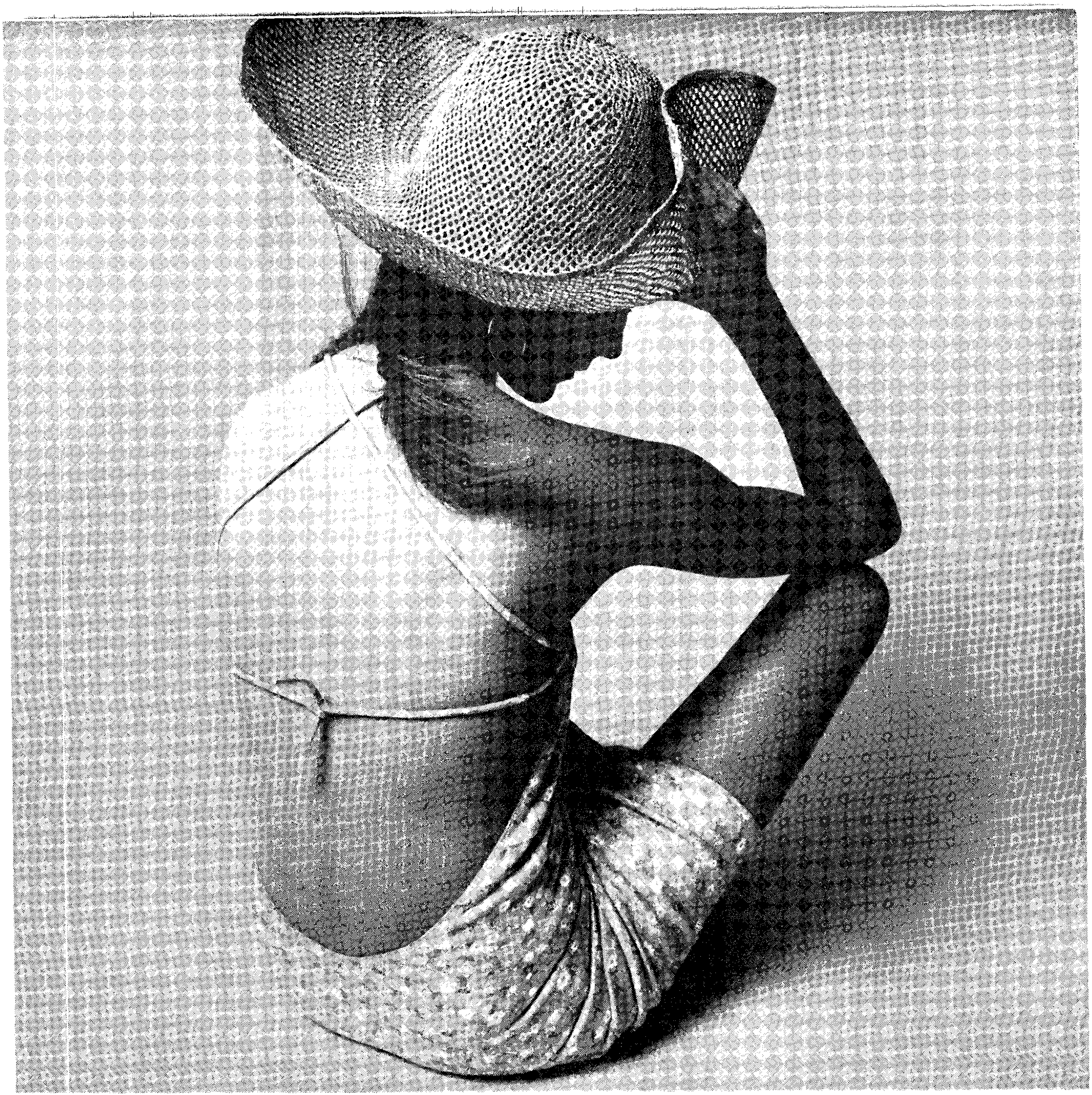
Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, July 24. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 25.

Yachting—America's Cup observation trials. (Newport, R.I. Through Tuesday, July 18.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 15, through Saturday, July 22.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend meetings of the General Assembly's special session, as well as periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Walking Tours—"The New West Side," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, July 16, at 2:30. Meets at Central Park West and 81st St. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.



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Her basic thinking on suntans is "Yes, have one." But a tender one that goes on in easy, painless stages. A tan that gives just enough gilding with no scorch or flake-off. And once you've arrived at a tender tan, you can keep it that way with constant after-sun care.

Get a tender tan with Sun Souci Bronzing Foam—the greaseless white aerosol foam that absorbs instantly to help give you a golden complexion.

Keep a tan with Après Sun—the revolutionary moisturizing lotion that works to keep your skin silken-smooth and supple.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

ACCIDENT—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a distinguished melodrama about the pleasures and pains of domesticity. Directed by Joseph Losey from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK—Neil Simon specializes in affixing shiny lines to a gossamer plot, and his adaptation of his Broadway play makes an admirable movie. With Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, and Charles Boyer. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

THE BIBLE—Glimpses of Genesis, painted in poster colors by John Huston. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE BIG CITY—Satyajit Ray's film about a shy Bengali wife who goes out to work, to the shame of her in-laws. One of the most rewarding pictures in a long time, by a master. The screenplay is Ray's own. In Bengali and English. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

BLOW-UP—A beautiful, lyrical, but disappointing melodrama about contemporary London, written and directed by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

CASINO ROYALE—David Niven, Peter Sellers, Woody Allen, Deborah Kerr, Orson Welles, Ursula Andress, and a dozen other playful types have a fine time skittering through a farce of surpassingly silly complexity. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting July 19.)

THE DEADLY AFFAIR—A stylish thriller, directed by Sidney Lumet and boasting a cast that includes James Mason, Simone Signoret, and Maximilian Schell. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through July 18.)

THE FAMILY WAY—Dulled film of a good stage play about the brutish jocularity of the English Northern working class toward young marrieds. Hayley Mills and John Mills; the Boulting Brothers produced and directed. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

GRAND PRIX—John Frankenheimer's virtuoso account of what it feels like to be the driver of a tiny car that goes a hundred and eighty miles an hour. Fantastically adroit camerawork and sound recording. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

LA GUERRE EST FINIE—Yves Montand is the superb star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; and Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN—A comedy about the pleasures and perils of infidelity, with Walter Matthau, Robert Morse, Jack Benny, Phil Silvers, and nearly every other comedian you can name. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through July 18.)

HAWAII—In which a deadly script crushes Max von Sydow, Julie Andrews, gorgeous scenery, history, and the director, George Roy Hill. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING—David Swift has done a fine job of directing this movie version of the celebrated Broadway musical. With Robert Morse and Rudy Vallée. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting July 19.)

THE JOKERS—Michael Crawford and Oliver Reed as a pair of young London scamps who steal the Crown Jewels not for money but for fame. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

KING OF HEARTS—A fantasy about a soldier at the end of the First World War, alone on a mission in a French village deserted by everyone except lunatics and animals. Philippe de Broca rescues it from feyness and makes some of it touching and strange. In French and English. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

MADE IN ITALY—A delightful assortment of picture-postcard views of the Italian landscape, thickly peopled. Directed by Nanni Loy and starring, among others, Anna Magnani, Virna Lisi, and Sylva Koscina. In Italian. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

A MAN AND A WOMAN—Splendid visual elaboration of a slight love story, in which the principals are played by Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS—Paul Scofield gives a sensationally good performance in this admirable adaptation of the Broadway success of a couple of years ago. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

MY SISTER, MY LOVE—A gifted Swedish director, Vilgot Sjöman, and a cast that includes Bibi Andersson, Per Oscarsson, and Jarl Kulle make this tale of family woe well worth seeing. In Swedish. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting July 19.)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW—The director, Franco Zeffirelli, has loaded this light skiff of a comedy to the gunwales, and it has sunk. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton go down with the skiff most valiantly. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664. Mondays through Thursdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10; and Sundays at 2:30, 5:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE—A funny but overlong satiric falsification of the Golden Twenties. Directed by George Roy Hill, with Julie Andrews, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, Carol Channing, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

TO SIR, WITH LOVE—A Negro schoolteacher instills righteousness into a class of London East End teen-agers. The film offers Sidney Poitier, miniskirts, and rock, but not much to rescue the story from priggishness. Directed by James Clavell. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

ULYSSES—A version of the Joyce novel that ably preserves the comic spirit of the author. Directed by Joseph Strick and starring Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

WOMAN TIMES SEVEN—Shirley MacLaine changing characters and makeup seven times in a compendium that adds up to someone's notion of Total Woman. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, without much trace. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE—The new James Bond, with the "true" 007, Sean Connery, and the true technological rampaging of the original producers, Saltzman and Broccoli. But there is less implicit self-mockery than before, and the gagging sadism has grown a bit brutish. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663. . . . ¶ Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through July 18.)

REVIVALS

ALEXANDER NEVSKY (1938)—Eisenstein's view of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 13.)

AMERICA AMERICA (1963)—A chronicle of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 18.)

BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK (1955)—Spencer Tracy as a mysterious stranger who visits a California cowtown. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 18.)

DARLING (1965)—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey in an account of contemporary London life. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through July 14.)

DIABOLIQUE (1955)—How a cad, his wife, and his mistress work together and at cross purposes to reduce their number by a third. With Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through July 18.)

DINNER AT EIGHT (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore in the Ferber-Kaufman play. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 15-17.)

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 18.)

HELP! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 18.)

HENRY V (1946)—Laurence Olivier. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through July 14.)

THE HORSE'S MOUTH (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 17.)

LIFE AT THE TOP (1965)—Money isn't everything, at least not in Yorkshire. Laurence Harvey, Jean Simmons, Donald Wolfit, and Honor Blackman. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting July 19.)

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT (1962)—A film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 16.)

MORGAN! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 18-19.)

THE NAKED NIGHT (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 14.)

LA NOTTE (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 17-18. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 19.)

POTEMKIN (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical sound track. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 13.)

SABRINA (1954)—Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in a comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through July 14.)

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (1938)—The Disney classic. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through July 17.)

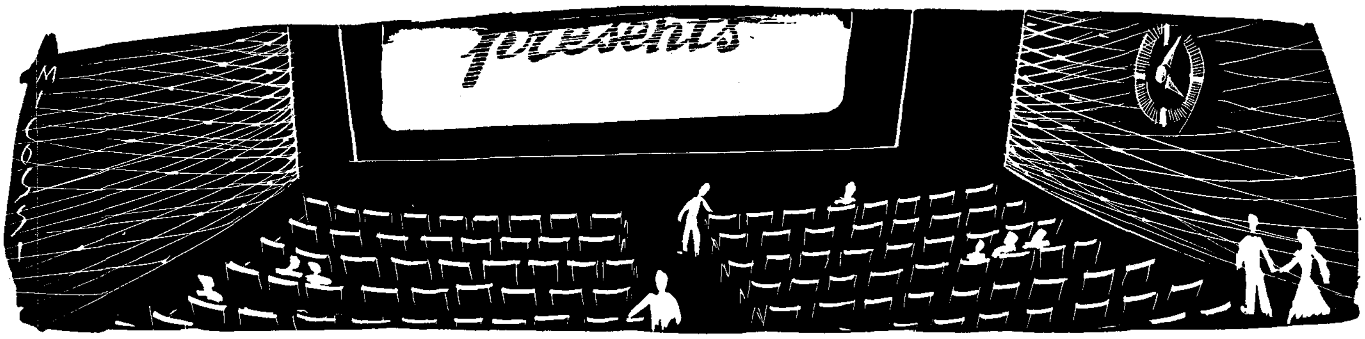
TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED (1963)—Alberto Sordi plays a Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. In Italian and Swedish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 19.)

TOM JONES (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, and many others. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 18-19.)

THE WAGES OF FEAR (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin on a journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through July 18.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—July 13 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Jack Knife Man" (1920), produced, written, and directed by King Vidor. . . . ¶ July 14 at 2 and 5:30: "Tartuffe" (1925), with Emil Jannings. . . . ¶ July 15 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "A Woman of the World" (1925), with Pola Negri. . . . ¶ July 16 at 2 and 5:30: "Doctor Mabuse" (1922), directed by Fritz Lang. . . . ¶ July 17-18, showings at 2 and 5:30: Two programs of short French films. . . . ¶ July 19 at 2 and 5:30: "The Cat and the Canary" (1927). . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Six programs in a series called "A Tribute to Arthur Freed." July 13: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944), with Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien. . . . ¶ July 14: "The Clock" (1945), with Judy Garland and Robert Walker. . . . ¶ July 15: "Yolanda and the Thief" (1945), with Fred Astaire. . . . ¶ July 16: "Best Foot Forward" (1943), with Lucille Ball. . . . ¶ July 18: "Ziegfeld Follies of 1946," with Fred Astaire and Judy Garland. . . . ¶ July 19: "Till the Clouds Roll By" (1947), with Robert Walker and Judy Garland. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through July 18: "Gunn," Craig Stevens, Laura Devon.
From July 19: "The Naked Runner," Frank Sinatra.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
THE FAMILY WAY.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"For a Few Dollars More," Clint Eastwood.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through July 18: **YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.**
From July 19: "Divorce American Style," Dick Van Dyke, Debbie Reynolds.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
GRAND PRIX.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
MADE IN ITALY (in Italian).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson; and "Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through July 18: "Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin; and "Kapo," revival, Susan Strasberg.
From July 19: **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish), revival; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian), revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 18: "For a Few Dollars More," Clint Eastwood.
From July 19: **CASINO ROYALE**; and **LIFE AT THE TOP**, revival.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through July 17: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival.
From July 18: "Surfari," a documentary film on surfing.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through July 18: **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.**
From July 19: "The Naked Runner," Frank Sinatra.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE JOKERS.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TO SIR, WITH LOVE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ACCIDENT.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through July 14: **HENRY V**, revival; and **DARLING**, revival.
July 15-17: **DINNER AT EIGHT**, revival; and "Grand Hotel," revival, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.
July 18-19: **TOM JONES**, revival; and **MORGAN!**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE FAMILY WAY.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 18: "Gunn," Craig Stevens, Laura Devon.
From July 19: **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING.**

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
WOMAN TIMES SEVEN.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 18: **BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK**, revival; and "Captains Courageous," revival, Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew.
From July 19: "Naked Among the Wolves" (in German and Polish).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 18: "Africa—Texas Style!," Hugh O'Brian, John Mills; and "Hostile Guns," George Montgomery, Yvonne De Carlo.
From July 19: "Triple Cross," Christopher Plummer, Romy Schneider; and "What's Up, Tiger Lily?," Tatsuya Mihashi.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 18: **YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.**
From July 19: "Divorce American Style," Dick Van Dyke, Debbie Reynolds.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"The Big Mouth," Jerry Lewis.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
"Deathwatch," Leonard Nimoy.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 18: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals), revival.
From July 19: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival; and "Inherit the Wind," revival, Spencer Tracy, Fredric March.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
BLOW-UP.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 18: "The Big Mouth," Jerry Lewis.
From July 19: "Spartacus," revival, Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 18: **THE WAGES OF FEAR** (in French and English), revival; and **DIABOLIQUE** (in French), revival.
From July 19: **MY SISTER, MY LOVE** (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through July 18: "Africa—Texas Style!," Hugh O'Brian, John Mills; and "Hostile Guns," George Montgomery, Yvonne De Carlo.
From July 19: "Triple Cross," Christopher Plummer, Romy Schneider; and "What's Up, Tiger Lily?," Tatsuya Mihashi.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Palaces of a Queen," a tour of six palaces belonging to Queen Elizabeth II.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
THE BIG CITY (in Bengali and English).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
KING OF HEARTS (in French and English).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
Through July 18: "A Rose for Everyone" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, Nino Manfredi.
From July 19: "Round Trip," Venantino Venantini.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
WOMAN TIMES SEVEN.

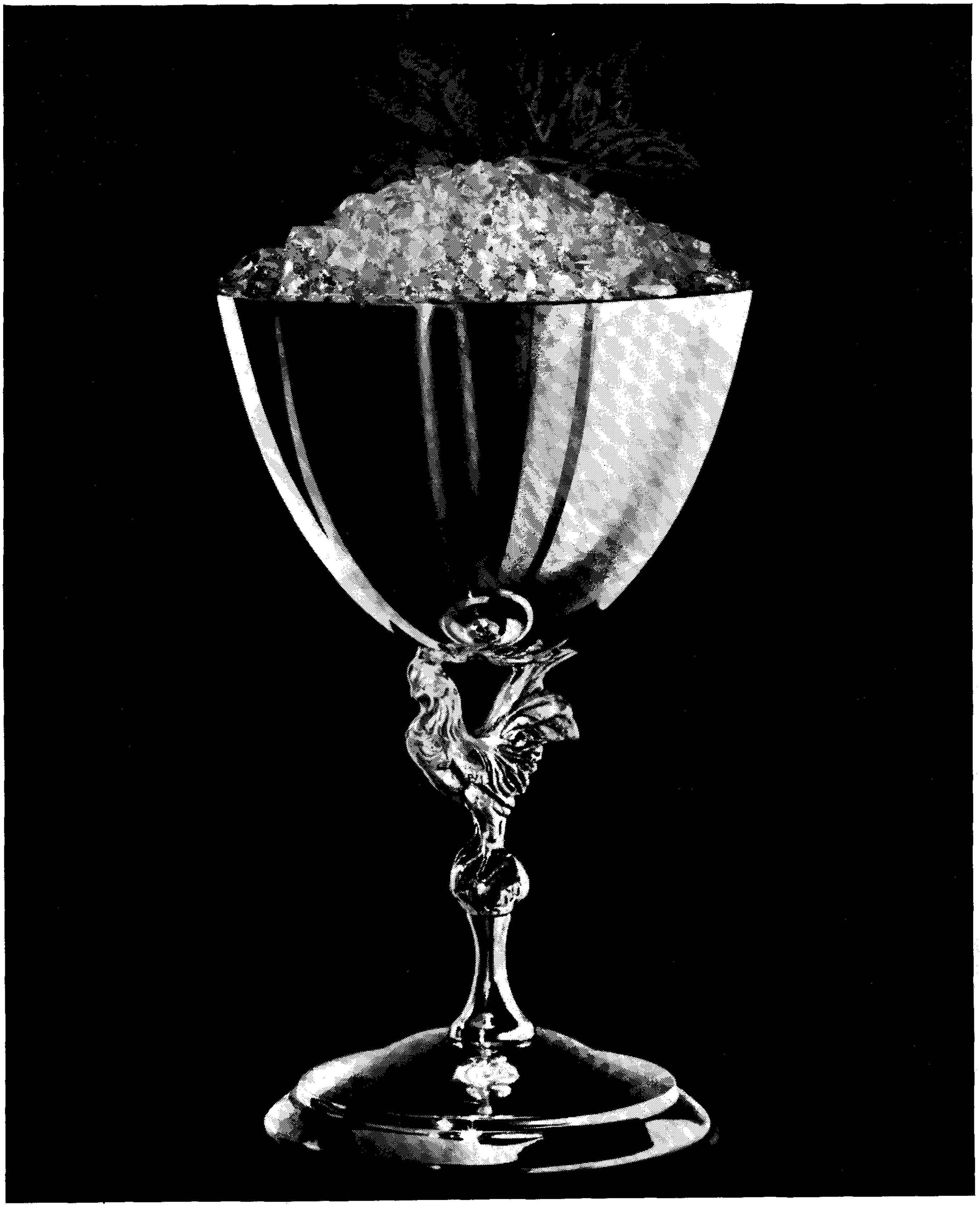
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 14: **SABRINA**, revival; and "Sweet Smell of Success," revival, Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis.
July 15-16: "Red River," revival, Montgomery Clift, John Wayne; and "These Are the Damned," revival, Macdonald Carey.
July 17-18: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival; and "The Lady with the Dog" (in Russian), revival.
From July 19: "The Killers," revival, Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson; and "Wagonmaster," revival, Ben Johnson, Joanne Dru.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 18: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival; and **HELP!**, revival.
From July 19: "Triple Cross," Christopher Plummer, Romy Schneider; and "The 25th Hour," Anthony Quinn, Virna Lisi.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 13: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival; and **POTEMKIN** (silent).
July 14: **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival; and "Three Strange Loves" (in Swedish), revival.
July 15: "Volpone" (in French), revival, Harry Baur, Louis Jouvet; and "The Italian Straw Hat" (silent).
July 16: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT**, revival; and "The Medium," revival, Marie Powers.
July 17: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival; and "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.
July 18: **AMERICA AMERICA**, revival.
July 19: A program of six short films dealing with psychology.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 18: **THE DEADLY AFFAIR**; and "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.
From July 19: **MY SISTER, MY LOVE** (in Swedish).



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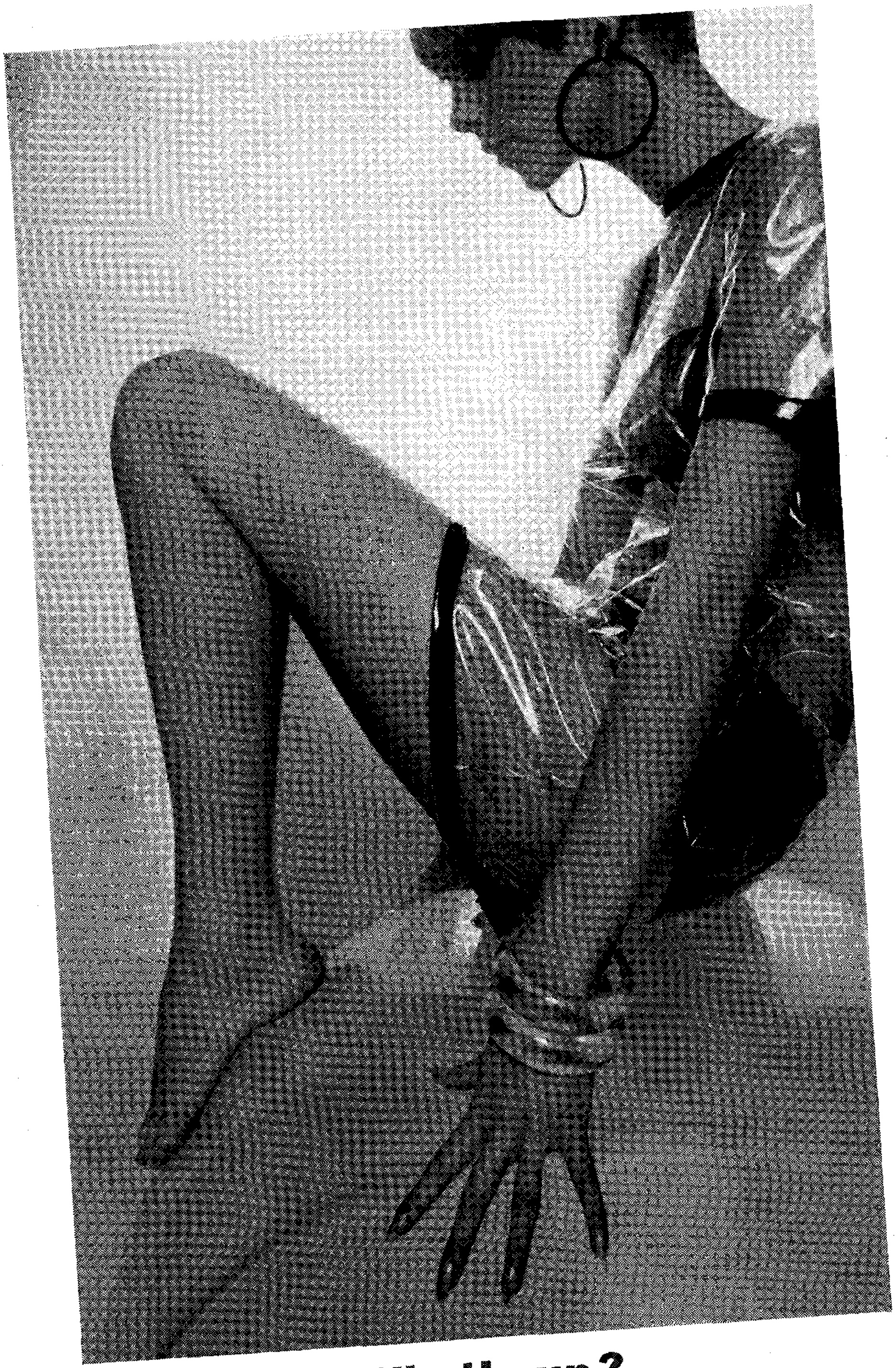

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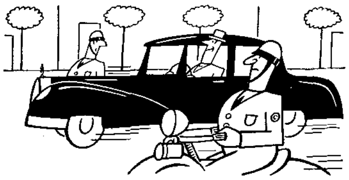
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ANYTHING, we believe, that can put new life into a man—cause him to go around afterward with his shoulders thrown back and his head so lifted that it feels as if it were in the clouds—deserves the urgent consideration of the highest power in the land. Fortunately, what may be the new elixir was discovered the other day in Washington, where this power is centered, and it was discovered, appropriately, by a government clerk. Perhaps inappropriately, he has asked *us* to make the bare facts public. He would have handled this himself, directly with the Johnson Administration, he tells us, but he has no desire for reward or fame, and wishes only to go about his business anonymously with his shoulders thrown back, etc.

The bare facts are that he found out what it feels like to drive through a considerable stretch of the nation's capital with a police escort, his car bowling along a route that had been cleared of all traffic for somebody of eminence—a visiting head of state, or perhaps the incumbent head of this state. For whom the route had been cleared is not important. What is important is the way it made our man feel to have a police escort. "I discovered that all my life I had wanted to have a police escort, and that somewhere in my innermost soul I had always felt I ought to have one," he writes. "Is this by some chance a universal human condition? I was not, you understand, seeking a police escort when I blundered into this discovery. The whole incident was the result of what might be called fortuitous circumstances. Normally, I drive a station wagon of medium size. It is four years old, and I was having some work done on the engine by a mechanic who happens to be an acquaintance—indeed, a friend. He had arranged to lend me for that day an enormous Cadillac that he'd bought after the owner wrecked it on a highway near Warrenton, Virginia. He had ironed out the fenders and otherwise put it in good condition, and was about to put it on the market and sell it for a considerable profit. Well, as I was driving home in it I turned from a side street onto this route that had been blocked off and was being guarded by policemen, both mounted and on foot. I realize now that for an instant the police must have mistaken me for somebody of eminence and inadvertently let me onto the route. Anyway, in another instant I was driving with the police escort. We had gone for only about half a block when the man on the motorcycle on my right looked at me piercingly and yelled, 'Stop!' I started to stop, but then he yelled, 'No—go ahead! Step on it!' So I did. The other policeman seemed to be obeying signals from the man on my right, but I didn't pay much attention. I was overwhelmed by my sensations. I felt myself to be somebody of eminence. Soon my escort reached a place where I could be escorted off the route. I was told to go on wherever I was going. The escort wheeled about, the men grinning, and I presume they returned to their former station and waited for the man of eminence that I had been mistaken for. What astonished me was that all the way home I continued to feel that I was a man of eminence. And I still feel so. Can it be that all men are eminent? That in all men there is a man of eminence, and that all that is needed to bring about an awareness of one's own innate eminence is a police escort—even a police escort under what you might call false pretenses? If so, could some plan be worked out whereby every man, in some kind of rotation, would *have* a police escort for a short drive in this city or in the city or the suburban or country community in which he labors?"



It is not for us to say. We leave that up to the President.

The Powdery Air

AT seven-thirty on a foul morning when a high wind was churning dark, dirty clouds just above the smokestacks of the city and a light rain was falling, Senator Robert F. Kennedy took off on a helicopter ride over Greater New York to look at air pollution. He was accompanied by members of Citizens for Clean Air, who sponsored the trip; S. Smith Griswold, who is an associate director of the National Center for Air Pollution Control; and some of the press, but not us. We were in a traffic jam, and we didn't catch up with him until around nine. By then, the Senator and his party were at St. Vincent's Hospital, on West Eleventh Street—another part of the pollution tour—and we asked a reporter about the flight. "Kennedy was the only one aboard the helicopter who was calm," the reporter said, and we noticed that he still looked a little shaken. "I don't know where we went. It was all fog and smog and rain." Senator Kennedy, wearing a gray suit and blue tie, and looking dry and unruffled, came down the hospital corridor with Mr. Griswold and two other men, who proved to be Dr. Stephen Ayres, the director of St. Vincent's cardiopulmonary laboratory, and Robert Fox, a director of the Citizens. They made their way past doorways full of beaming nuns and nurses, and went to the third floor, where Kennedy sat on the edge of a table while Ayres showed him graphs illustrating the correlation

between air pollution and respiratory illness, and a lurid color photograph of a diseased lung.

"How much does smoking contribute to that?" Kennedy asked.

"A fair amount," Ayres said. "The safest thing is to live in the country and not to smoke."

In the hall outside, Ayres called Kennedy's attention to a graph of carbon-monoxide levels in New York. "This was during the Thanksgiving alert last year," he said, indicating a jagged Matterhorn. "Look! Here, in the garment area, it went off the screen."

Kennedy asked whether carbon monoxide had a permanent effect on health.

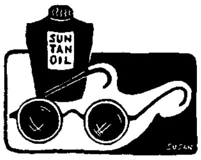
"Over a period of time, it affects the heart and the brain," Ayres said.

As the group moved on through the corridors, and nurses and internes stood against the walls to let them pass, Kennedy, thin and sombre, was silent. He nodded to people who smiled at him, and murmured a greeting here and there, but mostly he was listening and looking. In a laboratory on the eighth floor, an elderly lady in a blue wrapper was sitting in a chair, waiting. Kennedy spoke to her, and she told him, in a hoarse voice, "This is my fourth trip." A large booth with clear Lucite walls stood in one corner; Dr. Ayres guided the elderly lady into it and closed its door, and she sat down and started breathing into a tube.

"That's a body plethysmograph," a pretty, blue-eyed lab technician told us. "It measures airway resistance."

"It does?" we said.

"Yes," she replied patiently. "Any fluid or gas passing through tubes meets resistance, and so does air going through the tracheobronchial tubes. People with respiratory illness have greater airway resistance. We usually put the patient on some sort of bronchodilator."



"Thank you," we said.

The elderly lady emerged from the booth and, a moment later, handed the Senator a card for his autograph. Kennedy leaned on a table and wrote a short note to her, and as Dr. Ayres led his party out of the lab, the lady was sitting by herself, holding the card in both hands and intently reading the message.

The party climbed the stairs to the ninth floor, where patients with respiratory ailments were being given intensive care. The party paused outside the room of a very old man who was lying stiffly, his head arched back, and breathing by means of a respirator. He looked as though he were dying. "Some people are so sick they can't breathe on their own, so we sedate them and let the respirator breathe for them," Ayres said. Kennedy looked in, then stepped back, and the group moved on. "We're using clean-air filters in oxygen tents, instead of oxygen," Ayres said, standing by an empty bed that had an oxygen tent next to it. "We have a lot of tents in storage, and in an emergency we can set them up for emphysema victims very rapidly."

Half an hour later, Kennedy and Griswold were listening to a group of tenants in a living room on the third floor of the huge George Washington Bridge Apartments—four tall middle-income buildings that were erected in 1964 directly above the Manhattan approach to the bridge. The tenants were telling him their grievances, over the noise of traffic. "Below the twentieth floor, it's impossible to open your windows, because of the fumes," said a man named Roger Minkoff. "No one can sit on their balconies."

"If you're allergic, like I am, your eyes smart all the time," said Mrs. Jean Bain, who is president of the Tenants Association.

"Have you been to the city about this?" Kennedy asked.

Mrs. Bain nodded.

"Nothing's done?" Kennedy asked.

Mrs. Bain shook her head. "They ignore us," she said. "It's tolerable, they say, but what does 'tolerable' mean? That you'll drop dead in ten years instead of in twenty? They all let us down; the whole concept of middle-income housing is going down the drain. The building is nicely integrated, but we don't like the idea of being slowly poisoned. We arrived with hopes. We thought it was rent-controlled. Then, as soon as we moved in, they hit us with a rent increase."

Minkoff added, "We've heard nothing from the city or state on legislation. Interstate Commerce say they're 'interested' in our problem, but that's about it."

"Who's the congressman in this area?" Kennedy asked.

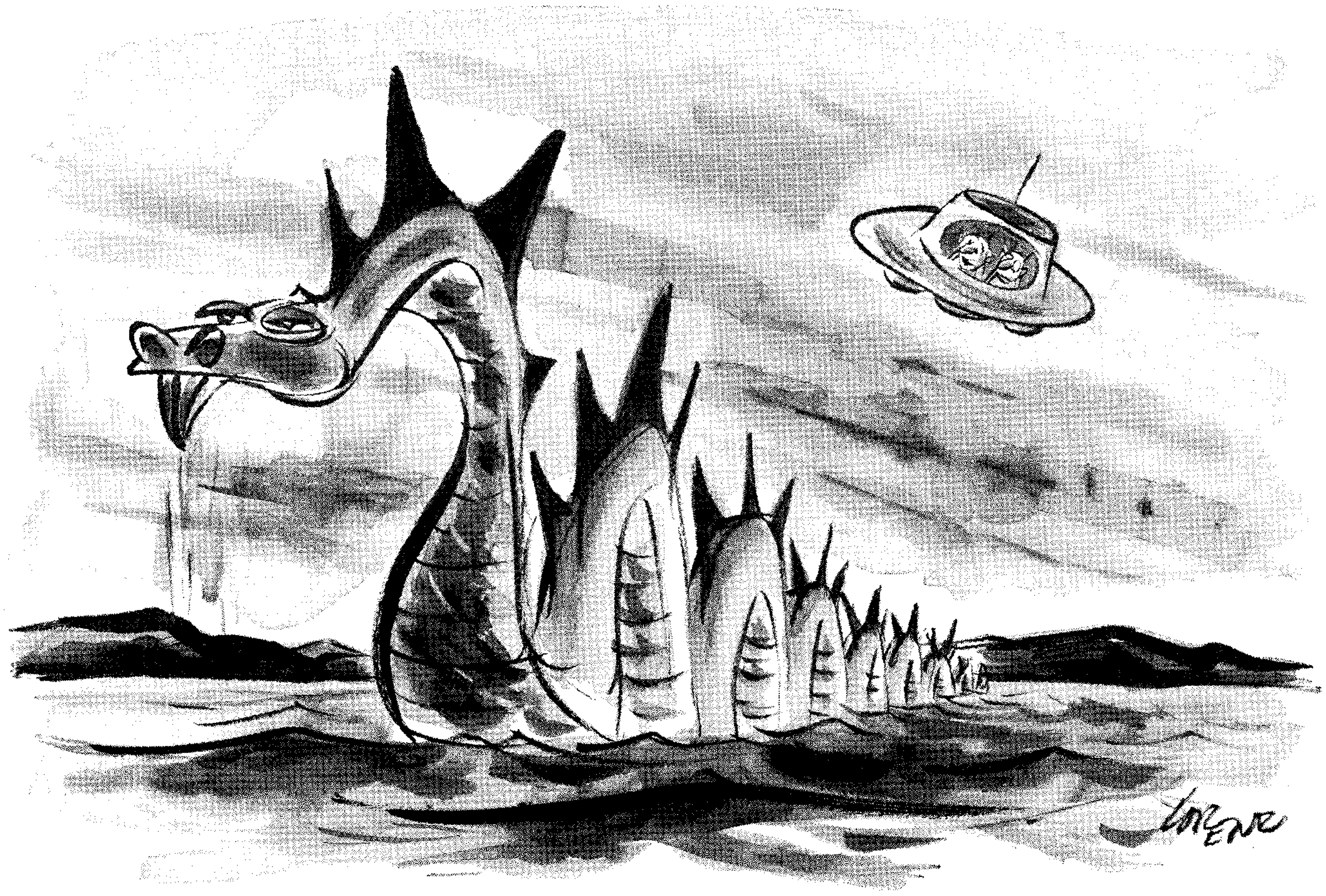
A moment later, the Senator was out on the balcony, looking down at the steady torrent of cars moving along the twelve lanes below. There was a strong wind and a fine spray of rain, and it was hard to talk over the din of traffic. Inside again, Kennedy said goodbye to the tenants and chatted with some children who were holding pictures and pieces of paper they wanted him to sign. He signed.

In the car going downtown, Kennedy asked Griswold how he would grade New York on air-pollution control.

"I don't think they're doing a very good job," Griswold said slowly, almost reluctantly. "There has to be a regional effort." The talk turned to the problem of car exhaust, and the anti-pollution devices that will be mandatory on all the 1968 cars. "They're only sixty-five per cent effective," said Griswold. "Too little and too late. The auto industry is not a bit enthusiastic."

Presently, Kennedy turned away, put on a pair of glasses, took out a blue ball-point pen, and began going over a speech he was to deliver at the Columbia University Club. He worked silently, now and then brushing his hair back absently with one hand, as the car moved into bumper-to-bumper traffic.

"It is my impression that, with a few notable exceptions, we are just as close to an air-pollution disaster as we were last Thanksgiving," Kennedy declared twenty minutes later, standing on a dais in the Columbia University Club's ballroom before an audience of Clean Air people and representatives of forty civic groups. "Our pace is still one of business-as-usual. . . . I find this complacency difficult to understand." He discussed the major sources of pollution—sulfur dioxide, carbon monoxide, and particulate matter—and suggested ways to reduce the pollution. After describing what he had seen on the morning's tour, he proposed that federal, state, and city funds be used for a crash program to build a vaporproof barrier over the expressway beneath the George Washington Bridge Apartments. He urged passage of the Air Quality Act of 1967, suggested the creation of a federal Office of Environmental Protection, and advocated a national program of education for young people in environmental studies, to provide manpower for pollution control. A federal air-alert system should be set up, he said, and, in conclusion, he asked, "Do we want our cities to resemble the scene vividly described by F. Scott Fitzgerald after viewing the Flushing landfill: 'This is a valley of ashes, a fantastic farm where ashes grow like wheat into ridges and hills and grotesque gardens, where ashes take the form of houses and chimneys and rising smoke and, finally, with a transcendent effort, of men who move dimly and already crumbling through the powdery air'? Or do we want an urban society that can preserve the quality of its environ-



"If I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't believe it."

• •

ment?" He paused, then added, "We owe it to ourselves and to those who follow to make that choice with urgency and determination."

•

SIGN observed in the window of a small tailor shop on East Sixty-fifth Street:

MINISKIRTS SHORTENED

Checked

CHECK-A-CHILD, a new Parks Department service, operating at the north end of Union Square Park, charges twenty-five cents for the first three hours and a dollar for each additional hour or portion thereof. So a mother who wanted to abandon her child and shop in peace could check him in, shop for three hours, check him out, check him in again, shop for another three hours, and so on, at a cost of seventy-five cents for the whole day. The curators of Check-a-Child, which we visited the other morning, would probably not frown on such an action. It is rather expected that, however much Check-a-Child may grow in popularity, it can never be a profitable enterprise. "We take in about ten dollars a day," Richard Berkowitz, a college student and one of four regular Check-a-Child employees, told us. When we asked how he had come by his job, he said he had worked last summer cleaning chimneys in Brooklyn. "Cleaning chimneys is bad enough, but cleaning chimneys in Brooklyn is about the worst thing you can do," he continued. "So this summer I looked for a more peaceful job, and got this one." Also watching over some twenty children who had been left at Check-a-Child that morning was Anne Shelden, who is working for the Department the second summer in a row. She told us that in Check-a-Child's first three days of operation only one mishap had occurred. A mother had not come back for her child until more than an hour after closing time—four o'clock—so he had to be removed to the Thirteenth Precinct police station. Except in such circumstances, Check-a-Child parents are assured by a mimeographed sheet, their children are "safe in the care of Parks Department recreation leaders."

•

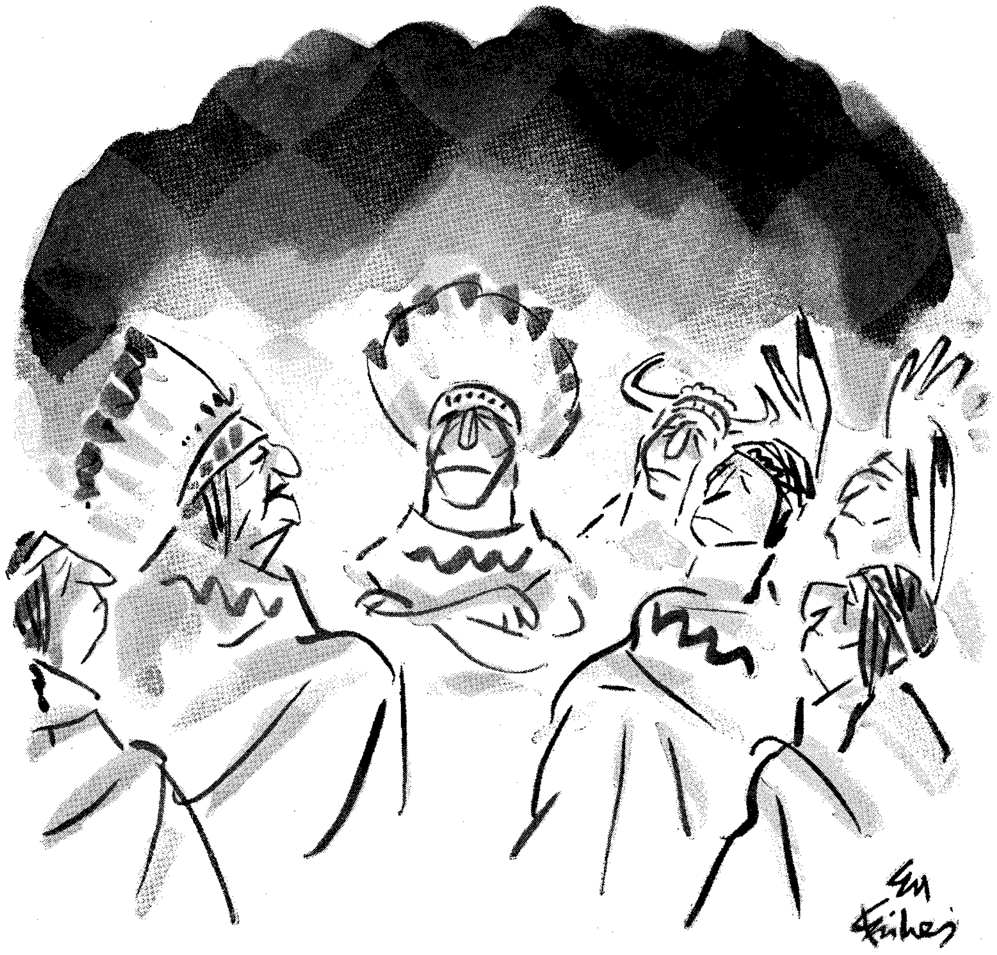
OVERHEARD on Broadway during the recent holiday weekend, middle-aged man to middle-aged woman: "Stop beefing. You said you simply had to get out of Newark for the evening."

Ustinov

PETER USTINOV, who writes plays, stars in them, directs them, acts in movies, directs movies, writes stories, composes music, illustrates books, appears on television, and imitates anything (including the sound track of a movie as it is heard by people standing in the lobby) or anybody (including Ambassador Goldberg, superbly), greeted us one day last week in a sunny apartment overlooking Central Park and then said, "I have such a feeling of delight when I don't have to do anything." He was merely watching rehearsals of his new play, "The Unknown Soldier and His Wife," he added.

How did he like not directing and not acting?

"Marvellous," he said. "I become very functional. Not terribly sentimental about the rotund and rolling phrase. If I see it's an encumbrance, I advise them to take it out. And directing is a fairly new profession. In the old days, actors simply wandered about. It all depends on the social structure of the times. In an Italian village, the prompter is the important one. People



"Thank you. And I waive consecutive interpretation."

• •

know his voice, and they stop him on the street and say, 'You were in fine voice last night during "Hamlet."' In music, conducting used to be banging a stick on the floor. The French composer Lully died of gangrene, you know, because he hit his own foot." Mr. Ustinov smiled happily and offered us a can of Fresca. "The theatre is a sport, and a play is a game of football with an invisible ball," he continued a moment later. "After a performance, one feels tired, exactly as after a tennis match. Ponderous spirits have always thought of the theatre as an outgrowth of the church, but it's more likely an outgrowth of the wrestling ring. The wrestler with his hair dyed golden who pretends to be a transvestite is really a God-fearing man with eight children. I love to watch wrestling; I feel it's the root of my profession. The other day, as I was going up in the lift, the liftman kept hitting me and poking me, for no apparent reason, and I was rather frightened. At the top, he said, 'You're my *favorite* wrestler!' He'd mistaken me for someone else, but I was terribly pleased."

We asked about "The Unknown Soldier and His Wife."

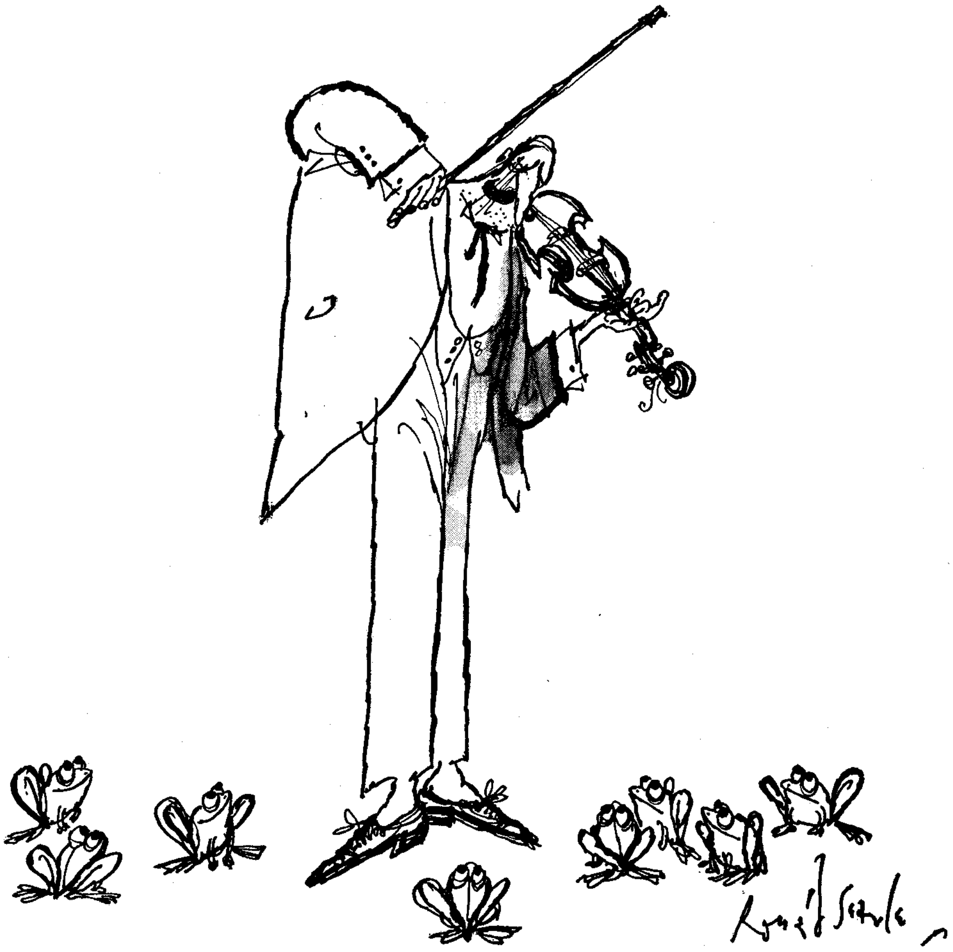
"It's sort of a change of gear for me," Ustinov said. "I've dared much more. My plays in the past were characterized by a reticence, despite my natural exuberance—a restraint, a tint of pastel. Whatever the melody was, the scoring was muted. This one is more dynamic; I expressed myself. One spends one's whole life peeling oneself to find out what's really there, and one discovers oneself through writing. Writing is most exciting."

We said something about his startling range of talent, and he said, "I think it's genetic. My father, who held the German title of Baron, was one-half Russian, one-quarter Palestinian Jew, and one-quarter Ethiopian; my mother was one-half Russian, one-quarter French, and one-quarter Italian. It's helped that I'm of such mixed blood. I'm very grateful for the indiscriminate behavior of my ancestors; I'm very much in favor of mongrelcy. Go to a dog show and look at the champions; they tremble like Hapsburgs. My background probably eliminated a lot of the more formal professions. My father, who was press attaché at the German Embassy in London, wanted me to be a lawyer. I suggested that in going into the theatre I was entering the same profession but being rather less of a menace to my fellow-man. I've been tempted by politics, but in the theatre one can look at the same problems from farther away—with a responsibility for saying what one thinks, without having to solve them. My mother's family, on the other hand, were painters in St. Petersburg, and when she said someone had become a stockbroker, she said it with a sharp intake of breath. I remember being punished at school in England—it was Westminster—for writing a play instead of doing my Latin homework. The play was about Chicago—gangsters and kidnapping—where I'd never been. They punished me by making me stay late and study alone, so I simply continued writing the play. I was a very, very bad student. I posed a problem for the school, because I was bottom in all subjects except those I was top in. I used to play the flute, not for any great love of the flute—I never liked it much; after a very short interval, it leaves a throbbing in the ear—but because there wasn't one in the school orchestra. I prefer music to anything else. When I meet a conductor, he'll say 'What did you think of Beckett's latest play?' and I'll have to admit I haven't seen it, or even heard of it, but I'll say 'What about Witold Lutoslawski's "Aleatory Imitation"?' and, of course, he'll say *he* hasn't heard of *that*. I left Westminster when I was sixteen, and went to dramatic school—the London Theatre Studio—for two years, and then started earning my living in cabaret, doing satire at the Players' Theatre Club. I did an old colonial bishop, in costume, based on one who had spoken to us at Westminster. He had been in Africa for years and years, and he told stories, but the point of every story was in Swahili. Poor man, he'd lost touch with the world he was representing. My first play appeared when I was nineteen, right in the middle of the war, and it was quite a success. It got me out of the infantry, where, because I was an actor, I was put in a squad that demonstrated combat practices. I had to memorize long and complicated and meaningless messages and then run somewhere with them. I ran all over England, and when I got to where I was supposed to go, I was too exhausted to deliver the message, or even remember it. When my play was a success, I was transferred to a unit that made movies to raise morale. For me, the Army was a lethal counterpart of school, and I was a private for four and a half years, but I wouldn't have missed it for the world. The only other place one gets such a complicated and disturbing view of life, I imagine, is in prison."

The phone rang. Ustinov answered it, talked for a moment or two, hung up, and said to us, "I'm beginning to feel the problems of Senator Dodd. That was someone from the Harvard Business School. I spoke to a group there last week, and now they're sending me a case of whiskey. I *must* tell them I'm incorruptible." Crossing the room, he picked up a sketch he'd made while watching the United Nations Security Council on television. It showed the Syrian delegate looking very bored. "During an impassioned speech," Ustinov explained. "I've been watching the U.N. so much that it's destroyed my life. You'll find Goldbergs all over the apartment." He sat down. "Television will affect politics more than anything else—the goons are accessible, you can see them. It's a great spur to hippydom and any form of revolt. In the old days, during a crisis, Harding or Coolidge would go to Saratoga until it blew over. Or, in England, they'd break the Duke of Wellington's windows, but he'd be in Scotland shooting grouse. Now a world leader comes out of the bathroom and there he is—on television." He paused. "I'm afraid the United States is embarking now on its Victorian era, with some of that epoch's more reprehensible attitudes—Victorian with a mixture of ancient Roman. You see it in Lincoln Center—the nouveau-riche opera house. When I'm in Lincoln Center, I feel like a fly that's been locked in Harry Winston's window, crawling over the rhinestones, trying to get out. There's been a great increase in flag lore, I've noticed, and pledging of allegiance. The self-satisfaction of the United States is what annoys many foreigners. Ambassador Goldberg's moralizing tone—" Ustinov gave a high-pitched, droning imitation, and went on, "It's this that drives Fedorenko up a pole. Goldberg always seems to be announcing the results of an examination. The United States apparently feels that its achievements are the secret aspiration of every other people, and that it must be clear to even the meanest intelligence that Americans are fair and just. But people don't really believe that very often—even when it is true. There seems to be a difficulty here in disentangling the financial reward that one slips the headwaiter for having been given a good table and the bribe that one slips him to get one. People here say, 'The French can do *this* to us? After what we've done for them?' The headwaiter has accepted the bribe *and you've still not got the table you* wanted. De Gaulle is ahead of his time, I think, not behind it. He's like the man sitting near the open window in the railway car. People keep going over and closing the window, and the man keeps opening it again. He may give us a head cold, but he may save us from asphyxiation. De Gaulle is right about NATO; it's superannuated, and so is the Warsaw Pact. Two immense dinosaurs facing each other, their brainpans as small as they ever were. But the United States' function seems to be hardening caramel into blocks of toffee, from which one cannot extract oneself without giving offense."

Ustinov paused. "You have to be very fond of America to criticize it the way I do," he went on. "The world's investment of hope in this country is so immense; it's compounded of the world's mistakes. It's not only the gallant soldiers and the wretched civilians that are suffering these days; it's the English language. Government people make a declaration one day and make another the next saying that's not what they said. I remember Admiral Ulysses S. Grant Sharp, when asked if it would help to raze Haiphong to the ground, replied, 'That is a delicate question. Without saying so in so many words, I'd say so.' I'm more nervous about *the impulses of the United States than* about those of any other country. But the thing that the Near East crisis has illustrated is that the big powers are very, very conscious of the dangers; even the United States has shown extraordinary restraint. A hopeful thing to me is the great number of peaceful international sporting events and cultural festivals. Thank God for the Olympics and the Davis Cup and the Walker Cup, and so on. If you look at pictures of 1914, everyone went off to war in boaters, as though to a sporting match. Tremendous enthusiasm. Unfortunately, the umpire was killed by the first shot."

It was time to go to Lincoln Center. "New York is tremendously stimulating in a tactical sense, but in a strategic sense it is exhausting," Ustinov said on the way over. He gave us a two-minute impersonation of the Saudi Arabian delegate to the General Assembly telling a story—entirely in fake Arabic—and then acted out the highlights of "The Unknown Soldier and His Wife," doing all the parts, all the voices, and even, it seemed, the scenery. When he left us, and we were alone on the sidewalk, it was hard to believe that only one person had gone away.



THE HERMIT CRAB

English Lord of the Manor wishes to sell title, no property involved, benefit of ancient documents proving title, including survey carried out during the reign of Queen Elizabeth I. £2000. X8436 Times.—*The New York Times.*

Among harder goods, the vintage firm of Sotheby's is auctioning vintage clothes this Friday. Lot 35, Lingerie, formerly owned by the Countess of Craven, is a collection of cambric and lace Nightdresses, Chemises, and Drawers, slotted with blue ribbon, variously monogrammed C.S.M. and C.C. surmounted by a coronet.—*Ibid.*

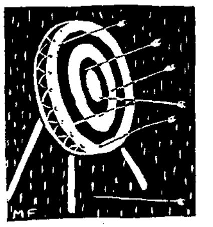
SHE was one of those shrill suburban gasbags marinated in bourbon, those relentless, obsessive bores who swarm like Mayflies at buffet dinners. I had squinched down yogi-fashion under the piano and was striving to juggle my plate, cutlery, and wineglass and to avoid being trampled when she wedged herself in alongside and commenced an interminable monologue about food which finally centered on her love for sandwiches.

"It's a fixation with me, sandwiches," she babbled. "I could make an entire meal off them—I eat them morning, noon, and night. And my husband—he's even worse. Put the finest gourmet-type meal before him and you know what he'll say?"

" 'Give me a good sandwich,' " I said numbly.

"Correct," she said. "Now, the average person gets up and has orange juice, cereal, a slice of toast, and coffee—right? Not Frank. The first thing he looks for at breakfast is his bacon sandwich. 'Isabelle,' he says—that's our maid—'where's my bacon sandwich?' And Isabelle says, 'Coming right up, Mr. Bostitch.' "

Providentially, a woman's earring from somewhere in the crush overhead rolled into view at the moment, and I scrambled to retrieve it. Its claimant was a youngish pouter pigeon in silver lamé, eyes lustrous with mascara in a face like a West African ghost mask, who identified herself as Lady Angela Burwash. She thanked me so profusely that I remarked that the bauble must be an heirloom.



"How observant of you," she said. "Yes, it belonged to Robin's great-aunt—Violet, Countess Utmost, you know." I didn't know, but her own accent, I noted, was homegrown—an American married to a British title, plainly. "And this is my husband, madly making love to that beauty on the couch."

Burwash, a bulky, rather foppishly clad individual in his forties, with hair like the Seven Sutherland Sisters' rippling down the nape of his neck, heaved himself upright and shook hands. His languor and his strangulated delivery were characteristic enough, though he, too, lacked any English inflection in his speech.

"Rum little party, isn't it?" he observed. "Where on earth does Gloria find these waxworks—Madame Tussaud's? That orangutan there by the hearth, for instance. I daresay he's one of your typical Chicago gangsters."

I said that he was a renowned attorney whose reminiscences had become a best-seller.

Burwash frowned. "You mean a solicitor, do you?"

"Well, maybe you'd call him a barrister."

"My dear man, there's a world of difference," he said pityingly. "Let me explain the distinction." He did, making it the thousandth time I had been so enlightened, and then proceeded to list other curious Americanisms—"elevator" for "lift," "freight car" for "goods wagon," "kerosene" for "paraffin," etc., etc. The longer he went on the more puzzled I grew, for his accent was so much at variance with his identity that I couldn't reconcile them. My hostess, when I alluded to it later that evening, also confessed perplexity.

"I hardly know them, to be honest," she said, "but I'm told the Burwashes are a very old family, dating back to Charles I or something, and Robin and Angela have spent years in Canada, where her father apparently had these vast landholdings. That's why they sound American, though obviously they're English to the core."

I can date the next time I saw Lord Burwash with accuracy—it was Lincoln's Birthday, and I was on the Ninety-sixth Street platform of the I.R.T. when an extraordinary figure strode past. He was dressed like the Great Emancipator, in a tile hat and frock coat, his hands affixed to the lapels, and from the brooding melancholy on his countenance you could tell he was weighing McClellan's conduct of the Army of the Potomac, or an equally momentous problem. Since Lincoln's foremost impersonator, Frank McGlynn, was no more, and it was improbable that Raymond Massey stalked the subways in full makeup, I concluded that this must be some homeward-bound journeyman actor out of a TV holiday special. Standing nearby were a couple of sailors, one of whom eyed the passerby with curiosity but no recognition. He nudged his companion. "Holy smokes," he said. "Get a load of that creep with the muff."

Practically in the next moment, the doors of an express shot open and disgorged Burwash, garbed in a canary-colored Guards overcoat and enough whipcord to outfit the entire Whitehall barracks. Before I could share the tidbit I'd just overheard, he went into a *megillah* about his presence in the subway. He never let slip an opportunity to ride our Underground; the argot spoken by the commonalty, their polyglot speech rhythms, helped him to a fuller understanding of the American character, which, on the whole, he felt to be fairly childlike.

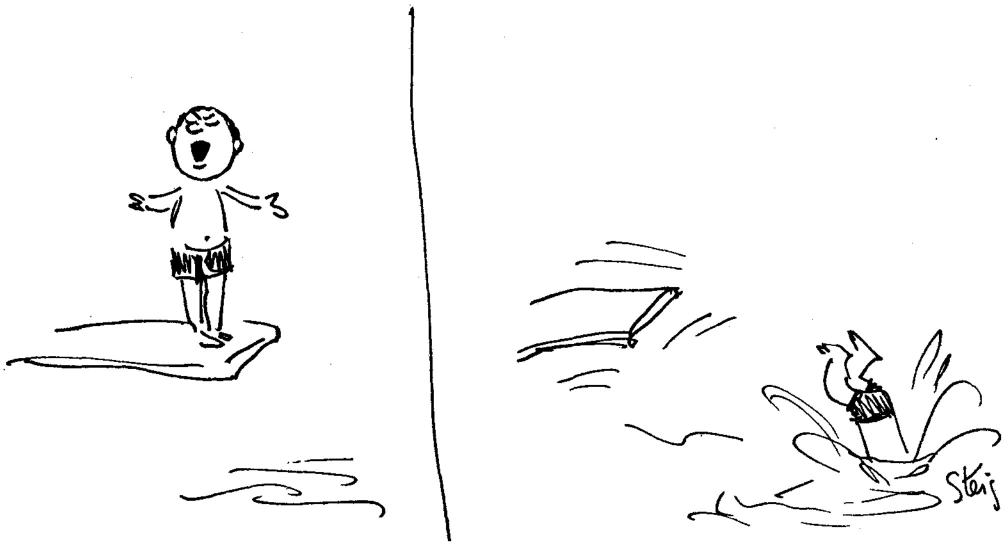
To stanch the flow, I asked whether he and his wife had been living abroad since our last encounter.

"No, we rarely use the Hall nowadays," he said. "Can't stomach those trippers strewn over the lawns at two bob a head—National Trust, you know. Besides, it's hard cheese on Angela, having to plan meals, oversee the staff, and the rest of it. So my estate agent copes, and we keep a bolthole here, a tiny place where we can pig it and get our own breakfast."

"Oh, I say," I protested. "Surely you don't carry your own laundry down to the Chinaman?"

"Er—not quite, I'm afraid," he said, with a shade of hauteur. "Well, must dash—I've an engagement to have a tooth stopped. Ring us up sometime and we'll give you a cut off the joint and a pint of bitter. There's a pub we rather fancy on Columbus Avenue—a saloon, I believe you call it, though that's actually a car model, isn't it? Toodle-oo."

Somehow an evening with "Pilgrim's Progress" in my chimney corner seemed preferable to one with the peerage in a West Side gin mill, so I didn't pursue the invitation. A matter of four months later, I happened to be up on Martha's Vineyard, and dropped into a stationery store in Edgartown, looking for a mechanism of sorts with which to run a staple into my thumb. The shop was full of plutocrats bespeckled with liver spots, demanding the *Wall Street Journal* in loud, authoritative tones, and I didn't peg Burwash at first. All at once, however, his voice cut through the din, vibrant



"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!"

• •

with incredulity. "But the smallest kiosk at home carries the *Times Lit. Sup.* and the *Daily Mail!*" he was sputtering. "Don't you people stock any English newspapers at *all*?"

The clerk, a distracted college girl, replied that they occasionally received the *Observer* and the *New Statesman.*

"Well, I shouldn't bruit it around," Burwash snapped. "I never read the Communist press, thank you very much. Good day."

I snatched up a nudist magazine to screen myself, but the sweetmeats emblazoned on the cover arrested his eye, and he pounced on me. After a few heavy jocosities about voyeurism, he disclosed that he and his wife had been given a cottage in either East or West Chop for a fortnight, together with a sailboat equipped for fishing.

"Well, I'm glad you got a smack in the Chops," I said heartily. "You deserve it—I mean, everyone needs a rest from the strenuous social round in New York."

"Precisely my words to Angela this morning," he said, proving us to be kinsprits. "Now, when can we capture you for a real slap-up English meal? How about tomorrow—the next day—the day after that?"

Short of submerging myself in a lobster pot off Cuttyhunk, no feasible refuge from his hospitality occurred to me, and I knuckled under. The lunch, true to his promise, was typical—jellied eels, cold lamb garnished with several limp varieties of okra, a milk pudding, and a savory—and the conversation fitful. It had been raining torrentially since their arrival, and the Burwashes were inclined to be morose about the island's charm.

"I can't imagine what you see in the place," said Lady Angela. "We took a stroll along the shingle just now, and the water just seethed with crayfish waving these dreadful feelers. The postman told Robin a boy in Oak Bluffs was devoured by a shark."

"It was his own fault," I said, springing to the defense of the Vineyard. "I heard the kid was teasing it—throwing pepper in its eyes."

"Still, that couldn't happen at our watering places—at Eastbourne or Torquay," Burwash said loftily. "There's something in the Yankee temperament that finds release in violence, don't you think?"

I thought so, but tact prevented me from defining it. To further illumine the gulf between English life and our own, he outlined the idyllic existence they hoped to resume at Burwash Hall when the Labour Government was ousted—a pastiche of backgammon, charity bazaars, improving the local breed of swine, and encouraging the peasantry to retain old-fashioned courtesies like touching their caps. Lady Angela suggested that on my next trip over I might be persuaded to hunt with the district pack. She was confident a pink coat of my size could be borrowed from one of the grooms.

"Speaking of clothes," her husband put in, "would you know anyone who'd like to pick up a rather valuable collection of undershirts and shorts? My neighbor Balbriggan wore them—chap who fell out of the balcony in the Lords during the Suez crisis. The jumpers are top-quality jersey, embroidered with his crest, of course, and the shorts have the original horn buttons made from their stags. There's also a box of his old garters he very much prized. Be a windfall for historians of our era."

"Gee, I wish I could afford them," I said, "but every cent I've got is tied up in my stables." In a small bandanna kerchief under the roof, I deemed it wiser not to add. "Where could they be inspected, if I hear of a purchaser?"

"They're kept in a numbered Swiss account, owing to the high insurance rates," he said. "If your party's credentials are in order and he can post, say, a few hundred quid as an earnest of good faith, I think Balbriggan's widow might be induced to sell."

I promised to alert only persons of the highest probity, like wealthy archimandrites, and presently withdrew.

ONCE or twice throughout this past winter, the matron at whose flat we met asked if I was in touch with the Burwashes, but my failure to unearth a customer for the underthings had given me such a sense of inadequacy that I quickly changed the subject. Then, out of the blue, I got wind of the pair the other day in an altogether unlikely locale—a barbershop in the Grand Central area. I had engrossed myself in a magazine to avoid listening to two fellow-patrons—lawyers, from the context, or, more properly, solicitors—discussing some tedious litigation. Suddenly a reference to Burwash pinged in my ear, and I stiffened.

"You mean the former lord, the Englishman, wants his title back?"

"Hell, no. He's just trying to collect the balance. This American, Nowicki, paid him only two hundred pounds for the documents and the survey, assumed the title, and began living it up. Charge accounts in the stores, restaurants, big social splurge—the whole bit. It's a perfectly legal transaction, except my client's screaming for his dough."

"This bird—the new Lord Burwash—does he have any assets?"

"Not a dime, but he sure sounds legit. You'd never know he was an upholsterer from Queens Boulevard, and his wife a dietitian."

"Well, if you ask me, you haven't a prayer," the first commented. "Your man's been had, Morty."

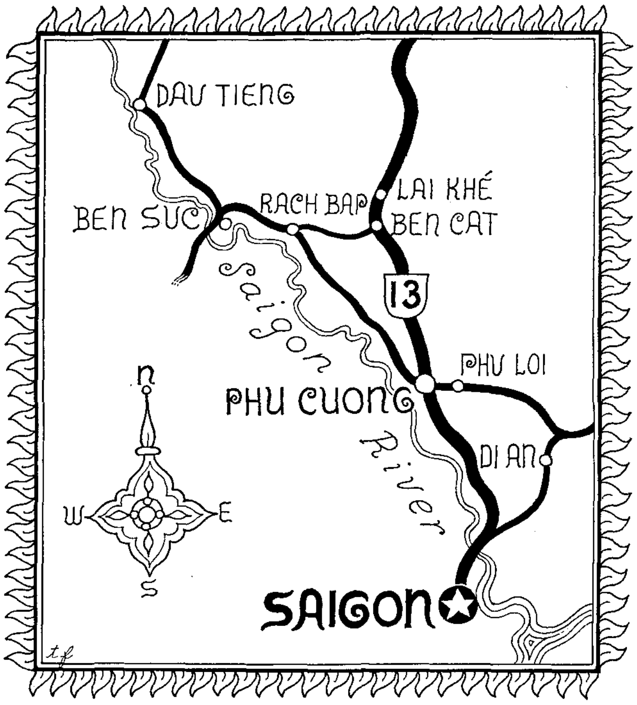
"That's what I told him," his colleague agreed. " 'Look, Your Lordship,' I said. 'Take my advice. Change your name to Nowicki, move to Jamaica, and go in the upholstery business. It's your only chance to break even.' But you know those English. He looked at me like I was talking a foreign language. They live in another world."

—S. J. PERELMAN

A REPORTER AT LARGE

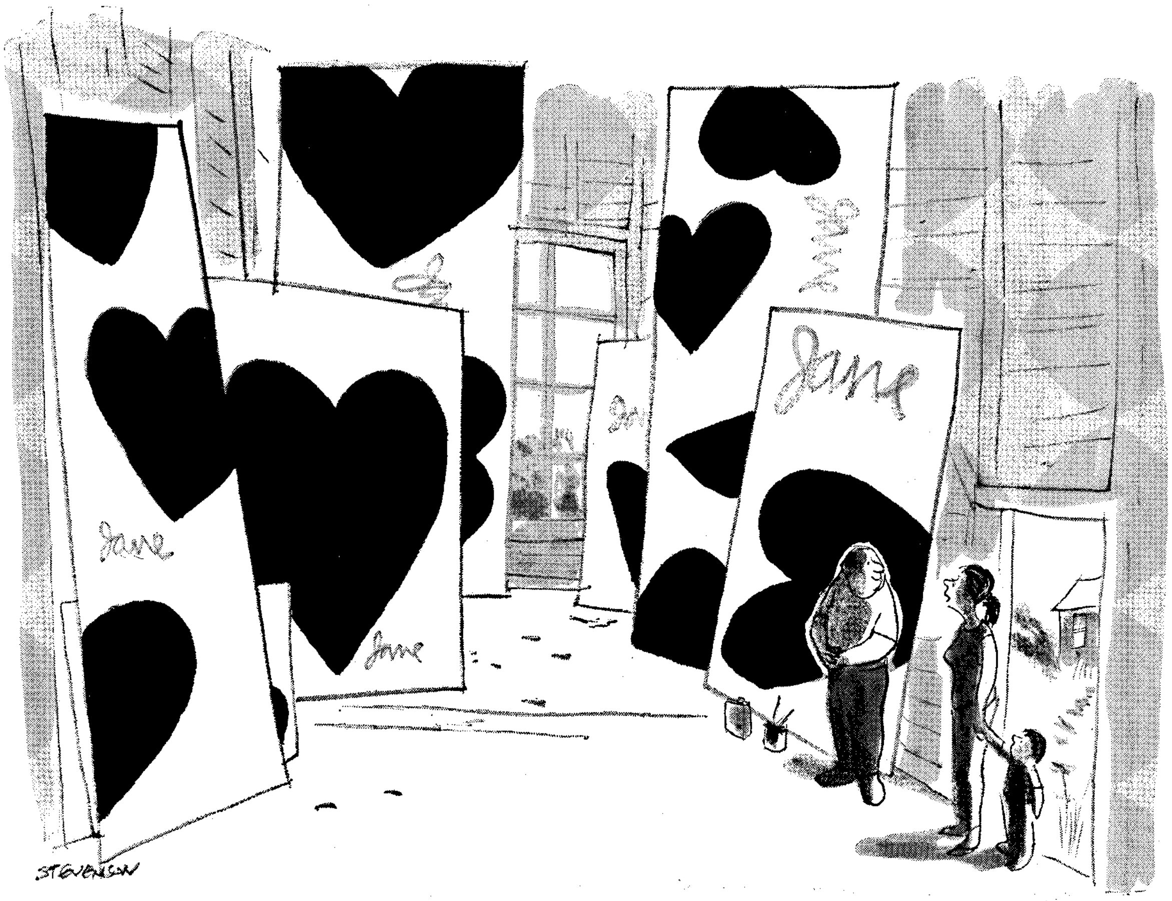
THE VILLAGE OF BEN SUC

UP to a few months ago, Ben Suc was a prosperous village of some thirty-five hundred people. It had a recorded history going back to the late eighteenth century, when the Nguyen Dynasty, which ruled the southern part of Vietnam, fortified it and used it as a base in its campaign to subjugate the natives of the middle region of the country. In recent years, most of the inhabitants of Ben Suc, which lay inside a small loop of the slowly meandering Saigon River, in Binh Duong Province, about thirty miles from the city of Saigon, were engaged in tilling the exceptionally fertile paddies bordering the river and in tending the extensive orchards of mangoes, jackfruit, and an unusual strain of large grapefruit that is a famous product of the Saigon River region. The village also supported a small group of merchants, most of them of Chinese descent, who ran shops in the marketplace, including a pharmacy that sold a few modern medicines to supplement traditional folk cures of herbs and roots; a bicycle shop that also sold second-hand motor scooters; a hairdresser's; and a few small restaurants, which sold mainly noodles. These merchants were far wealthier than the other villagers; some of them even owned second-hand cars for their businesses. The village had no electricity and little machinery of any kind. Most families kept pigs, chickens, ducks, one or two cows for milk, and a team of water buffaloes for labor, and harvested enough rice and vegetables to sell some in the market every year. Since Ben Suc was a rich village, the market was held daily, and it attracted farmers from neighboring villages as well as the Ben Suc farmers. Among the people of Ben Suc, Buddhists were more numerous than Confucianists, but in practice the two religions tended to resemble each other more than they differed, both conforming more to locally developed village customs practiced by everyone than to the requirements of the two doctrines. The Confucianists prayed to Confucius as a Buddha-like god, the Buddhists regarded their ancestors as highly as any Confucianist did, and everyone celebrated roughly the same main holidays. In 1963, Christian missionary teams, including both Vietnamese and Americans, paid several visits to the village. One of these groups began its missionary work by slowly driving its car down the narrow main streets of the village, preaching through a loudspeaker mounted on the top of the car, and singing hymns accompanied by an accordion. Then, in the center of the village, a Vietnamese minister gave a sermon. He argued for the existence of God by pointing out that Vietnamese spontaneously cry out "*Troi oi!*" ("Oh God!") when they fall or get hurt, and told the villagers that their sins were as numerous as the particles of red dust that covered the leaves of the trees in the dry season. (The soil around Ben Suc is of a reddish hue.) Just as only God could wash every leaf clean by sending down a rainstorm, only God could wash away their countless sins. At the end of the sermon, he asked the villagers to kneel and pray, but none did. When he asked for questions, or even for arguments against what he had said, only the old village fool stepped forward to challenge him, to the amusement of the small group of villagers who had assembled to listen. Ordinarily, to entertain themselves, small groups of men would get together in the evening every two weeks or so to drink the local liquor—sometimes until dawn—and occasionally they would go fishing in the river and fry their catch together at night. Some of the marriages in the village were arranged and some were love matches. Although parents—particularly the girls' parents—didn't like it, couples often sneaked off in the evenings for secret rendezvous in the tall bamboo groves or in glades of banana trees. At times, there were stormy, jealous love affairs, and occasionally these resulted in fights between the young men. Parents complained that the younger generation was rebellious and lazy, and sometimes called their children *hu gao*—rice pots—who did nothing but eat.



Troops of the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (usually written "ARVN" and pronounced "Arvin" by the Americans) maintained an outpost in Ben Suc from 1955 until late 1964, when it was routed in an attack by the National Liberation Front (or N.L.F., or Vietcong, or V.C.), which kidnapped and later executed the government-appointed village chief and set up a full governing apparatus of its own. The Front demanded—and got—not just the passive support of the Ben Suc villagers but their active participation both in the governing of their own village and in the war effort. In the first months, the Front called several village-wide meetings. These began with impassioned speeches by leaders of the Front, who usually opened with a report of victories over the Americans and the "puppet troops" of the government, emphasizing in particular the downing of helicopters or planes and the disabling of tanks. Two months after the "liberation" of the village, the Front repelled an attack by ARVN troops, who abandoned three American M-113 armored personnel-carriers on a road leading into the village when they fled. The disabled hulks of these carriers served the speakers at the village meetings as tangible proof of their claimed superiority over the Americans, despite all the formidable and sophisticated weaponry of the intruders. Occasionally, a badly burned victim of an American napalm attack or an ex-prisoner of the government who had been tortured by ARVN troops was brought to Ben Suc to offer testimony and show his wounds to the villagers, giving the speakers an opportunity to condemn American and South Vietnamese-government atrocities. They painted a monstrous picture of the giant Americans, accusing them not only of bombing villages but also of practicing cannibalism and slitting the bellies of pregnant women. The speeches usually came to a close with a stirring call for support in the struggle and for what was sometimes called “the full coöperation and solidarity among the people to beat the American aggressors and the puppet troops.” The speeches were often followed by singing and dancing, particularly on important National Liberation Front holidays, such as the founding day of the Front, December 20th, and Ho Chi Minh’s birthday, May 19th. At one meeting, the dancers represented the defeat of a nearby “strategic hamlet.” Usually, some of the women from Ben Suc itself danced, after being instructed by dancers from the Front. During the first year of Front government, a group of village teen-agers formed a small band, including a guitar, a trumpet, and various traditional Vietnamese instruments, and played for the meetings, but toward the end of 1965 they were replaced by a professional itinerant band. In all its meetings to boost morale and rally the villagers, the Front attempted to create an atmosphere combining impassioned seriousness with an optimistic, energetic, improvised gaiety that drew the villagers into participation. At every opportunity, it attempted to make the villagers aware of their own collective power and of the critical necessity of their support in winning the war.

The Front organized the entire village into a variety of “associations” for the support of the war effort. The largest were the Youth Liberation Association, the Farmers’ Liberation Association, and the Women’s Liberation Association. Each of these three associations met twice a month, and in times of emergency they met more often. At the meetings, leaders again reported news of recent victories and also delivered instructions from higher authorities for the coming month. The Youth Liberation Association exacted dues of one piastre (about three-quarters of a cent) a month. The usual duties of its members were to carry supplies and rice for the troops, build blockades to make the roads impassable to jeeps and slow for armored personnel-carriers, and dig tunnels, usually as bomb shelters for the village but sometimes as hideouts or hospitals for the Front’s troops. Every once in a while, the members were called to the scene of a battle to remove the dead and wounded. The Farmers’ Liberation Association asked for dues of two piastres a month. The farmers also had to pay the Front a tax of up to ten per cent of their harvest. Taxes were assessed on a graduated scale, with the richest farmers paying the most and the poorest paying nothing, or even receiving a welfare allotment. In its propaganda, the Front emphasized the fact that rich peasants, who had the most to lose from the Front’s policy of favoring the poor as a “priority class,” would not be allowed to slip out of their obligations to the war effort or to play a merely passive role in it. Soldiers were recruited from both the Youth Association and the Farmers’ Association, with members of the priority class most often entrusted with positions as officers and leaders. In one case, the Front supported a young orphan on welfare until he became established as a farmer, and then made him a soldier and promoted him to the rank of squad commander within a few months. Generally speaking, rich families and families with relatives in ARVN were mistrusted and kept under close watch. The duties of members of the Women’s Liberation Association were not fixed. They supported the war effort through a number of miscellaneous jobs, among them making clothes. A few young women served as nurses, helping roving Front doctors at a large underground hospital in the jungle, only a few miles from the village. On the non-military side, the Women’s Association took a strong stand on the need to break the bonds imposed on women by the “dark feudal society” and to raise women to an equal position with men. There was no Front organization for old people—formerly the most influential group in village life. As an ex-member of the Farmers’ Association has put it, the Front’s policy toward old people was to “recruit them if they were smart” and otherwise leave them



“Naturally, I’m thrilled to death, dear, but do you mean to say that you haven’t done anything else in the last two months?”

alone with their old ways. The activities of the three large associations were coordinated by the Village Committee, a group of three men in close contact with higher officials of the Front. The three men on the Village Committee were the village chief, who dealt with military and political matters; the village secretary, who dealt with taxes and supplies; and the education officer, who was responsible for the schools and the propaganda meetings. The Front was particularly diligent in establishing schools where the children, along with reading and their multiplication tables, learned anti-American slogans. In short, to the villagers of Ben Suc the National Liberation Front was not a band of roving guerrillas but the full government of their village.

In the two years between the Front's victory at Ben Suc and the beginning of 1967, both the war on the ground and what the Americans call the "air war" escalated rapidly throughout the area of Binh Duong Province bordering on the Saigon River. This was the period of the extensive American buildup in Vietnam, and at the villages of Di An, Lai Khé, Ben Cat, and Dau Tieng—all in the vicinity of Ben Suc—American and ARVN bases were either established or greatly expanded. Following its initial failure to retake Ben Suc, ARVN ran several more campaigns in the area, but in these it either failed to make contact with the enemy or was beaten back. A push by the American 173rd Airborne Brigade in October, 1965, failed to engage the enemy significantly. In late 1965, the Front permitted a team of ARVN troops to come into Ben Suc and attempt their own version of the Front's village meetings. This kind of ARVN meeting, which the Americans call a Hamlet Festival, is, like so many of the techniques employed by the South Vietnamese government and the United States Army, a conscious imitation of the Front's programs. (In a full-scale Hamlet Festival, troops will surround a village and order everyone into the center. Then, while intelligence men set up a temporary headquarters to interrogate the males caught in the roundup, searching for draft dodgers as well as for the enemy, a special team of entertainers will put on a program of propaganda songs and popular love songs for the women and children. Sometimes a medical team will give shots, hand out pills, and offer medical advice. Lunch is usually served from a mess tent. In the most abbreviated version of the Hamlet Festival, only a medical team will go into a village.) The fact that the Front allowed an ARVN medical team to enter the village in 1965 was quite consistent with the Front's continuing policy of deriving whatever benefit it can from government programs and facilities. One American official has noted, "If they don't try to blow up a certain power station, it usually means they're drawing power off it for themselves."

SHOPPING

With the bridges of cloud cracking high
above me, I had been doing some
shopping in this odd town. I bought

Elysian hams and a pot of fruit, and
with the soft crackling of traffic in
my ears, its red sea parting for me,

I carefully tried on and finally
chose a newspaper that showed
the shape of my eyes to their best

advantage, and then I toured the dime
store, and then out into the street
again with the green staining black

branches by the tall white
building, and the sky still silently
telling itself to collapse in big

wet bags, while from a lair
in the back of the air the first
portion of lightning licked quickly,

and I went on to buy shoes for my
Javanese cousins, an ink-stand for
Uncle Louie, and a flagellator for Auntie

Ruth, who could certainly use one. The
roofs now were high tors and the
chimneys the shadows of high

pools, gripped among rock, and once
through the mist, leaning against
a parking meter, I saw, briefly, the

sun, like a desperate man, clambering
one of the roofs, sliding, frantic,
wearing the wrong shoes. And I

thought, in all this odd town there
is no way of knowing what to buy or
where in truth we are. Wine

for the cat, cakes for angels, an
elephant mask for the Catholic chaplain,
a cask of buns for the pirates I

keep concealed beneath the stairs.
And the sky above this town where
I now am—hapless, helpless, breaking

up, its white dissolution showering
light on farms, black earth, its
tipped poison streaming into weeds

that ring this town, its juice causing
strange plants to grow, and the
lakes to strain from their moorings,

to float slowly like bread's coins, to
hover over Michigan towns at night
and flash their lights, liquid

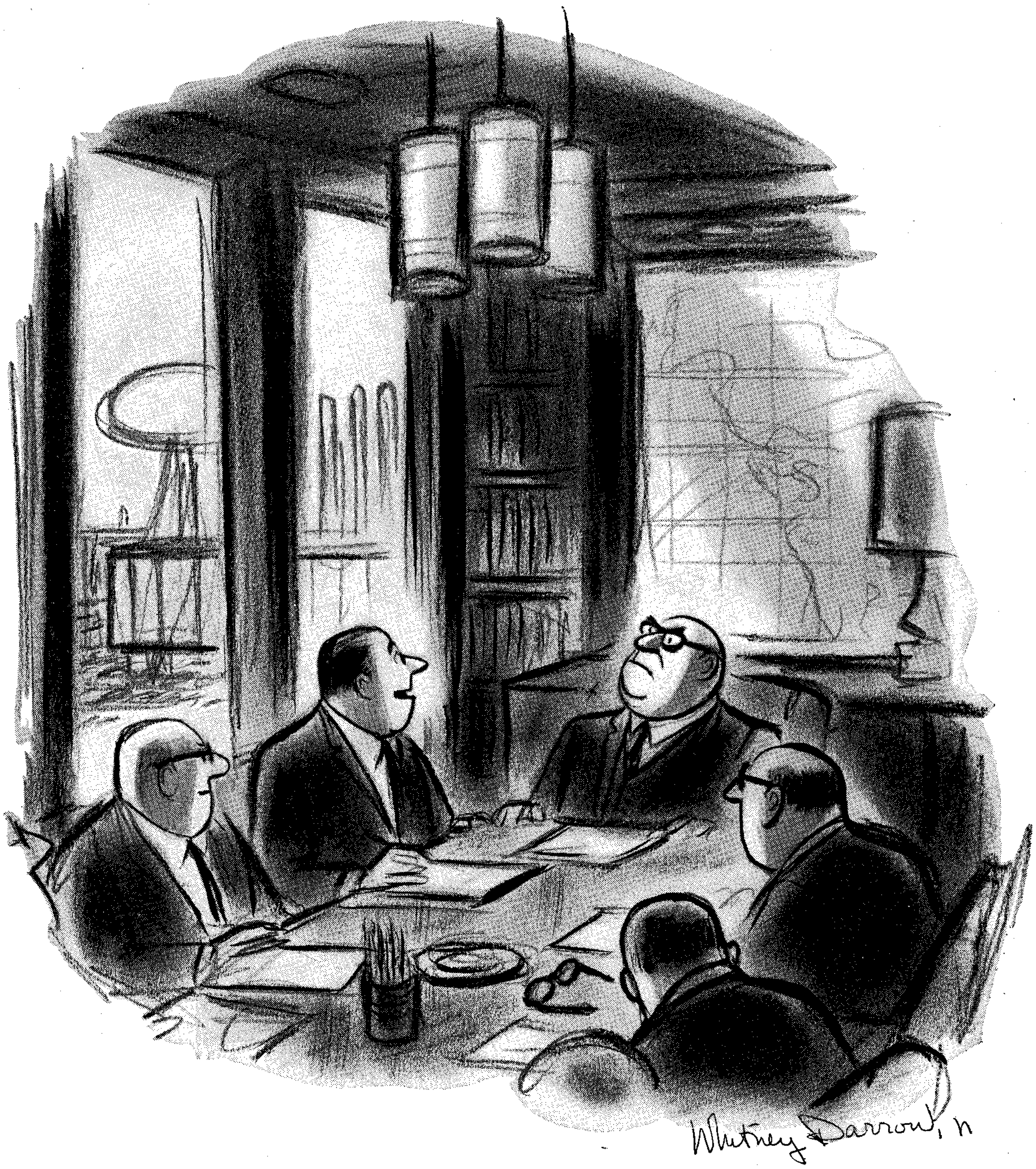
in darkness. I do not know
what to buy. In all this odd town
I do not know what to buy. Light

is crumbling on the roofs. Dark
breeds and swarms the windows.
This hot dark is amazing.

—Michael Dennis Browne

• •

Between 1965 and 1967, American bombing of every kind increased tremendously throughout the Saigon River area. There were strikes with napalm and phosphorus, and strikes by B-52s, whose bombs usually leave a mile-long path of evenly spaced craters. As the American bases grew, the amount of large artillery also increased. There is apparently a policy in Vietnam of never letting any big gun remain silent for more than twenty-four hours, and the artillery on many bases fires a certain number of rounds every evening. Ordinarily, before bombing or shelling, an American pilot or artilleryman must obtain permission from the province chief, or district chief, who, as a Vietnamese, is presumed to be more familiar with the surroundings than the Americans and able to restrain them from destroying populated areas. However, in the case of Binh Duong Province in January of 1967 the province chief, himself a colonel in ARVN, who was from outside the province, had taken his post only three months before, and had never controlled most of the areas being bombed, so he knew less about the area than most of the Americans. In South Vietnam, certain areas have been designated Free Strike Zones, which means that no permission is needed to fire into them. These are usually unpopulated jungle areas in which the Front is suspected of operating at night. Most of the routine nightly fire is lobbed into these zones, where it blows up jungle trees and—the Americans hope—the caves and bunkers of the Front. As there was at least one Free Zone within a few miles of Ben Suc, the thump of incoming artillery shells jarring the ground became a regular feature of life in the village.



"They demand a guaranteed annual wage, four weeks' paid vacation, and an early-retirement program, and I do not think, sir, that they will accept 'Off with their heads' as a responsive answer to these demands."

• •

In the daytime, pilots of fighter-bombers are shown their targets by troops on the ground or by small propeller planes called bird dogs, which spot promising targets from the air. The fliers adhere to a policy of bombing populated areas as little as possible, but sometimes beleaguered ground troops will call in planes or artillery fire to destroy a village that is being defended by the Front. In such cases, if there is time, an attempt is made to warn the villagers, either by airborne loudspeakers or by leaflets dropped on the village. The United States Army's Psychological Warfare Office has many hundreds of different leaflets, designed for subtly different situations. On one side of Leaflet No. APO-6227, for instance, a cartoon drawing represents the long trajectory of a large shell from a ship at sea to an inland village, where a human figure has been blown into the air and a grass-roofed house is bursting into pieces under the impact of the explosion. On the other side is a message in Vietnamese, reading, "Artillery from our ships will soon hit your village. You must look for cover immediately. From now on, chase the Vietcong away from your village, so the government won't have to shell your area again."

The center of Ben Suc was bombed one morning in mid-1965. The bombs destroyed several two-story brick-and-mortar houses and wounded or killed more than twenty people, including several children. Some months before the bombing, the Front, to protect the center of the village, had made a mocking use of a new policy of the South Vietnamese government. Around that time, the government had publicly offered a guarantee that Allied troops would refrain from attacking any building or vehicle showing the government flag of three red stripes on a yellow ground. The purpose, as an American officer explained it, was to encourage the people to "associate safety with the national flag," for "it means something when everybody's going around carrying the national flag." In Ben Suc, however, the Front, moved by a spirit of irreverent humor quite typical of it at times, raised the government flag

"You're hoping I won't strike up a conversation with you. Right?"

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over a rice-storage house—more as a prank than as a serious preventive measure against bombings. For several months, it fluttered at the top of the storehouse—a bold joke, known through the whole village, and a brazen taunt to the government. The joke had a bitter ending when the center of the village was bombed and the rice storehouse destroyed. After this bombing, the Front government in Ben Suc moved about a hundred people from the center of the village to the outskirts, where they lived with relatives. It also laid explosive booby traps in various spots outside the village. The job of warning villagers away from these spots was entrusted to teams of teenage girls. In addition, the Front encouraged families to dig out rooms beneath their houses as bomb shelters. Later, there were many bombings, and many casualties, in the fields outside the village—particularly near the river, where the bombing was most frequent. From Ben Suc halfway to the provincial capital of Phu Cuong, about fifteen miles down the river, the riverside fields were polka-dotted with craters of every size. At least a third of the small fields had been hit at least once, and some of the craters had turned entire fields into ponds. The bombing and the artillery fire were at their most intense in the early morning, when the Americans considered anything that moved highly suspicious, so the farmers took to starting work in the fields around eight or nine o'clock instead of at seven, as their custom had been. Not only the destruction but the crashing of bombs and shells nearby and in the distance made life continuously nerve-racking, with everyone tensely ready to run to a bomb shelter at a second's notice. The Psychological Warfare Office sought to make the most of the fear and tension by stepping up the volume of the leaflets dropped on the area. In a booklet describing the leaflets available for these purposes, Leaflet No. AVIB-246, whose "theme" is listed as "scare," has a cartoon drawing on one side showing a soldier of the Front dying, his hands futilely clutching the air in front of him and his face in the dirt, while jet planes fly overhead, dropping bombs. The message on the other side reads, "Each day, each week, each month, more and more of your comrades, base camps, and tunnels are found and destroyed. You are shelled more often, you are bombed more often. You are forced to move very often, you are forced to dig deeper, you are forced to carry more loads away. You are tired, you are sick. Your leaders tell you victory is near. They are wrong. Only DEATH is near. Do you hear the planes? Do you hear the bombs? These are the sounds of DEATH: your DEATH. Rally now to survive." Another leaflet shows a photograph of the mutilated corpse of a young man. His stomach and intestines are flowing out of him onto the ground. The message on the other side reads, "If you continue to follow the Vietcong, and destroy villages and hamlets, sooner or later you will be killed, like Colonel Tran Thuoc Quong. Colonel Quong will never need his belt again. He is DEAD." The word "dead" is written in large block letters that drip with blood. Some leaflets depict American weapons with the teeth and claws of beasts, killing or torturing people in the manner of the fantastic devils in medieval paintings of Hell. The drawing on one leaflet shows a tank with evil, slitted eyes, fangs, and long mechanical arms with metal talons that reach out toward the viewer. The tank crushes one man under its treads, squeezes drops of blood from a screaming second man in its talons, and engulfs a third man in a column of flame that spurts from between its dragon-like fangs.

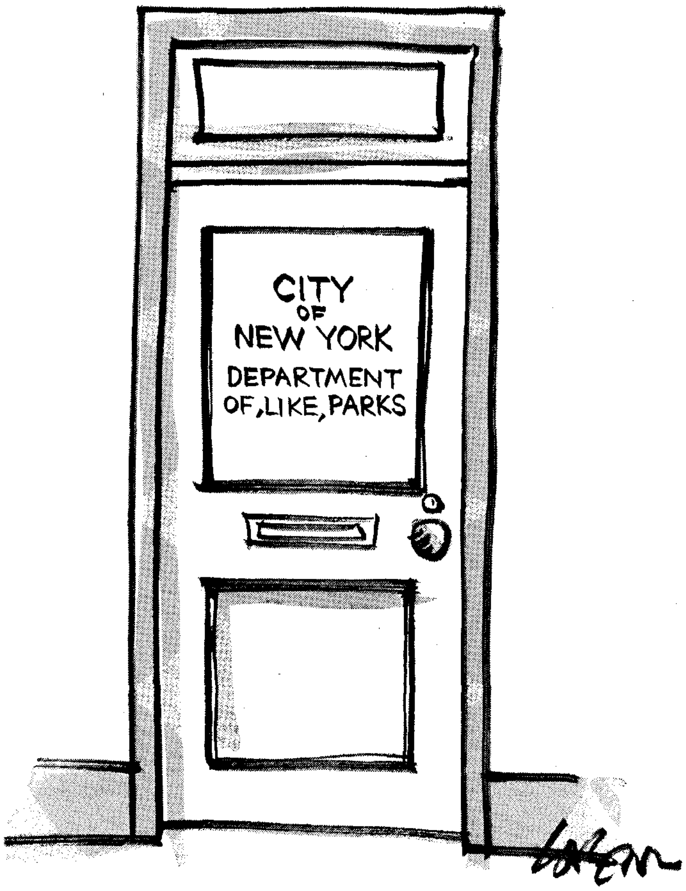
People from many villages around Ben Suc who had been left homeless after ground battles, bombing, and shelling migrated to the comparative safety of other villages, to live with relatives or just fend for themselves. When the small village of Mi Hung, across the river from Ben Suc, was heavily bombed, at least a hundred of its people moved into Ben Suc. During 1966, a scattering of refugees from other bombed villages had also found their way there. Then, in the second week of the month of January, 1967—when the population of Ben Suc was further swollen by relatives and friends from neighboring villages who had come to help with the harvest, which was exceptionally abundant that season, despite the war—the Americans launched in Binh Duong Province what they called Operation Cedar Falls. It was the largest operation of the war up to that time.

FOR the Americans, the entire Saigon River area around Ben Suc, including particularly a notorious forty-square-mile stretch of jungle known as the Iron Triangle, had been a source of nagging setbacks. Small operations there were defeated; large operations conducted there turned up nothing. The big guns shelled and bombed around the clock but produced no tangible results. The enemy "body count" was very low, and the count of "pacified" villages stood at zero. In fact, a number of villages that had been converted into "strategic hamlets" in Operation Sunrise, launched three years earlier, had run their government protectors out of town and reverted to Front control. Late in 1966, the American high command designed the Cedar Falls operation as a drastic method of reducing the stubborn resistance throughout the Iron Triangle area. Named after the home town, in Iowa, of a 1st Division lieutenant who had been posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor, Operation Cedar Falls involved thirty thousand men, including logistical support, and it was planned and executed entirely by the Americans, without the advance knowledge of a single Vietnamese in the province. The decision that *no* Vietnamese was a good enough security risk was based on previous experiences, in which the enemy had learned about operations ahead of time and had laid traps for the attackers or simply disappeared. It also reflected the Army's growing tendency to mistrust all Vietnamese, regardless of their politics. On several American bases, entrance is forbidden to all Vietnamese, including ARVN soldiers, after a certain hour in the evening. During Cedar Falls, security was particularly tight.

A plan was made to attack Ben Suc, but Ben Suc was regarded as an objective quite separate from the operation's principal target—the Iron Triangle. The Iron Triangle is a patch of jungle bounded on the west, for about thirteen miles, by the Saigon River; on the east, also for about thirteen miles, by National Route No. 13; and on the north, for six miles, by a nameless smaller road. Ben Suc lay just beyond the northwest corner of the Triangle. Until the Cedar Falls operation, the Triangle long had a reputation as an enemy stronghold impenetrable to government troops, and had been said to shelter a full division of enemy troops and also a vast system of bunkers and tunnels used by the Front as headquarters for its Military Region IV, which surrounds the city of Saigon. American intelligence had also received reports of a twelve-mile tunnel running the length of the Triangle from north to south. The operation was the first move in a newly devised long-term war strategy in which large American forces would aim primarily at engaging the main forces of the enemy and destroying their jungle bases one by one, while ARVN troops would aim primarily at providing security for the villages thus freed from Front control. General Earle G. Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who visited the area later, said, in an interview, "We must continue to seek out the enemy in South Vietnam—in particular, destroy his base areas where the enemy can rest, retrain, recuperate, resupply, and pull up his socks for his next military operation. . . . Primarily, the American units are engaged in search-and-destroy operations. In other words, they don't stay permanently in any given locale. . . . The Vietnamese military and paramilitary units are the ones which are used in the permanent security operations. The situation being what it is, General Westmoreland's first effort is to engage the Viet Cong main-force units and the North Vietnamese Army units and defeat them." He added, "The South Vietnamese forces are not ample enough to cope with the main-force units throughout the country. . . . I don't wish to imply that the South Vietnamese are not going to participate in the operations there. Of course they will. . . . This does not mean that all of the Vietnamese forces are going to be devoted to pacification. They can't be. And there's no intent for them to be. I just said a substantial portion."

According to the Cedar Falls plan, the Triangle was to be bombed and shelled heavily for several days both by B-52s and by fighter-bombers, and then blocked off around its entire thirty-two-mile perimeter with elements of the 1st Infantry Division along the northern edge, elements of the 196th Light Infantry Brigade along the river, on the west side, and elements of the 173rd Airborne Brigade along Route 13, on the east side. Together, these troops would man a hundred and sixty pieces of artillery. After the jungle had been heavily shelled and bombed, the 1st Division troops were to flatten the jungle in fifty-yard swaths on both sides of the road, using sixty bulldozers airlifted in by the huge, two-rotor Chinook helicopters. Then they were simultaneously to destroy the villages of Rach Bap, Bung Cong, and Rach Kien, evacuate the villagers, and start cutting broad avenues in the jungle with special sixty-ton bulldozers nicknamed hogjaws. These drives would be supported by air strikes and artillery barrages against the jungle. American troops would enter the Triangle behind the bulldozers, in an attempt to engage the enemy division that was rumored to be there and destroy the enemy headquarters.

The attack on Ben Suc was planned for January 8th—the day before the thrust into the Triangle. I joined a group of six newsmen outside a field tent on the newly constructed base at the village of Lai Khé, to hear Major Allen C. Dixon, of the 173rd Airborne Brigade, outline the plan and purpose of this part of the operation. "We have two targets, actually," he explained, pointing to a map propped on a pile of sandbags. "There's the Iron Triangle, and then there's the village of Ben Suc. This village is a political center, as far as the V.C. is concerned, and it's been solid V.C. since the French pulled out in '56. We haven't even been able to get a census taken in there to find out who's there." Most of the American officers who led the operation were not aware that ARVN had had an outpost in Ben Suc for the nine years preceding 1964. They saw the village as "solid V.C. as long as we can remember." Major Dixon continued, "Now, we can't tell you whether A, B, and C are at their desks or not, but we *know* that there's important infrastructure there—what we're really after here is the



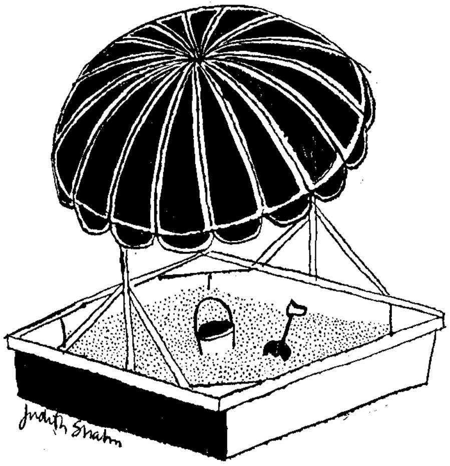
infrastructure of the V.C. We've run several operations in this area before with ARVN, but it's always been hit and run—you go in there, leave the same day, and the V.C. is back that night. Now, we realize that you can't go in and then just abandon the people to the V.C. This time we're really going to do a thorough job of it: we're going to clean out the place completely. The people are all going to be resettled in a temporary camp near Phu Cuong, the provincial capital down the river, and then we're going to move *everything* out—livestock, furniture, and all of their possessions. The purpose here is to deprive the V.C. of this area for good. The people are going to Phu Cuong by barge and by truck, and when they get there the provincial government takes over—it has its own Revolutionary Development people to handle that, and U.S. AID is going to help."

A reporter asked what would happen to the evacuated village.

"Well, we don't have a certain decision or information on that at this date, but the village may be levelled," Major Dixon answered, and went on to say, "The attack is going to go tomorrow morning and it's going to be a complete surprise. Five hundred men of the 1st Infantry Division's 2nd Brigade are going to be lifted *right into* the village itself in sixty choppers, with Zero Hour at zero eight hundred hours. From some really excellent intelligence from that area, we have learned that the perimeter of the village is heavily mined, and that's why we'll be going into the village itself. Sixty choppers is as large a number as we've ever used in an attack of this nature. Simultaneous with the attack, choppers with speakers on them are going to start circling over the village, telling the villagers to assemble in the center of the town or they will be considered V.C.s. It's going to be hard to get the pilots on those choppers to go in low to make those announcements audible, but everything depends on that. Also, we're going to drop leaflets to the villagers." (Later, I picked up one of these leaflets. On one side, the flags of the Republic of Vietnam, the United States, the Republic of Korea, New Zealand, and Australia were represented in color; on the other side was a drawing of a smiling ARVN soldier with his arm around a smiling soldier of the National Liberation Front. The text, written in English, Vietnamese, and Korean, read, "Safe conduct pass to be honored by all Vietnamese Government Agencies and Allied Forces." I learned that the Chieu Hoi, or Open Arms, program would be in operation during the attack. In an attempt to encourage defections from the Front, the government was opening its arms to all *hoi chanh*, or returnees who turned themselves in. Hence the unusually friendly tone of the leaflets.)

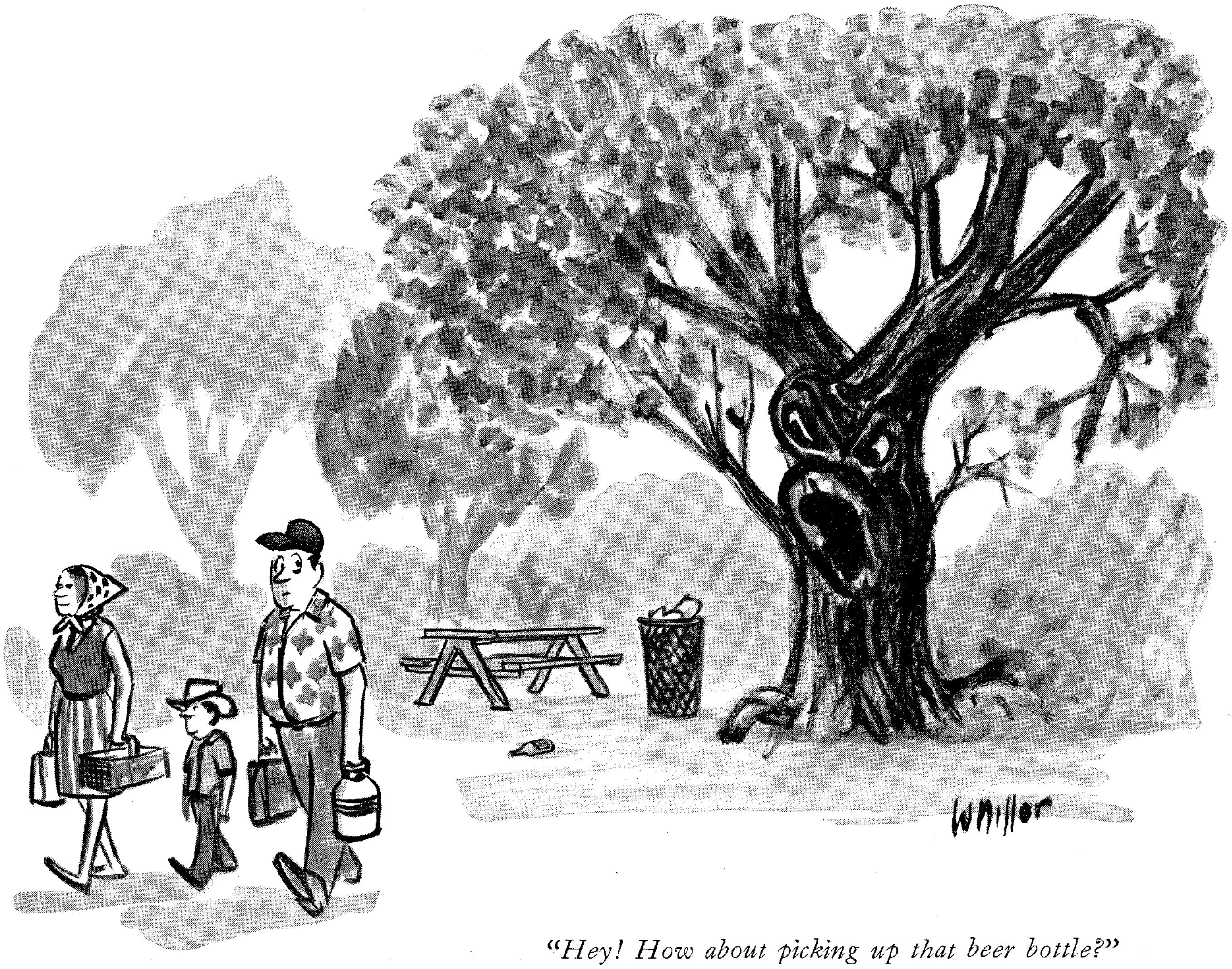
About the encirclement of the village, Major Dixon said, "There are going to be three landing zones for the choppers. Then the men will take up positions to prevent people from escaping from the village. Five minutes after the landing, we're going to bring artillery fire and air strikes into the whole area in the woods to the north of the village to prevent people from escaping by that route. At zero eight thirty hours, we're going to lift in men from the 2nd Brigade below the woods to the south to block off that route. After the landing is completed, some of our gunships are going to patrol the area at treetop level to help keep the people inside there from getting out. After the area is secure, we're lifting a crew of ARVN soldiers into the center of the village to help us with the work there. We want to get the Vietnamese dealing with their own people as much as we can here. Now, we're hoping that opposition is going to be light, that we're going to be able to get this thing over in one lightning blow, but if they've got intelligence on this, the way they did on some of our other operations, they could have something ready for us and this *could* be a hot landing. It could be pretty hairy."

For several reasons, the plan itself was an object of keen professional satisfaction to the men who devised and executed it. In a sense, it reversed the search-and-destroy method. This time, they would destroy first and search later—at their leisure, in the interrogation rooms. After all the small skirmishes and ambushes, after months of lobbing tons of bombs and shells on vague targets in Free Strike Zones, the size, complexity, and careful coördination of the Cedar Falls operation satisfied the military men's taste for careful large-scale planning. Every troop movement was precisely timed, and there would be full use of air support and artillery, in a design that would unfold over a wide terrain and, no matter what the opposition might be, would almost certainly produce the tangible result of evacuating several thousand hostile civilians, thereby depriving the V.C. of hundreds of "structures," even if the "infrastructure" was not present. This time, unless the entire village sneaked off into the forest, the objective of the operation could not wholly elude the troops, as it had in previous campaigns. Thus, a measure of success was assured from the start. In concluding his briefing to the newsmen, Major Dixon remarked, "I think this really ought to be quite fascinating. There's this new element of surprise, of going right into the enemy village with our choppers and then bringing in our tremendous firepower. Anyway, it ought to be something to see."



That evening, I was sent by helicopter to a newly constructed base ten miles north of Ben Suc, at Dau Tieng, where Colonel James A. Grimsley, commanding officer of the 2nd Brigade, 1st Infantry Division, was winding up his briefing of his officers on the next morning's attack on Ben Suc. The officers were assembled in a tent, in which a single light bulb hung from the ceiling. "The purpose of this operation is to move in there absolutely as fast as we can get control of the situation," Colonel Grimsley said. "I want to emphasize that you're going to have only about ten seconds to empty each chopper, because another chopper will be coming right in after it. A last word to men landing below the southwest woods: Your job is to keep anyone from escaping down that way. Now, of course, if it's just a bunch of women and children wandering down through the woods, who obviously don't know what they're doing, don't fire, but otherwise you'll have to take them under fire. The choppers will be taking off at zero seven twenty-three hours tomorrow morning. Are there any questions?" There were no questions, and the officers filed out of the tent into the darkness.

THE men of the 1st Division's 2nd Brigade spent the day before the battle quietly, engaging in few pep talks or discussions among themselves about the dangers ahead. Each man seemed to want to be alone with his thoughts.



"Hey! How about picking up that beer bottle?"

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They spent the night before the attack in individual tents on the dusty ground of a French rubber plantation, now the Americans' new base at Dau Tieng. The airstrip was complete, but not many buildings were up yet, and construction materials lay in piles alongside freshly bulldozed roads. The men were brought in by helicopter in the afternoon from their own base and were led to their sleeping area among the rubber trees. Most of the transporting of American troops in Vietnam is done by helicopter or plane. So the men, hopping from American base to American base, view rural Vietnam only from the air until they see it through gunsights on a patrol or a search-and-destroy mission.

Darkness fell at about six-thirty. Thanks to a cloudy sky over the high canopy of rubber leaves, the area was soon in perfect blackness. A few men talked quietly in small groups for an hour or so. Others turned to their radios for company, listening to rock-'n'-roll and country-and-Western music broadcast by the American armed-services radio station in Saigon. The great majority simply went to sleep. Sleep that night, however, was difficult. Artillery fire from the big guns on the base began at around eleven o'clock and continued until about three o'clock, at a rate of four or five rounds every ten minutes. Later in the night, along with the sharp crack and whine of outgoing artillery the men heard the smothered thumping of bombing, including the rapid series of deep explosions that indicates a B-52 raid. Yet if the outgoing artillery fire had not been unusually near—so near that it sent little shocks of air against the walls of the tents—the sleepers would probably not have been disturbed very much. Because artillery fire is a routine occurrence at night on almost every American base in Vietnam, and because everyone knows that it is all American or Allied, it arouses no alarm, and no curiosity. Furthermore, because most of it is harassment and interdiction fire, lobbed into Free Strike Zones, it does not ordinarily indicate a clash with the enemy. It does make some men edgy when they first arrive, but soon it becomes no more than a half-noticed dull crashing in the distance. Only the distinctive sound of mortar fire—a popping that sounds like a champagne cork leaving a bottle—can make conversations suddenly halt in readiness for a dash into a ditch or bunker. Throughout that night of January 7th, the roaring of one of the diesel generators at the base served as a reminder to the men that they were sleeping on a little island of safety, encircled by coils of barbed wire and minefields, in a hostile countryside.

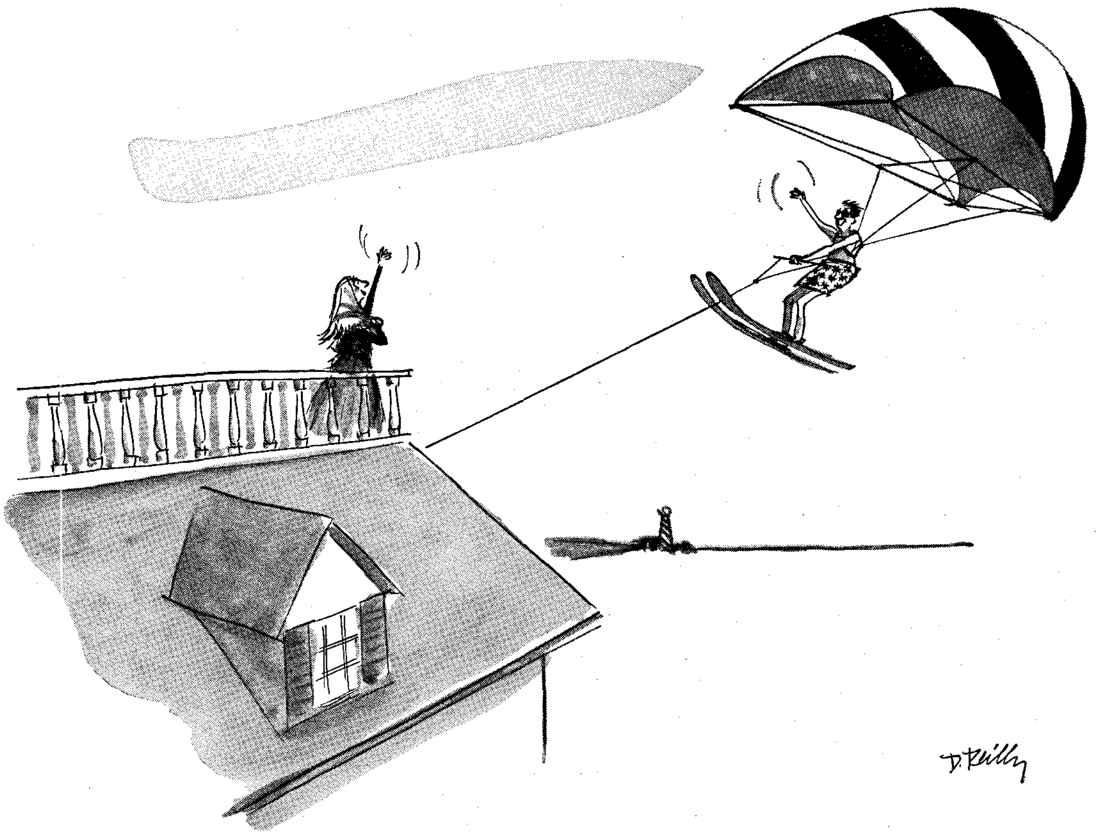
The men got up at five-thirty in the morning and were guided in the dark to a mess tent in a different part of the rubber grove, where they had a breakfast of grapefruit juice, hot cereal, scrambled eggs, bacon, toast, and coffee. At about six-thirty, the sky began to grow light, and they were led back to the airstrip. Strings of nine and ten helicopters with tapered bodies could be seen through the treetops, filing across the gray early-morning sky like little schools of minnows. In the distance, the slow beat of their engines sounded soft and almost peaceful, but when they rushed past overhead the noise was fearful and deafening. By seven o'clock, sixty helicopters were perched in formation on the airstrip, with seven men assembled in a silent group beside each one. When I arrived at the helicopter assigned to me—No. 47—three engineers and three infantrymen were already there, five of them standing or kneeling in the dust checking their weapons. One of them, a sergeant, was a small, wiry American Indian, who spoke in short, clipped syllables. The sixth man, a stocky infantryman with blond hair and a red face, who looked to be about twenty and was going into action for the first time, lay back against an earth embankment with his eyes closed, wearing an expression of boredom, as though he wanted to put these wasted minutes of waiting to some good use by catching up on his sleep. Two of the other six men in the team were also going into combat for the first time. The men did not speak to each other.

At seven-fifteen, our group of seven climbed up into its helicopter, a UH-1 (called Huey), and the pilot, a man with a German accent, told us that four of us should sit on the seat and three on the floor in front, to balance the craft. He also warned us that the flight might be rough, since we would be flying in the turbulent wake of the helicopter in front of us. At seven-twenty, the engines of the sixty helicopters started simultaneously, with a thunderous roar and a storm of dust. After idling his engine for three minutes on the airstrip, our pilot raised his right hand in the air, forming a circle with the forefinger and thumb, to show that he hoped everything would proceed perfectly from then on. The helicopter rose slowly from the airstrip right after the helicopter in front of it had risen. The pilot's gesture was the only indication that the seven men were on their way to something more than a nine-o'clock job. Rising, one after another, in two parallel lines of thirty, the fleet of sixty helicopters circled the base twice, gaining altitude and tightening their formation as they did so, until each machine was not more than twenty yards from the one immediately in front of it. Then the fleet, straightening out the two lines, headed south, toward Ben Suc.

In Helicopter No. 47, one of the men shouted a joke, which only one other man could hear, and they both laughed. The soldier who had earlier been trying to catch a nap on the runway wanted to get a picture of the sixty helicopters with a Minolta camera he had hanging from a strap around his neck. He was sitting on the floor, facing backward, so he asked one of the men on the seat to try to get a couple of shots. "There are sixty choppers here," he shouted, "and every one of them costs a quarter of a million bucks!" The Huey flies with its doors open, so the men who sat on the outside seats were perched right next to the drop. They held tightly to ceiling straps as the helicopter rolled and pitched through the sky like a ship plunging through a heavy sea. Wind from the rotors and from the forward motion blasted into the men's faces, making them squint. At five minutes to eight, the two lines of the fleet suddenly dived, bobbing and swaying from the cruising altitude of twenty-five hundred feet down to treetop level, at a point about seven miles from Ben Suc but heading away from it, to confuse enemy observers on the ground. Once at an altitude of fifty or sixty feet, the fleet made a wide U turn and headed directly for Ben Suc at a hundred miles an hour, the helicopters' tails raised slightly in forward flight. Below, the faces of scattered peasants were clearly visible as they looked up from their water buffalo at the sudden, earsplitting incursion of sixty helicopters charging low over their fields.

All at once, Helicopter No. 47 landed, and from both sides of it the men jumped out on the run into a freshly turned vegetable plot in the village of Ben Suc—the first Vietnamese village that several of them had ever set foot in. The helicopter took off immediately, and another settled in its place. Keeping low, the men I was with ran single file out into the center of the little plot, and then, spotting a low wall of bushes on the side of the plot they had just left, ran back there for cover and filed along the edges of the bushes toward several soldiers who had landed a little while before them. For a minute, there was silence. Suddenly a single helicopter came clattering overhead at about a hundred and fifty feet, squawking Vietnamese from two stubby speakers that stuck out, winglike, from the thinnest part of the fuselage, near the tail. The message, which the American soldiers could not understand, went, "Attention, people of Ben Suc! You are surrounded by Republic of South Vietnam and Allied Forces. Do not run away or you will be shot as V.C. Stay in your homes and wait for further instructions." The metallic voice, floating down over the fields, huts, and trees, was as calm as if it were announcing a flight departure at an air terminal. It was gone in ten seconds, and the soldiers again moved on in silence. Within two minutes, the young men from No. 47 reached a little dirt road marking the village perimeter, which they were to hold, but there were no people in sight except American soldiers. The young men lay down on the sides of embankments and in little hollows in the small area it had fallen to them to control. There was no sign of an enemy.

For the next hour and a half, the



six men from No. 47 were to be the masters of a small stretch of vegetable fields which was divided down the center by about fifty yards of narrow dirt road—almost a path—and bounded on the front and two sides (as they faced the road and, beyond it, the center of the village) by several small houses behind copses of low palm trees and hedges and in back by a small graveyard giving onto a larger cultivated field. The vegetable fields, most of them not more than fifty feet square and of irregular shape, were separated by neatly constructed grass-covered ridges, each with a path running along its top. The houses were small and trim, most of them with one side open to the weather but protected from the rain by the deep eaves of a thatch-grass roof. The houses were usually set apart by hedges and low trees, so that one house was only half visible from another and difficult to see from the road; they were not unlike a wealthy American suburb in the logic of their layout. An orderly small yard, containing low-walled coops for chickens and a shed with stalls for cows, adjoined each house. Here and there, between the fields and in the copses, stood the whitewashed waist-high columns and brick walls of Vietnamese tombs, which look like small models of the ruins of once-splendid palaces. It was a tidy, delicately wrought small-scale landscape with short views—not overcrowded but with every square foot of land carefully attended to.

Four minutes after the landing, the heavy crackle of several automatic weapons firing issued from a point out of sight, perhaps five hundred yards away. The men, who had been sitting or kneeling, went down on their bellies, their eyes trained on the confusion of hedges, trees, and houses ahead. A report that Mike Company had made light contact came over their field radio. At about eight-ten, the shock of tremendous explosions shattered the air and rocked the ground. The men hit the dirt again. Artillery shells crashed somewhere in the woods, and rockets from helicopters thumped into the ground. When a jet came screaming low overhead, one of the men shouted, "They're bringing in air strikes!" Heavy percussions shook the ground under the men, who were now lying flat, and shock waves beat against their faces. Helicopter patrols began to wheel low over the treetops outside the perimeter defended by the infantry, spraying the landscape with long bursts of machine-gun fire. After about five minutes, the explosions became less frequent, and the men from the helicopters, realizing that this was the planned bombing and shelling of the northern woods, picked themselves up, and two of them, joined by three soldiers from another helicopter, set about exploring their area.

Three or four soldiers began to search the houses behind a nearby copse. Stepping through the doorway of one house with his rifle in firing position at his hip, a solidly built six-foot-two Negro private came upon a young woman standing with a baby in one arm and a little girl of three or four holding her other hand. The woman was barefoot and was dressed in a white shirt and rolled-up black trousers; a bandanna held her long hair in a coil at the back of her head. She and her children intently watched each of the soldier's movements. In English, he asked, "Where's your husband?" Without taking her eyes off the soldier, the woman said something in Vietnamese, in an explanatory tone. The soldier looked around the inside of the one-room house and, pointing to his rifle, asked, "You have same-same?" The woman shrugged and said something else in Vietnamese. The soldier shook his head and poked his hand into a basket of laundry on a table between him and the woman. She immediately took all the laundry out of the basket and shrugged again, with a hint of impatience, as though to say, "It's just laundry!" The soldier nodded and looked around, appearing unsure of what to do next in this situation. Then, on a peg on one wall, he spotted a pair of men's pants and a shirt hanging up to dry. "Where's *he*?" he asked, pointing to the clothes. The woman spoke in Vietnamese. The soldier took the damp clothing down and, for some reason, carried it outside, where he laid it on the ground.

The house was clean, light, and airy, with doors on two sides and the top half of one whole side opening out onto a grassy yard. On the table, a half-eaten bowl of rice stood next to the laundry basket. A tiny hammock, not more than three feet long, hung in one corner. At one side of the house, a small, separate wooden roof stood over a fireplace with cooking utensils hanging around it. On the window ledge was a row of barely sprouting plants, in little clods of earth wrapped in palm leaves. Inside the room, a kilnlike structure, its walls and top made of mud, logs, and large stones, stood over the family's bedding. At the rear of the house, a square opening in the ground led to an underground bomb shelter large enough for several people to stand in. In the yard, a cow stood inside a third bomb shelter, made of tile walls about a foot thick.

After a minute, the private came back in with a bared machete at his side and a field radio on his back. "Where's your husband, huh?" he asked again. This time, the woman gave a long answer in a complaining tone, in which she pointed several times at the sky and several times at her children. The soldier looked at her blankly. "What do I do with her?" he called to some fellow-soldiers outside. There was no answer. Turning back to the young woman, who had not moved since his first entrance, he said, "O.K., lady, you stay here," and left the house.

Several other houses were searched, but no other Vietnamese were found, and for twenty minutes the men on that particular stretch of road encountered no one else, although they heard sporadic machine-gun fire down the road. The sky, which had been overcast, began to show streaks of blue, and a light wind stirred the trees. The bombing, the machine-gunning from helicopters, the shelling, and the rocket firing continued steadily. Suddenly a Vietnamese man on a bicycle appeared, pedalling rapidly along the road from the direction of the village. He was wearing the collarless, pajamalike black garment that is both the customary dress of the Vietnamese peasant and the uniform of the National Liberation Front, and although he was riding away from the center of the village—a move forbidden by the voices from the helicopters—he had, it appeared, already run a long gantlet of American soldiers without being stopped. But when he had ridden about twenty yards past the point where he first came in sight, there was a burst of machine-gun fire from a copse thirty yards in front of him, joined immediately by a burst from a vegetable field to one side, and he was hurled off his bicycle into a ditch a yard from the road. The bicycle crashed into a side embankment. The man with the Minolta camera, who had done the firing from the vegetable patch, stood up after about a minute and walked over to the ditch, followed by one of the engineers. The Vietnamese in the ditch appeared to be about twenty, and he lay on his side without moving, blood flowing from his face, which, with the eyes open, was half buried in the dirt at the bottom of the ditch. The engineer leaned down, felt the man's wrist, and said, "He's dead." The two men—both companions of mine on No. 47—stood still for a while, with folded arms, and stared down at the dead man's face, as though they were giving him a chance to say something. Then the engineer said, with a tone of finality, "That's a V.C. for you. He's a V.C., all right. That's what they wear. He was leaving town. He had to have some reason."

The two men walked back to a ridge in the vegetable field and sat down on it, looking off into the distance in a puzzled way and no longer bothering to keep low. The man who had fired spoke suddenly, as though coming out of deep thought. "I saw this guy coming down the road on a bicycle," he said. "And I thought, you know, Is this it? Do I shoot? Then some guy over there in the bushes opened up, so I cut loose."

The engineer raised his eyes in the manner of someone who has made a strange discovery and said, "I'm not worried. You know, that's the first time I've ever seen a dead guy, and I don't feel bad. I just don't, that's all." Then, with a hard edge of defiance in his voice, he added, "Actually, I'm glad. I'm glad we killed the little V.C."

Over near the copse, the man who had fired first, also a young soldier, had turned his back to the road. Clenching a cigar in his teeth, he stared with determination over his gun barrel across the wide field, where several water buffaloes were grazing but no human beings had yet been seen. Upon being asked what had happened, he said, "Yeah, he's dead. Ah shot him. He was a goddam V.C."

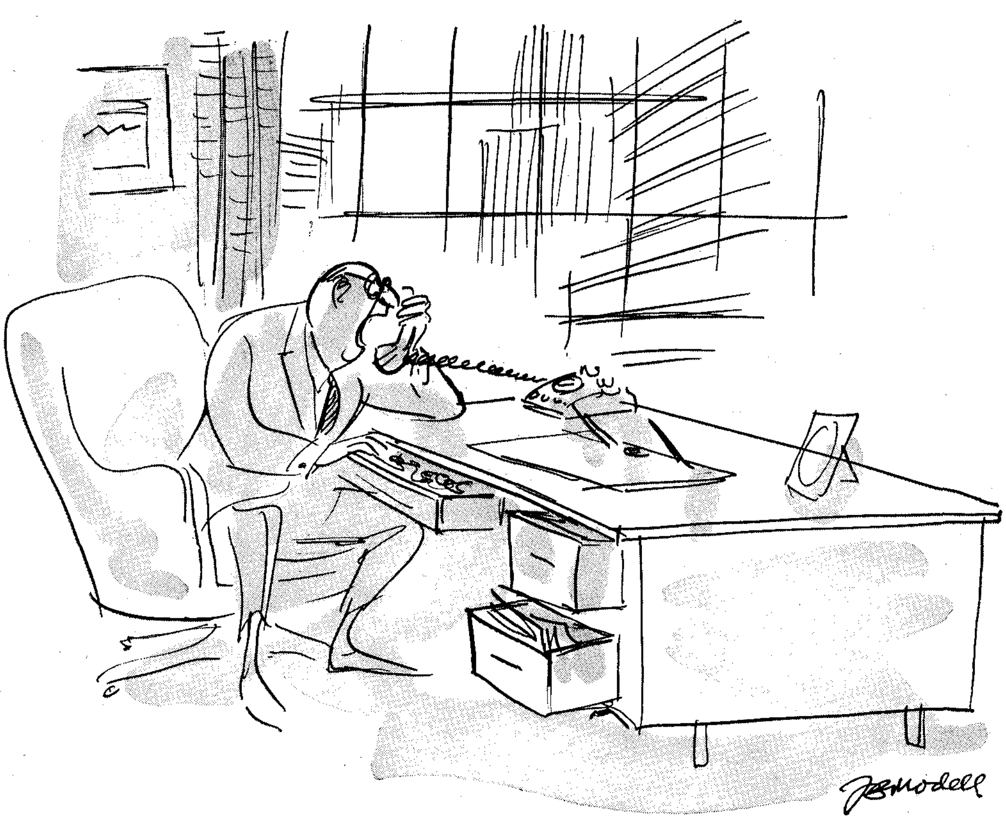
At about nine o'clock, people from outlying areas of the village began to appear on the road, walking toward the village center and bringing with them as many pieces of furniture, bicycles, pots, chickens, pigs, cows, ducks, and water buffalo as they could carry or herd along. At this point, the young mother also left her house, with her children, and started along the road. But about five minutes later she reappeared, with only the baby. She was walking in the forbidden direction, and several soldiers who saw her looked at each other questioningly as she passed. Arriving at her house, she encountered the tall soldier she had first met, and began a long explanation in Vietnamese, in a highly irritated tone. Then, rummaging in the laundry bag, she pulled out a woman's light-blue wallet and produced identification papers to show the soldier. She had returned for these. Still talking in an explanatory tone, in a loud voice, she returned to the line of villagers. Particularly at first, women and children predominated in the line. One woman carried a shoulder pole with her belongings balanced in a basket hanging on one end and a baby sitting in a basket on the other end. The villagers walked with slow, careful steps, looking straight in front of them. Some slowed their pace and turned their heads slightly when they passed the open-eyed corpse in the ditch, but none stopped and none showed any emotion. This procession, like the appearance of the houses, made it plain that Ben Suc was a wealthy village. Most of the villagers wore clean, unpatched clothing. The children had rosy cheeks and stout limbs. The cows were fat and sleek, and a great number of pigs and chickens were left rooting and pecking in deserted yards.

As the villagers passed, machine-gun fire rang out across the vegetable fields once more, this time accompanied by shouting. A few feet from where the cyclist had fallen, a soldier stood firing from the hip into a cluster of houses and trees. Twenty yards away, the sergeant of his unit, enraged, was yelling at him, "Git on back here! Git on back here! Do you hear? Killin' the goddam water buffalo! Killin' the lousy goddam water buffalo!" But the soldier did not look back or move. Again he fired, and a water buffalo in a small yard twenty feet away sank silently to its knees, then rolled over on its side. The sergeant swore and again shouted several times for the soldier to come back, but the soldier continued to peer toward the cluster of houses, holding his gun ready, in a challenging stance, as though there still might be something threatening there. After twenty seconds, he walked back to the furious sergeant. During this episode, the villagers did not break step but

allowed themselves to turn their heads just enough to observe the proceedings. A few minutes later, a thin middle-aged man dressed in black, with long, straight hair that stuck out from his head at a number of angles, came down the road, looking freely from side to side and walking with a jauntier step than the other villagers. He was headed toward the center of the village. At one point, he stopped in the road to look directly at a group of Americans. The soldier with the cigar, who had first fired on the cyclist, told the man next to him, "That bastard better watch out. If he starts to run, he's going to get it in the head." At nine-thirty, new orders came, and the men abandoned their road to defend a wider perimeter around the village.

Following the villagers in toward the schoolhouse, I observed that all the houses had newly constructed bomb shelters both inside and outside—for animals as well as people. Noticing these, one American officer remarked that he wished ARVN would construct its bunkers as strongly. In back of a small temporary schoolhouse was a whole maze of trenches—presumably enough to hold the entire student body. In front of the school, a wooden signboard posted on a large tree bore the hand-lettered legend, in both Vietnamese and English, "If anyone aggresses your fatherland, enslaves you, what will you say to it?" Later in the morning, after hesitating a moment for fear the sign might be booby-trapped to explode if he touched it, a soldier took it down, asking a companion, "Hey, do you think this will make a good souvenir?"

At the center of the village was a small square, where three narrow roads intersected. Around it were eight or ten two-story brick houses, but most of them were in disrepair and had obviously been abandoned a long time ago. The first floor of one building, which had a sign on it in Vietnamese reading "Pharmacy," had no front, and the floor inside the single room was covered with debris. In several places, charred wrecks of buildings rose only slightly above their foundations. The roads in this area were blocked at regular intervals by low mounds of earth that would prevent a car but not a bicycle from passing. A sign posted on a tree exhorted in Vietnamese, "1. Battle vigorously against the American aggressors. 2. Develop the revolutionary force. 3. Develop solidarity among the people to win freedom and independence."



"Miss Kent, who took my candy bar?"

• •

By ten o'clock, about a thousand villagers had assembled in an L formed by two fifty-foot-long roofless and half-ruined masonry buildings, near the center of the village, that had once been used as a school. The buildings faced a large pasture, which was now serving as a landing pad for a continuous stream of helicopters. The sky was clear and blue except for a few cottony clouds sailing low on the horizon in a strong, warm wind from the north. Bombs continued to crash in the jungle, sometimes no more than a half mile away, and they sent up large puffs of smoke—white for phosphorus, black for napalm. The soldiers watched with fascination as three jets, evenly spaced, made a wide circle and took turns at dive-bombing the forest to the southwest with napalm. Each came right over the village at the beginning of its dive, and the canisters of napalm were clearly visible as they sped earthward from the bellies of the dart-shaped planes.

Vietnamese soldiers, who had been lifted in by United States helicopters after the center of the village had been made secure, were directing still more villagers to the gathering point in front of the schoolhouse. Throughout Operation Cedar Falls, the pattern was to fly in ARVN troops after the initial fighting was over, so that they might search the villages, perform manual labor such as loading captured rice into bags, and carry on the administrative work of organizing the villagers. It was felt that the presence of ARVN troops would divert the villagers' feelings of awe at the operation from the American troops and toward its proper object, the government of South Vietnam. Perhaps the most important role of the ARVN troops, however, was to serve as a link between the Americans and the villagers. The task of crossing the language barrier between Vietnamese and English devolves squarely on ARVN troops. A number of American officers have undergone an intensive Army six-week language-training program, but—if only because of the exceptional difficulties of learning a language whose vocabulary has no common root with English and, furthermore, is pronounced "tonally," so that the same syllable can have many, often hilariously unrelated, meanings, according to its inflection and pitch—even the most linguistically talented students learn only basic constructions, adequate for dealing with only very simple situations. Every once in a while, with a display of uneasy shyness, an officer brings out a few words of Vietnamese, but if these ask a question, he more often than not listens to the answer in blank incomprehension. As the tour of duty in Vietnam is ordinarily no more than one year, very few Americans become fluent in Vietnamese. At Ben Suc, I found just one who was able to put his Vietnamese to practical use. For the most part, the Americans dealt with the Vietnamese soldiers, and the Vietnamese soldiers dealt with the people.

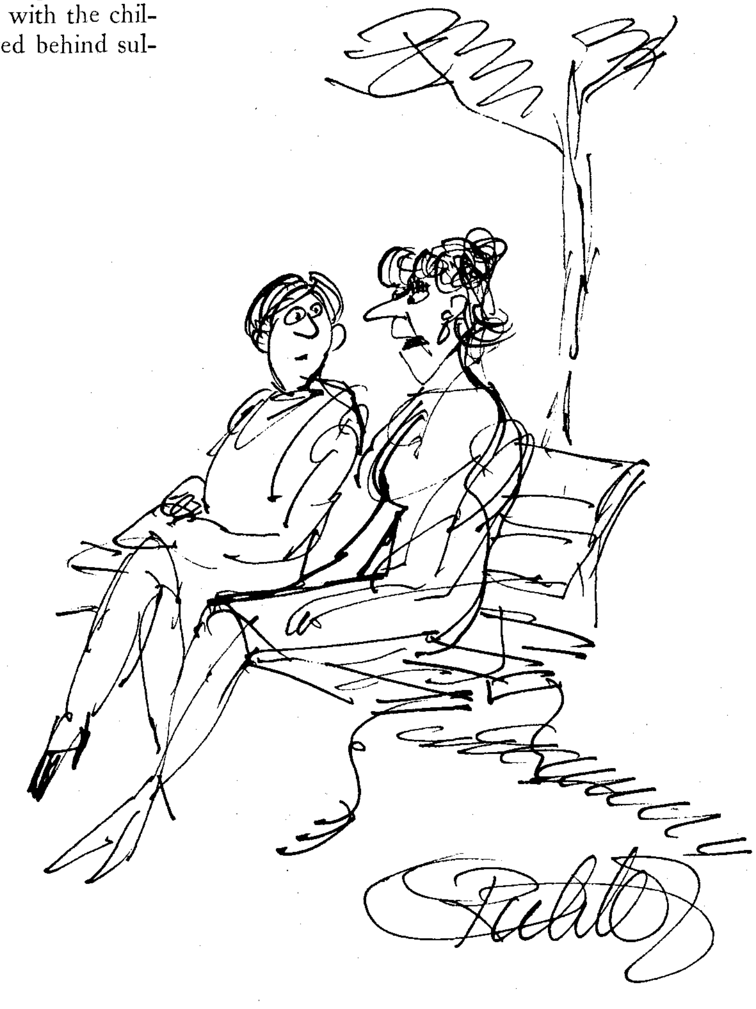
Except at the temporary headquarters, the American soldiers, the Vietnamese soldiers, and the villagers remained in almost entirely separate groups throughout the day of the attack. The villagers sat waiting, with nothing to do, among their kitchen utensils, hastily wrapped bundles, and animals. Beaks, legs, and wings of chickens protruded from the open mesh of large baskets into which they had been thrust. In accordance with village custom, children under about three years old wore nothing below the waist. Children from about seven up were used to working along with the adults. Now they carried heavy loads on shoulder poles, or held strings tied to the front legs of pigs. The women went barefoot, walked with a practical, flat-footed stride, and tied their bundles with the deft, unhesitating movements of people for whom physical labor is second nature. Standing in the schoolyard, each mother seemed wholly engrossed in keeping her children near her and looking after her animals and possessions, and carefully avoided turning her eyes toward her captors. The men were less concerned with the children, and their eyes moved behind sullen, cold masks, observing the Americans and the fate of their village, but they said nothing. To the untrained American eye, Vietnamese men, being slight and often beardless, appear younger than they are. A man in his late twenties may look like a teenager. This is particularly true in the villages, where the men usually wear their hair in a long, straight shock that looks boyish to Americans.

Whenever an American soldier or a Vietnamese soldier approached the throng of villagers, several of the older people smiled, folded their arms, and bowed, displaying what seemed an almost automatic deference toward these new authorities. The younger people never bowed or smiled. Some of the Americans had continued to guard the perimeter, but another group had set up tents in the pasture across the road from the old schoolhouse. Throughout the morning and the early afternoon, a special team of Americans detonated numerous booby traps and land mines that had been found around the village, with the result that there were no American casualties at Ben Suc. After digging trenches as a precaution against a mortar attack, the men mostly went to sleep in the sun or inside their tents. A few, who had been lifted in later in the morning, listened to popular songs on transistor radios or read their mail. Another part of the pasture was a busy helicopter landing pad. All day, enormous Chinook helicopters landed with supplies and took off again, blasting everyone with a gale of leaves, pebbles, and dust.

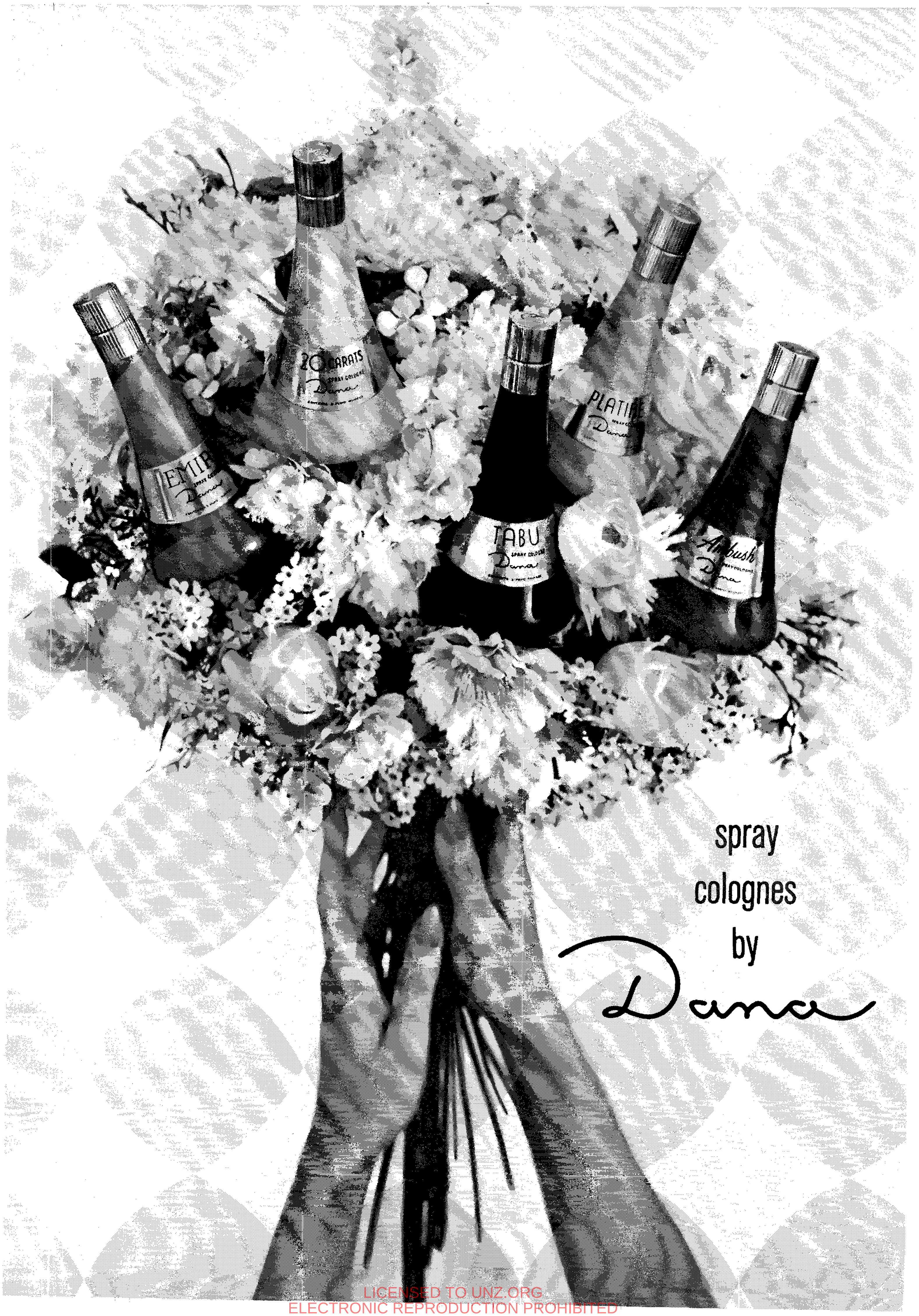
Having completed an initial search of the village, most of the Vietnamese soldiers had few immediate tasks to perform. Some simply lay on the ground and laughed, and others engaged in playfully aggressive games. Soldiers sparred with each other, and there was one loudly cheered wrestling match. At lunchtime, several of the ARVN soldiers gravitated to the center of the village, where they took a teapot and some food from one of the houses and cooked themselves a quick snack. One brought an old guitar out of a house and strummed the instrument clumsily, to the amusement of his friends. Two other soldiers got a fit of the giggles giving each other rides in a rickety wheelbarrow. One of the few unofficial contacts between American and Vietnamese soldiers took place when an American with a camera had the two pose with their wheelbarrow. One sat in the wheelbarrow and the other held the handles, and both momentarily put on fierce, stern expressions for the photograph.

In the middle of this relaxed, almost drowsy scene, the temporary command post was humming with activity. On the field radio, between bursts of static, calm, slow voices brought fresh orders and news of the rest of the operation. Though bombs continued to crash in the woods and smoke to rise on the horizon, they no longer created an impression of urgency but seemed wholly routine. The American soldiers showed only a technical interest in identifying the planes that passed overhead and guessing the kind of explosive used from the sound of the explosion and color of the smoke. The American arsenal is so varied that this game requires a subtle ear and considerable experience. "There goes a B-52 raid," a soldier would say. Or "That's outgoing artillery." Or "That's napalm."

With most of the populace assembled in one place, the Americans launched two projects that were a source of intense pride to the men in the field—a mess tent and a field hospital, both for the villagers. It is a cliché among the American military in Vietnam that "there are two wars in Vietnam": the military war, to provide security against the enemy, and what is usually called "the other war"—the war to "win the hearts and minds of the people." On the one hand, resolutely destroy the enemy; on the other hand, rebuild and reform. To the sol-



"When I plead for a little love and understanding, all he does is buy me another lottery ticket."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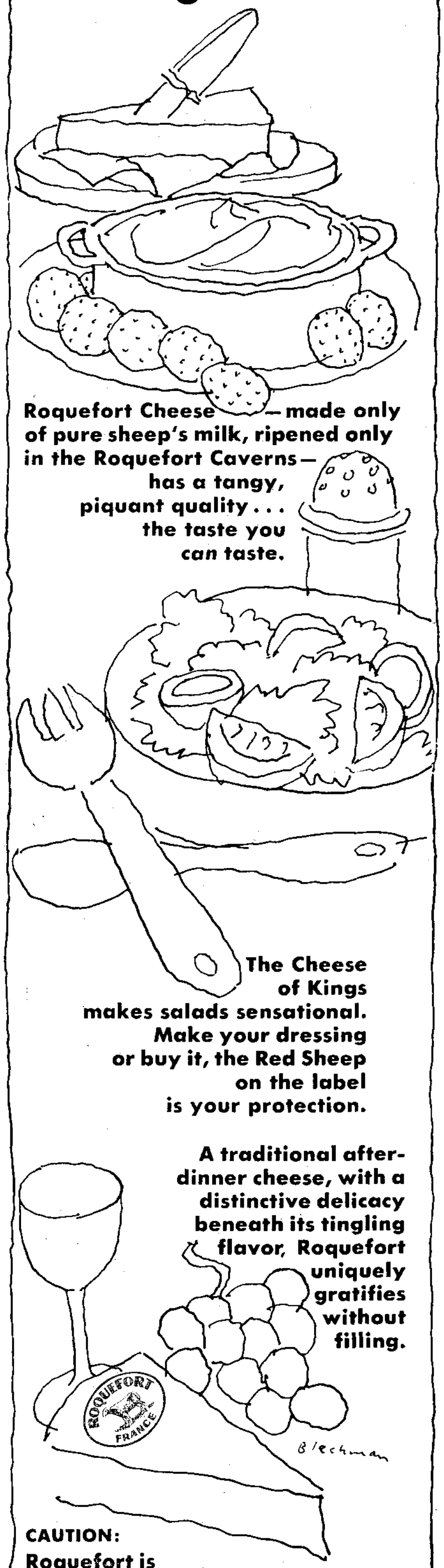

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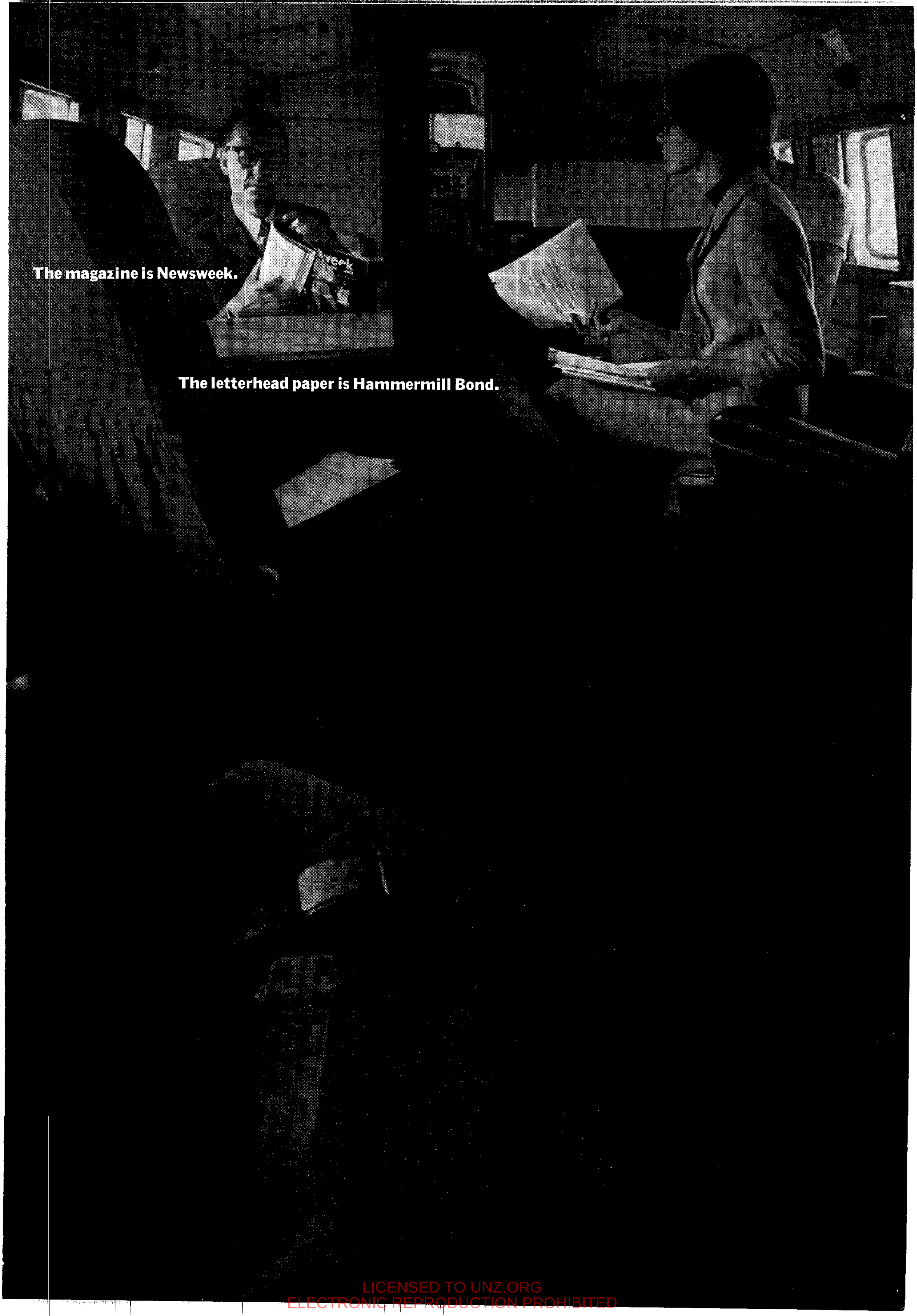
diers at Ben Suc, the hospital and the mess tent represented an essential counterweight to the killing and destruction. They saw the two installations as "the other half" of what they had done that morning. As one soldier put it, with astonishment, as if he were wondering whether this wasn't carrying benevolence to the enemy *too* far, "Our hospitals are full of V.C. at forty dollars a day. Just this morning, there was a woman who got shot up real bad. Both her legs were broken. A real mess. And they dusted her off in a chopper to the military hospital. We dusted off another little V.C. this morning." He shook his head and smiled at the idea of an army that tried to save the lives of an enemy it had just been trying to kill.

The hospital tent and the mess tent were set up side by side at one edge of the pasture. An officer explained to me that treatment was available not only to those wounded during the attack but to anyone, whatever his ailment. A team of Vietnamese doctors was to be lifted in later in the day to treat the patients—again in order to give the villagers the impression that this was a Vietnamese project, not an American one. Meanwhile, in the hot morning sun, the tent walls of the hospital were open on all sides, and a young man who had been shot in one leg lay quietly on a cot, his eyes glassy and still. A young American medic in his shirtsleeves said that between ten and twenty villagers had been brought in for treatment—most of them children with minor skin diseases. He remarked on the exceptional good health of the Ben Suc villagers, but he went on to say that earlier that morning a distraught woman had brought a sick baby to a Vietnamese Army doctor, who had diagnosed the disease as malaria and had immediately administered an anti-malaria shot. The baby's condition had declined rapidly, and within two hours it had died. The American medic speculated that the baby had been allergic to the shot, and concluded that this incident helped to explain a subsequent reluctance among the villagers to come to the hospital tent. The mess tent was operated entirely by Americans. At noon, the villagers were offered a lunch of hot dogs, Spam, and crackers, served with a fruit-flavored beverage called Keen. Keen, a sweet drink made by dissolving a colored powder in water, is served on many American bases in Vietnam. Again, however, the turnout was less than a hundred; perhaps there had been propaganda from the Front warning that the Americans would try to poison the villagers, or perhaps the villagers were seeking to keep all involvement with their captors to a minimum. In the late morning, one American infantryman offered sticks of gum to a few of the assembled children, and it was several minutes before the children overcame their fear sufficiently to dart forward for the gift.

WITH the attack over, the tricky task of distinguishing V.C.s from the civilians moved from the battlefield into the interrogation room. First, under the direction of the Americans, ARVN soldiers segregated the villagers by age level, sex, and degree of suspiciousness. All males between the ages of fifteen and forty-five were slated to be evacuated to the Provincial Police Headquarters in the afternoon. From among them, all who were suspected of being Vietcong and a smaller group of "confirmed V.C.s" were singled out. Some of these men were bound and blindfolded, and sat cross-legged on the ground just a few yards from the large assemblage of women, children, and aged. They were men who had been caught hiding in their bomb shelters or had otherwise come under suspicion. One group, for example, was unusually well dressed and well groomed. Instead of bare feet and pajamalike garb, these men wore Japanese foam-rubber slippers and short-sleeved cotton shirts. Standing over them, his arms akimbo, an American officer remarked, "No question about these fellas. Anyone in this village with clothes like that is a V.C. They're V.C.s, all right." A group of about a dozen men categorized as defectors were singled out to be taken to the special Open Arms center near Phu Cuong.

The Americans interrogated only the prisoners they themselves had taken, leaving the prisoners taken by the Vietnamese to the Vietnamese interrogators. The American interrogations were held in a large, debris-strewn room of the roofless schoolhouse. Four interrogating teams worked at the same time, each consisting of one American and an interpreter from the Vietnamese Army. The teams sat on low piles of bricks, and the suspects sat on the floor, or on one brick. These sessions did not uncover very much about the enemy or about the village of Ben Suc, but I felt that, as the only extensive spoken contact between


The magazine is Newsweek.
The letterhead paper is Hammermill Bond.

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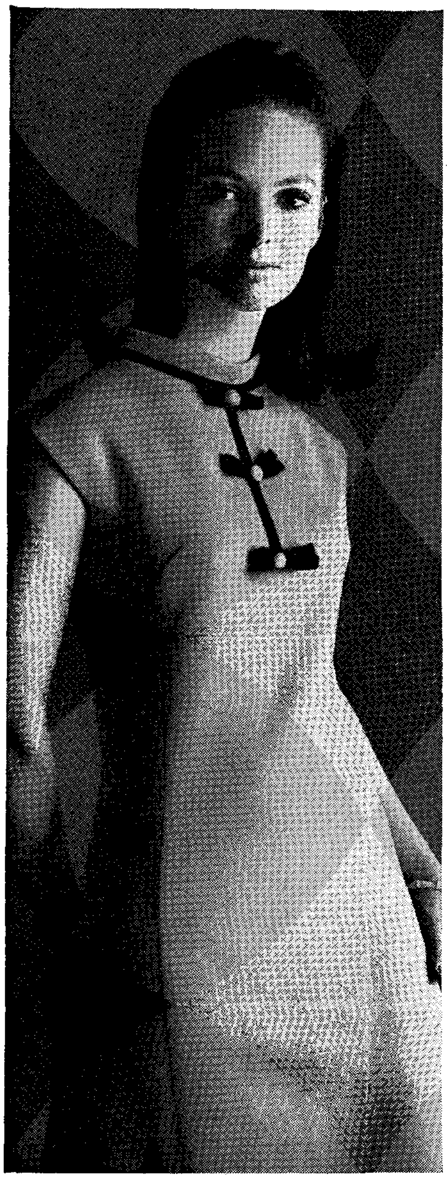

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Apollo Knits/designed by Mr. Stanley

Americans and the Ben Suc villagers throughout the Cedar Falls operation, they had a certain significance. Approximately forty people were questioned the first day.

In one session, a stout American named Martinez questioned, in a straightforward, businesslike manner, a small, barefoot, gray-haired man with a neat little gray mustache, who wore a spotlessly clean, pure-white loose-fitting, collarless shirt and baggy black trousers. First, Martinez asked to see the old man's identification card. By law, all South Vietnamese citizens are required to carry an identification card issued by the government and listing their name, date and place of birth, and occupation. (The Americans considered anyone who lacked this card suspicious, and a man who last registered in another village would have to supply a reason.) This suspect produced an I.D. card that showed him to be sixty years old and born in a village across the river. A search of his pockets also revealed an empty tobacco pouch and a small amount of money.

"Why did he come to Ben Suc?" Throughout the session, Martinez, who held a clipboard in one hand, spoke to the interpreter, who then spoke to the suspect, listened to his reply, and answered Martinez.

"He says he came to join relatives."

"Has he ever seen any V.C.?"

"Yes, sometimes he sees V.C."

"Where?"

"Out walking in the fields two weeks ago, he says."

"Where were they going?"

"He says he doesn't know, because he lives far from the center of the village. He doesn't know what they were doing."

"Does he pay any taxes?"

"Yes. The V.C. collect two piastres a month."

"What's his occupation?"

"He says he is a farmer."

"Let's see his hands."

Martinez had the man stand up and hold out his hands, palms up. By feeling the calluses on the palms, Martinez explained, he could tell whether the man had been working the fields recently. Aside from asking questions, Martinez employed only this one test, but he employed it on the majority of his suspects. He squeezed the old man's palms, rubbed the calves of his legs, then pulled up his shirt and felt his stomach. The old man looked down uneasily at Martinez's big hands on his stomach. "He's not a farmer," Martinez announced, and then, with a touch of impatience and severity, he said, "Ask him what he does."

The interpreter talked with the suspect for about half a minute, then reported, "He says that recently he works repairing bicycles."

"Why did he say he was a farmer?"

"He says he has repaired bicycles only since he finished harvesting."

Deliberately accelerating the intensity of the interrogation, Martinez narrowed his eyes, looked straight at the suspect crouching below him, and, in a suddenly loud voice, snapped, "Is he a V.C.?"

"No, he says he's not," the interpreter answered, with an apologetic shrug.

Martinez relaxed and put his clipboard down on a table. A weary smile took the place of his aggressive posture. "O.K. He can go now," he told the interpreter.

The interpreter, a thin young man with sunglasses, who had spoken to the suspect in a courteous, cajoling manner throughout the questioning, seemed pleased that the interrogation was to involve nothing more unpleasant than this. He gave the old man a smile that said, "You see how nice the Americans are!" and then patted him on the shoulder and delivered him into the hands of a guard.

After the old man had gone, Martinez turned to me with the smile of a man who has some inside information and said confidentially, "He was a V.C. He was probably a tax collector for the V.C." After a moment, he added, "I mean, that's my supposition, anyway."

The other interrogations were very similar. Martinez asked the same questions, with little variation: "Where does he live?" "Is he a farmer?" (Then came the touch test.) "Has he seen any V.C.?" And, finally, "Is *he* a V.C.?" And the suspects, instead of insisting that the National Liberation Front actually governed the village and involved the entire population in its programs, supported him in his apparent impression that the Front was only a roving band of guerrillas. To judge by their testimony to Martinez, the villagers of Ben Suc knew the Front as a ghostly troop of soldiers that appeared once a fortnight in the evening on the edge of the forest and then disappeared for another fortnight. When one young suspect was asked if he had "ever seen any V.C.s in the area," he answered that he had seen "fifty armed men disappearing into the

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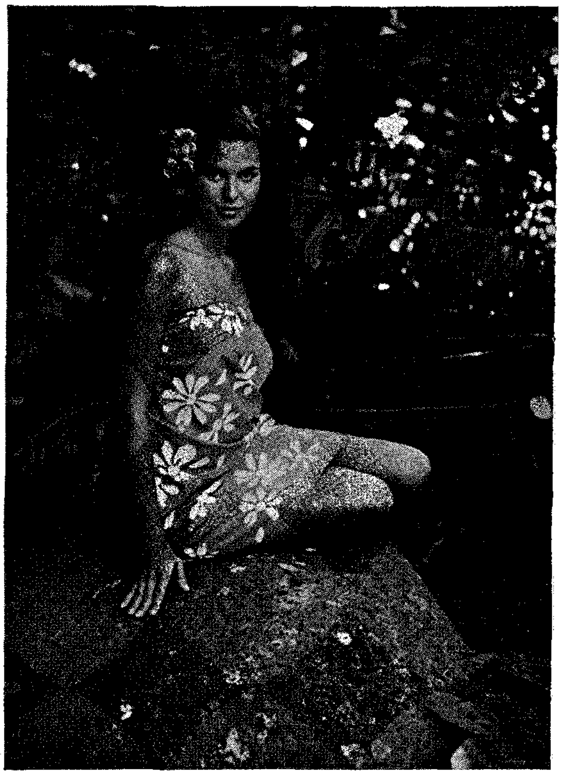
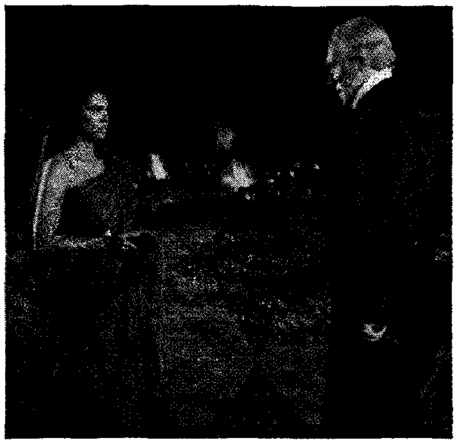
Should you trust the vintage alone? The vintage by itself is not necessarily a guarantee of quality. The price? No. Even a trivial wine—bottled in a great region—may claim a great price. Your best guide to a wine is the shipper's name. A known shipper will never risk his name with a so-so wine. You ask—what is the Cruse reputation? Eminent. Known for 144 years. Cruse wines are served by Air France and the French Line. Every Cruse wine is judged by a member of the family. The name is your surest guide. Look for the Cruse crescent Cruse on the neck of every bottle.

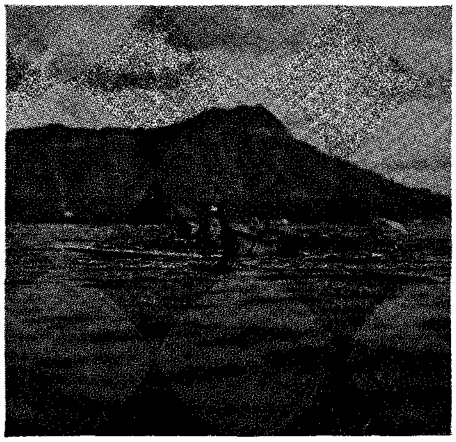
"This is my **Hawaii** *You'll never forget the golden days you spend with us."*

—Elizabeth Logue, a featured star in the Mirisch Corporation's spectacular motion picture of James Michener's monumental novel, "Hawaii"





"The movie, 'Hawaii,' tells the story of a fascinating part of our islands' dramatic history. You'll have a better understanding of our state after seeing it. I play the role of Noelani. This is Max Von Sydow with me in this scene. Other stars are Julie Andrews, Richard Harris."



"But my Hawaii is modern Hawaii, which is now so easy and inexpensive to visit. This is Waikiki, probably the most famous beach in the world. Like so many of our Island people, I first learned to surf on these gentle, long-riding waves."

"Honolulu will always be my favorite city Visitors call it one of the most fascinating i the world. An example of why is our nation' only royal palace. It now houses Hawaii's Stat Legislature. This is the Throne Room. Kin David Kalakaua and Queen Liliuokalani bot held court here."

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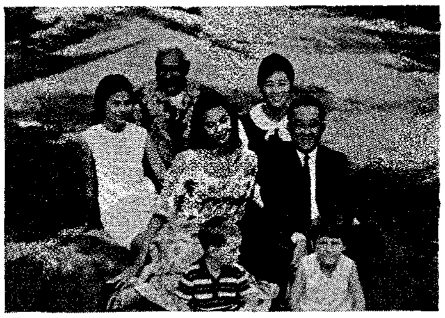
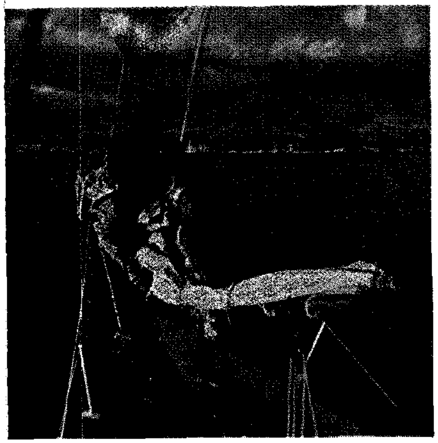
"Every land has its native feasts and in Hawaii they're called luaus. For Hawaiians and visitors alike they're wonderful fun. There's entertainment and dancing and food like you'll never find back home . . . poi, kalua pig, haupia and lomi lomi salmon."

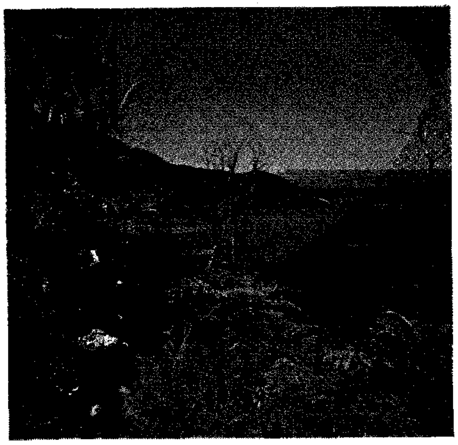


"The mixture of cultures and races is one c the most fascinating things about our islan state. Japanese, Caucasians, Hawaiians, Ch nese, Filipinos and many others all live an work side by side . . . each happily adoptin the best parts of the others' customs and cu tures. Many of us have several races in o makeup. I'm Hawaiian, Chinese and English'

Miss Logue's fashions designed and created by member firms of the Hawaiian Fashion Guild

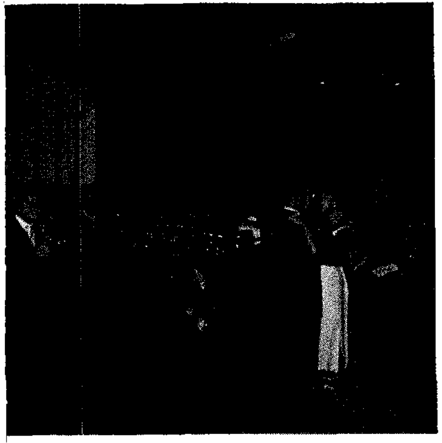


he Neighbor Islands offer a totally different ›rld of peace . . . where time has almost ›od still. This is Maui, the Valley Isle. We're ling into the harbor of Lahaina, first capital our island kingdom and onetime whaling nter of the Pacific. My movie tells the story Lahaina during that historic period."

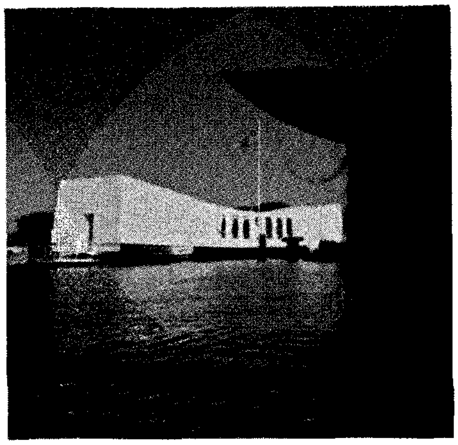


"Our biggest island is Hawaii, the Orchid Isle. One of its most fascinating attractions is the Volcanoes National Park, which has the only active volcanoes in the world you can drive right up to. Every so often there's a new eruption and people rush from all over the state to watch the spectacular fireworks."

"Kauai is called the Garden Isle, it's so pretty and green and lush. My favorite place there is the Wailua River. You take a small launch for a three-mile trip deep into tropical jungle. At the end there's a beautiful fern grotto. Kauai is also the home of the legendary menehune, or little people.'"



lighttime's a swinging time in Honolulu. oadway shows, professional sports, little eatre productions, big name niteclub acts, ›lynesian reviews and scores of romantic ots for dancing and just having a wonderful, refree time."



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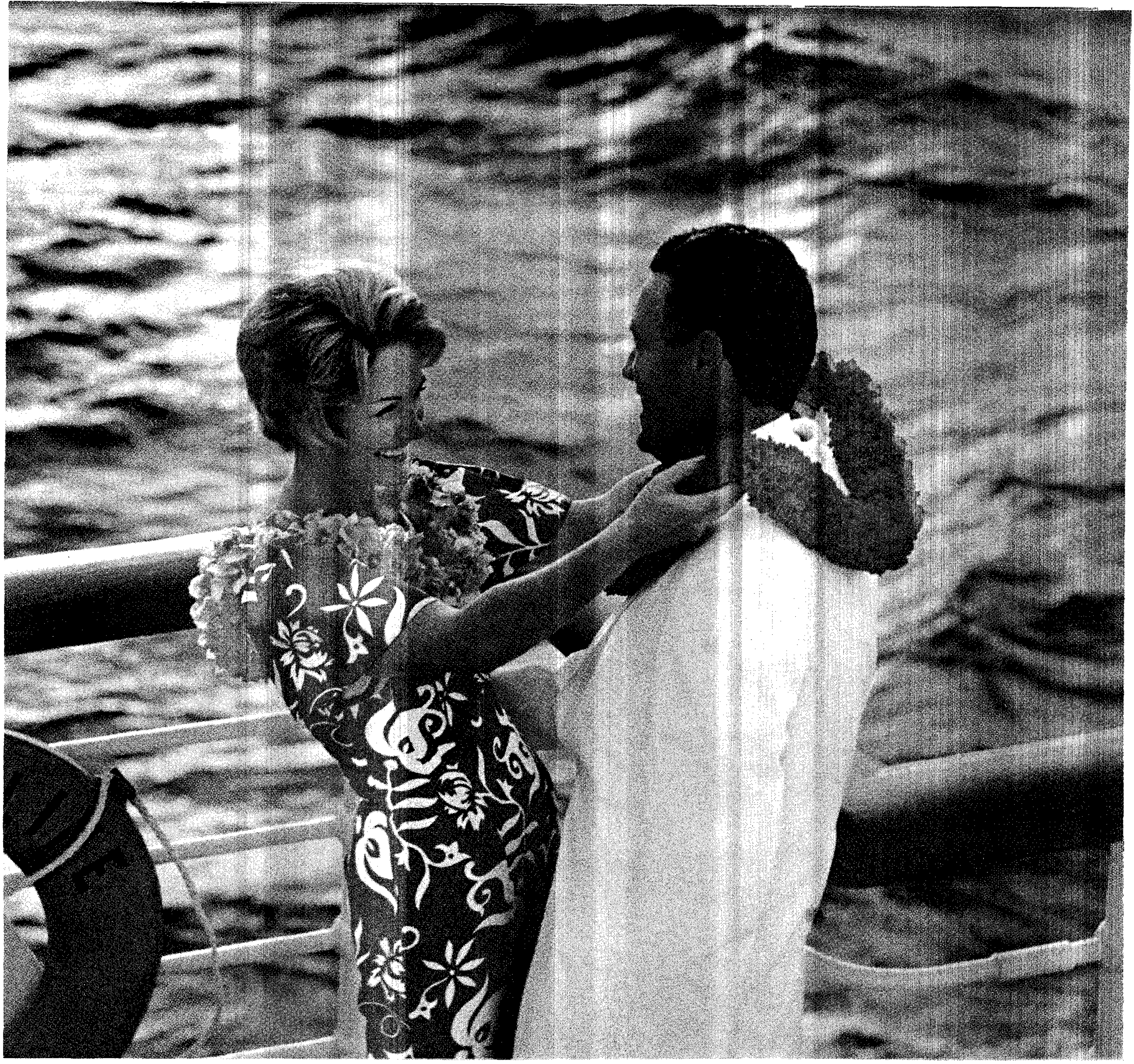

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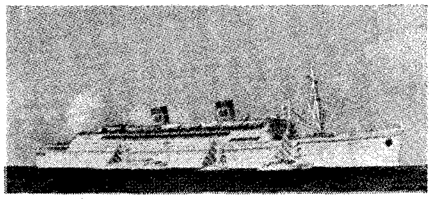
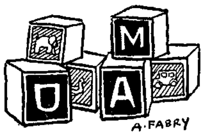


forest two weeks ago.” Another man, asked if he knew “any V.C.s in the village,” answered in a whisper that he knew of *one*—a dark-complexioned man about forty-five years old named Thang. Still another man said that he had been “taken into the jungle to build a tunnel a year ago” but couldn’t remember where it was. I had the impression that the suspects were all veterans of the interrogation room. For one thing, they were able to switch immediately from the vocabulary of the Front to the vocabulary of the American and South Vietnamese-government troops. It is a measure of the deep penetration of propaganda into every medium of expression in wartime Vietnam that few proper names serve merely as names. Most have an added propagandistic import. Thus, to the Americans the actual *name* of the National Liberation Front is “Vietcong” (literally, “Vietnamese Communists”)—a term that the Front rejects on the ground that it represents many factions besides the Communists. Likewise, to the Front the actual *name* of the Army of the Republic of Vietnam is “Puppet Troops.” Even the names of the provinces are different in the two vocabularies. The Front refuses to comply with a presidential decree of 1956 renaming the provinces, and insists on using the old names—calling Binh Duong, for instance, by its old name of Thu Dau Mot. There is no middle ground in the semantic war. You choose sides by the words you use. The suspects made the necessary transitions effortlessly. (Confronted with this problem myself, I have tried in this article to use for each organization the name that its own side has chosen for it.)



Several women were brought into the schoolhouse for interrogation, sometimes carrying a naked child balanced astride one hip. Unlike the men, they occasionally showed extreme annoyance. One young woman only complained loudly, and did not answer any of the questions put to her. Her baby fixed the interrogator with an unwavering, openmouthed stare, and an old woman, squatting next to the suspect, looked at the ground in front of her and nodded in agreement as the young mother complained.

“Do you know any V.C.s in this village?” the interrogator, a young man, asked.

The interpreter, having tried to interrupt the woman’s complaining, answered, “She says she can’t remember anything. She doesn’t know anything, because the bombs were falling everywhere.”

“Tell her to just answer the question.”

“She says she couldn’t bring her belongings and her pig and cow here.” The interpreter shook his head and added, “She is very angry.”

The interrogator’s face grew tense for a moment, and he looked away, uncertain of what to do next. Finally, he dismissed the woman and impatiently turned his pad to a fresh sheet.

The Vietnamese troops had their own style of interrogation. At eleven o’clock that morning, an ARVN officer stood a young prisoner, bound and blindfolded, up against a wall. He asked the prisoner several questions, and, when the prisoner failed to answer, beat him repeatedly. An American observer who saw the beating reported that the officer “really worked him over.” After the beating, the prisoner was forced to remain standing against the wall for several hours. Most of the ARVN interrogations took place in a one-room hut behind the school where the Americans were carrying on their interrogations. The suspects, bound and blindfolded, were led one by one into the hut. A group of ten or twelve fatherless families sitting under the shade of a tree nearby heard the sound of bodies being struck, but there were no cries from the prisoners.

As one young man was being led by one arm toward the dark doorway of the interrogation hut, a small boy who was watching intently burst into loud crying. I went inside after the suspect, and found that three tall, slender, boyish Vietnamese lieutenants, wearing crisp, clean American-style uniforms crisscrossed with ammunition belts, and carrying heavy new black pistols at their hips, had sat the young man against the wall, removed his blindfold, and spread a map on the floor in front of him. Pointing to the map, they asked about Vietcong troop movements in the area. When he replied that he didn’t have the answers they wanted, one lieutenant beat him in the face with a rolled-up sheet of vinyl that had covered the map, then jabbed him hard in the ribs. The prisoner sat wooden and silent. A very fat American with a red face and an expression of perfect boredom sat in a tiny chair at a tiny table near the door, looking dully at his hands. The three lieutenants laughed and joked among themselves, clearly enjoying what seemed to them an amusing contest of will and

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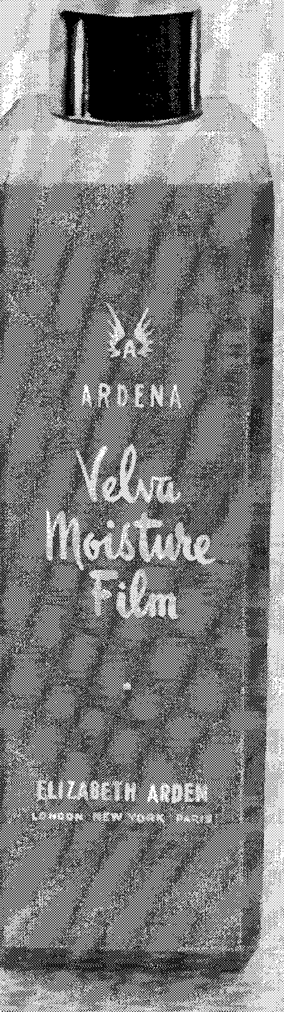

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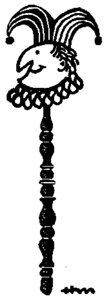
wits between them and the silent, unmoving figure on the floor in front of them. Looking at the prisoner with a challenging smile, the lieutenant with the map cover struck him again, then asked him more questions. The prisoner again said he couldn't answer. Suddenly noticing my presence, all three lieutenants turned to me with the wide, self-deprecating grins that are perhaps the Vietnamese soldiers' most common response to the appearance of an American in any situation. Realizing that I could not speak Vietnamese, they called in an American Intelligence officer—Captain Ted L. Shipman, who was their adviser, and who could speak Vietnamese fluently. They asked him who I was, and, upon learning that I was not a soldier but a reporter, they looked at each other knowingly, saluted me, and continued their interrogation, this time without beatings. A few minutes later, however, Captain Shipman, who had been standing beside me, said that he was extremely sorry but they wanted me to leave. When we were outside, Captain Shipman, a short man with small, worried eyes behind pale-rimmed glasses, drew me aside and, shaking his head, spoke with considerable agitation. "You see, they *do* have some—well, methods and practices that *we* are not accustomed to, that we wouldn't use if we were doing it, but the thing you've got to understand is that this is an Asian country, and their first impulse is force," he said. "Only the fear of force gets results. It's the Asian mind. It's completely different from what we know as the Western mind, and it's hard for us to understand. Look—they're a thousand years behind us in this place, and we're trying to educate them up to our level. We can't just do everything for them ourselves. Now, take the Koreans—they've got the Asian mind, and they really get excellent results here. Of course, we believe that that's not the best way to operate, so we try to introduce some changes, but it's very slow. You see, we know that the kind of information you get with these techniques isn't always accurate. Recently, we've been trying to get them to use some lie detectors we've just got. But we're only advisers. We can tell them how we think they should do it, but they can just tell us to shove off if they want to. I'm only an adviser, and I've made suggestions until I'm *blue in the face!* Actually, though, we've seen some improvement over the last year. This is a lot better than what we used to have."

I asked if the day's interrogations had so far turned up any important information.

"Not much today," he answered. "They're not telling us much. Sometimes they'll just tell you, 'Hey, I'm a V.C., I'm a V.C.' You know—proud. Today, we had one old man who told us his son was in the V.C. *He* was proud of it." Then, shaking his head again, he said with emphasis, as though he were finally putting his finger on the real cause of the difficulty, "You know, they're not *friendly* to us at this place, that's the problem. If you build up some kind of trust, then, once some of them come over to your side, they'll tell you anything. Their brother will be standing near them and they'll tell you, 'Him? He's my brother. He's a V.C.' It's hard for us to understand their mentality. They'll tell you the names of their whole family, and their best friends thrown in." Of the Front soldiers he said, "They don't know what they're doing half the time. Outside of the hard-core leaders, it's just like those juvenile delinquents back home, or those draft-card burners. They're just kids, and they want excitement. You give those kids a gun and they get excited. Half of the V.C.s are just deluded kids. They don't know what they're doing or why. But the V.C. operates through terror. Take this village. Maybe everybody doesn't want to be a V.C., but they get forced into it with terror. The V.C. organizes an association for everyone—the Farmers' Association, the Fishers' Association, the Old *Grandmothers'* Association. They've got one for everybody. It's so mixed up with the population you can't tell who's a V.C. Our job is to separate the V.C. from the people."



At that moment, a helicopter came in sight five hundred yards away, cruising low over the woods and emitting a steady chattering sound that was too loud to be the engine alone. Breaking off his explanation to look up, Captain Shipman said, "Now, there's a new technique they've developed. That sound you hear is the 7.62-calibre automatic weapon on the side. They have a hell of a time finding the V.C. from the air, so now when they hear that there's a V.C. in the area they'll come in and spray a whole field with fire. Then, you see, any V.C.s hiding below will get up and run, and you can go after them."

Captain Shipman went off to attend

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to other business, and I walked back to the interrogation hut. The fat American in the tiny chair was still looking at his hands, and the prisoner was still sitting stiff-spined on the floor, his lips tightly compressed and his gaze fixed in front of him. The young lieutenant with the map cover held it above the suspect's face and stared intently down at him. All three lieutenants were wholly engrossed in their work, excited by their power over the prisoner and challenged by the task of drawing information out of him. After twenty seconds or so, the American looked up and said to me, "They been usin' a little water torture." In the water torture, a sopping rag is held over the prisoner's nose and mouth to suffocate him, or his head is pushed back and water is poured directly down his nostrils to choke him. Again the lieutenants had not noticed me when I entered, and when the American spoke one of them looked up with a start. The tension and excitement in his expression were immediately replaced by a mischievous, slightly sheepish grin. Then all three lieutenants smiled at me with their self-deprecating grins, inviting me to smile along with them.

Captain Shipman came in, looking even more harried than before. One of the lieutenants spoke to him in a sugary, pleading tone, and Captain Shipman turned to me with a fatalistic shrug and said, "Look, I'm really sorry, but I get it in the neck if I don't take you away." Glancing over my shoulder as I left, I saw that the lieutenants were already crouching around their prisoner again and were all watching my exit closely. Outside again, Captain Shipman explained that this was only a preliminary interrogation—that a more extensive session, by the Province Police, would be held later. He pointed out that American advisers, like him, would be present at the police interrogation.

At the end of an interrogation, the questioner, whether American or Vietnamese, tied an eight-inch cardboard tag around the neck of the bound prisoner. At the top were the words "Captive Card," in both Vietnamese and English, and below were listed the prisoner's name, address, age, occupation, and the kind of weapon, if any, he was carrying when caught. None of the captive cards on the first day listed any weapons.

At one o'clock, the official count of "V.C.s killed" stood at twenty-four, with no friendly casualties reported. Soldiers on the spot told me of six shootings. I learned that three men had crawled out of a tunnel when they were told that the tunnel was about to be blown up. "One of them made a break for it, and they got him on the run," the soldier said. An officer told me that a man and a woman were machine-gunned from a helicopter while they were "having a picnic." I asked him what he meant by a picnic, and he answered, "You know, a *picnic*. They had a cloth on the ground, and food—rice and stuff—set out on it. When they saw the chopper, they ran for it. They were both V.C.s. She was a nurse—she was carrying medical supplies with her, and had on a kind of V.C. uniform—and he was, you know, sitting right there with her, and he ran for it, too, when the chopper came overhead." A soldier told me that down near the river three men with packs had been shot from a distance. Inspection of their packs revealed a large quantity of medical supplies, including a surgical kit, anti-malaria pills, a wide assortment of drugs, and a medical diary, with entries in a small, firm hand, that showed the men to have been doctors. (The *Stars and Stripes* of January 12th gave an account of seven additional shootings: "UPI reported that Brigadier General John R. Hollingsworth's helicopter accounted for seven of the Vietcong dead as the operation began. The door gunner, personally directed by the colorful assistant commander of the 1st. Inf. Div., shot three V.C. on a raft crossing the Saigon River, another as he tried to sneak across camouflaged by lily-pads, and three more hiding in a creek nearby.")

I asked the officer tabulating the day's achievements how the Army disposed of enemy corpses. He said, "We leave the bodies where they are and let the people themselves take care of them." It occurred to me that this was going to be difficult, with only women and children left in the area. Later in the afternoon, I heard the following exchange on the field radio:

"Tell me, how should we dispose of the bodies, sir? Over."

"Why don't you throw them in the river? Over."

"We can't do that, sir. We have to drink out of that river, sir."

The captured-weapons count stood at forty-nine—forty booby traps, six rifle grenades, two Russian-made rifles, and one American submachine gun. All were captured in caches in tunnels.

In the early afternoon, I went over to the field where the Americans were resting to ask them about the attack in

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the morning and what their feelings were concerning it. When I told one soldier that I was interested in finding out what weapons, if any, the Vietnamese dead had been carrying, he stiffened with pride, stared me straight in the eye, and announced, "What do you mean, 'Were they carrying weapons?' Of course they were carrying weapons! Look. I want to tell you one thing. *Anyone killed by this outfit was carrying a weapon.* In this outfit, no one shoots unless the guy is carrying a weapon. You've got to honor the civilian, that's all." With that, he terminated our conversation. Later, he and I walked over to a small tent where several men sat on the ground eating Spam and turkey from canned rations. They ate in silence, and, in fact, most of the men preferred to be alone rather than talk over the morning's attack. The men who did say anything about it laconically restricted themselves to short statements—such as "C Company had some light contact in the woods over there. Snipers mainly"—usually brought out in an almost weary tone, as though it were overdramatic or boastful to appear ruffled by the day's events. Nor did they kid around and enjoy themselves, like the ARVN soldiers. One young soldier, who looked to be not out of his teens, did come riding by on a small bicycle he had found near one of the houses in the village and cried out, with a big, goofy smile, "Hey! Look at this!," but the other men ignored him coldly, almost contemptuously.

I entered into conversation with Major Charles A. Malloy. "We're not a bunch of movie heroes out here," he said. "I think you'll find very few guys here who really hate the V.C. There's none of that stuff. I'll tell you what every soldier was thinking about when he stepped out of the helicopter this morning: Survival. Am I going to make it through? Am I going to see my wife and kids again? O.K., so some people without weapons get killed. What're you going to do when you spot a guy with black pajamas? Wait for him to get out his automatic weapon and start shooting? I'll tell you I'm not. Anyway, sometimes they throw away their weapon. They'll throw it into the bushes. You go and look at the body, and fifty yards away there's the weapon in the bushes. You can't always tell if they were carrying a weapon. Now, this man here has just heard that his wife had his first kid, a baby girl." He indicated a short, young-looking soldier with bright-red hair. "Now, if I told any one of these men they could

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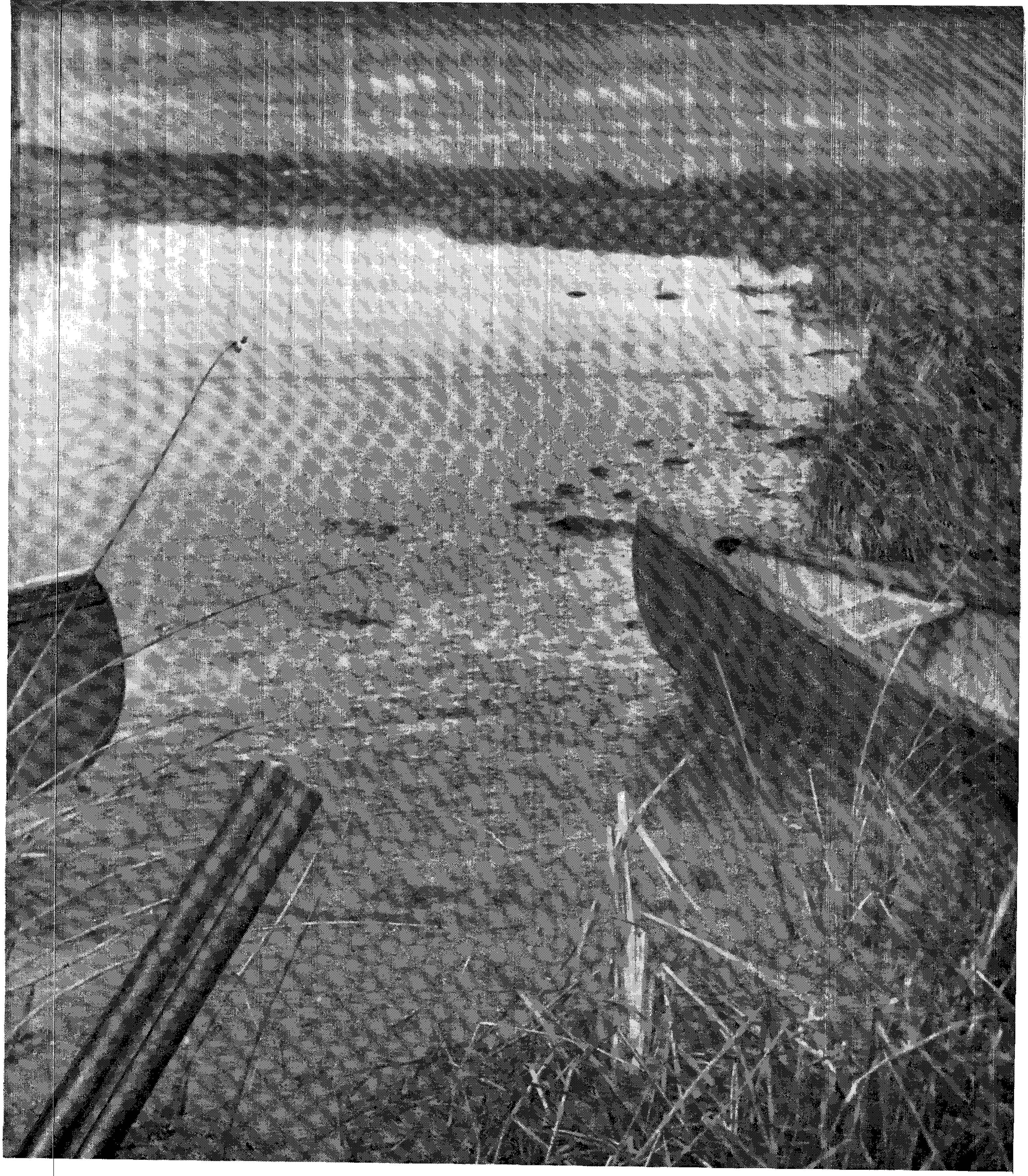

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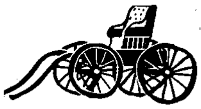
go home tomorrow, they'd be off like a shot." The men listened with quiet faces, looking at the ground. "No, there's very little fanatic stuff here," he went on. At that moment, a middle-aged Vietnamese wearing the customary black floppy clothing was led by, his arms bound behind his back. Major Malloy looked over his shoulder at the prisoner and remarked, "There's a V.C. Look at those black clothes. They're no good for working in the fields. Black absorbs heat. This is a hot country. It doesn't make any sense. And look at his feet." The prisoner had bare feet, like many of the villagers. "They're all muddy from being down in those holes." In a burst of candor, he added, "What're you going to do? We've got people in the kitchen at the base wearing those black pajamas."

At three-forty-five, the male captives between the ages of fifteen and forty-five were marched to the edge of the helicopter pad, where they squatted in two rows, with a guard at each end. They hid their faces in their arms as a Chinook double-rotor helicopter set down, blasting them with dust. The back end of the helicopter was lowered to form a gangplank, leading to a dark, square opening. Their captive cards flapping around their necks, the prisoners ran, crouching low under the whirling blades, into the dim interior. Immediately, the gangplank drew up and the fat bent-banana shape of the Chinook rose slowly from the field. The women and children braved the gale to watch its rise, but appeared to lose interest in its flight long before it disappeared over the trees. It was as though their fathers, brothers, and sons had ceased to exist when they ran into the roaring helicopter.



Inside the Chinook, the prisoners were sitting on two long benches in a dim tubular compartment, unable to hear anything over the barely tolerable roaring of the engines, which, paradoxically, created a sensation of silence, for people moved and occasionally talked but made no sound. Many of the prisoners held their ears. Up front, on each side, a gunner wearing large earphones under a helmet scanned the countryside. The gunners' weapons pointed out, and there was no guard inside the helicopter. A few of the prisoners—some bold and some just young—stood up and looked out of small portholes in back of their seats. For the first time in their lives, they saw their land spread below them like a map, as the American pilots always see it: the tiny houses in the villages, the green fields along the river pockmarked with blue water-filled bomb craters (some blackened by napalm), and the dark-green jungles splotched with long lines of yellow craters from B-52 raids, the trees around each crater splayed out in a star, like the orb of cracks around a bullet hole in glass.

THAT night, the women, children, and old people were allowed to return to their houses under a guard of ARVN soldiers. Being of peasant stock themselves for the most part, the ARVN soldiers knew just how to catch, behead, and pluck a chicken. Most of the battalion helped itself to fried chicken—a rare luxury for them. In the hot sun the next day, they went inside the houses to keep cool. Except for the guards on the perimeter of the village, the Americans stayed apart in the field next to the landing pad; even so, a few of them managed to get some chicken to fry.

The next morning, trucks arrived in Ben Suc to begin the evacuation. The Americans on the scene were not sure just how many possessions the villagers were supposed to take with them. The original orders were to "bring everything." In practice, the villagers were allowed to take anything that they themselves could carry to the trucks. Families near the spot where a truck was drawn up took furniture, bedclothes, bags of rice, pigs, cooking utensils, agricultural tools, and just about anything else they wanted to, but, without their men to help them, families living at any distance from a truck could carry only clothing, a few cooking utensils, and one or two bags of rice. By government decree, any rice beyond fifteen bushels per family was to be confiscated as "surplus," potentially intended for the enemy, but although many families had as much as four times this amount at their houses, they could never carry more than fifteen bags with them to the trucks, so no scenes of confiscation took place at the loading. (During the next few days, all the cattle still in or near the village were rounded up and brought to join the villagers.) Several of the ARVN soldiers helped the women and children load the heavy pigs and bags of rice on the trucks. Later, an American officer who saw this exclaimed in amazement, "You saw it! The Arvins loaded those trucks. We've never seen anything like it." ARVN's willingness to load and unload trucks during this whole operation

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became quite famous, evoking a few compliments for the ARVN troops amid the usual barrage of American criticism. Hearing about the truck-loading, another officer remarked, "You pat the little Arvin on the back and he just might do a good job." Because the Americans were very eager to find the Front's storage places for the rice collected as taxes, they had a Vietnamese officer announce to the assembled women that by divulging where this rice was they would gain permission to take it with them to the resettlement area, but no one responded. Several Americans speculated about whether this showed loyalty to the Vietcong.

Jammed with people, animals, and bundles of possessions, the trucks left Ben Suc in convoys of ten. The first few miles of the journey took them along a bumpy dirt road in a choking cloud of dust, which quickly coated everything. After an hour, they turned onto another road, near Phu Cuong, and headed for Phu Loi, their destination. Finally, the trucks swung right into a vast field of at least ten acres, empty except for a row of a dozen or more huts standing in the shade of a line of low palm trees along a narrow dirt road. Since there was nothing resembling a camp for the villagers, the American drivers brought their charges to these huts—the only shelter in sight. They were the houses of families who farmed fields nearby and who were totally surprised to discover themselves playing host to several thousand strangers—strangers not only from Ben Suc but from several other villages. Earlier that day, truckloads of people from other villages in the Iron Triangle had been arriving in a steady stream. ARVN soldiers again won praise by helping to unload the trucks, and American soldiers also gave a hand with the unloading. Dusty, squealing, desperately kicking pigs were slid to the ground down ramps improvised from boards. One American soldier put his hands under the arms of a tiny, very old deaf woman and whisked her to the ground, setting her gently down as though she were as light as a bunch of straw. Several children smiled at seeing the old lady lifted down. As for the lady herself, she simply stood motionless among the pigs and rice bags, staring in front of her with blank unconcern; apparently she was too old to realize that she had just flown through the air from truck to ground. The Americans also lifted down several small, amazed, pantless children. After the unloading was finished, some of the Ben Suc people jammed themselves into the already jammed houses of the Phu Loi peasants, and others simply tried to find some shade. Soon they began to talk with the people from the other villages, who had their own tales of misfortune to tell.

LATE in the morning of that day, I made my way to the northern edge of the Iron Triangle to see what was happening in these other villages. Arriving at a point near the northeastern tip of the Triangle at noon, I was offered a ride in a jeep with two Psychological Warfare officers and an Army photographer who were heading west across the top of the Triangle on a tour of inspection. Driving in the wake of heavy military traffic, we soon found ourselves in the midst of an immense demolition job being performed on a large rubber plantation, four villages, and large areas of the jungle itself. On both sides of the road, bulldozers had already pushed back the jungle for fifty yards, forming six miles of rough, hilly field that contained torn-up tree trunks, broken branches, and upturned stumps with their roots sticking out in every direction. In places, the stretch of road was alive with bulldozers, flashing yellow and silver in the forest and bobbing up and down in a hilly sea of mangled trees. Soldiers with machetes were walking down rows of tall, slender rubber trees and felling them at waist height, while engineers placed explosives around the brick buildings of the plantation managers. In the villages of Rach Kien, Bung Cong, and Rach Bap, the sequence of attack, evacuation, and demolition had been compressed into a single day. Across from the rubber plantation, the villagers crouched along the road with their bundles of belongings while American infantrymen ducked in and out of the palm groves behind them, some pouring gasoline on the grass roofs of the houses and others going from house to house setting them afire. When we came upon this, a major in my jeep exclaimed, "Oh, God, this is bad! This is like the Marines." Then, to the Army photographer, who had got out to take pictures, he called out, "Be careful not to get any of our men in those shots!" At the village of Rach Bap, many of the houses were already burned to the ground and bulldozers were crushing whatever was left standing. To find the houses, the bulldozers would plow into the groves of palm trees, snapping the trunks as they went, and then, discovering a house, crush it. Columns of heavy black smoke rose from the burning village. The villagers had been assembled next to a masonry building in the center of this activity, and the air around them was filled with the snapping of palm trunks and the high-pitched roar of the bulldozers cutting into the walls of a few masonry houses near the road. Standing or crouching without speaking, their faces drawn tight in dead masks, the people seemed not to see or hear what was happening around them.

At Rach Bap, I asked a captain in charge of one phase of the evacuation why it was necessary to destroy the villages and the jungle. "We're going to deprive the V.C. of lodging and food in this area!" he shouted over the noise of the bulldozers and of the explosions in the jungle. "We want to prevent them from moving freely in this area. By making these paths in the jungle, we're going to be able to see them a lot more easily than before. From now on, anything that moves around here is going to be automatically considered V.C. and bombed or fired on. The whole Triangle is going to become a Free Zone. These villages here are all considered hostile villages."

I asked what would happen to the men of Rach Bap.

"We're considering all the males in this district V.C., and the people as hostile civilians," he replied.

The term "hostile civilians" was a new one, invented during Operation Cedar Falls for the people in the villages that had been marked for destruction. The question of what to call these villagers was one of many semantic problems that the Army had to solve. At the scene of an evacuation, they usually used the phrase "hostile civilians," which hinted that all the villagers at least supported the enemy and thus all deserved to be "relocated." But later, at Phu Loi, the officials in charge reverted to the more familiar term "refugees," which suggested that the villagers were not themselves the enemy but were "the people," fleeing the enemy.

When I asked the captain at Rach Bap how the Army sorted out the enemy from the friendly civilians, he answered, "In a V.C. area like this one, there are three categories of classification. First, there are the straight V.C. They're the activists, the real hard core. Then, there are the V.C. sympathizers, who support the V.C. with taxes. Then, there's the . . . there's a third category. There are three categories. I can't think of the

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third just now, but I can say that there's no middle road in this war. Either you're with us or you're against us. We've captured eleven straight V.C.s and sixty-three suspects, and had thirty-two *hoi chanh.* The body count isn't in yet."

As we were driving in the vicinity of Rach Bap, our jeep pulled up next to a Vietnamese officer at the side of the road who was carrying an electric bullhorn on one shoulder and a submachine gun on the other. Hearing that I was a reporter, he introduced himself proudly in broken English. "I am Captain Nguyen Hué. I am district chief of Ben Cat area. I control forty-four thousand people. Now we chase away the V.C.—they never come back. If they come back today, O.K., but if don't come back—all killed!" District Chief Nguyen Hué had not been able to exercise real control over these villages until that day, and he could not look forward to controlling them in the future, because they would soon cease to exist. From what I saw later, I gathered that he was bent on squeezing a maximum of exercise of control out of his day and a half of authority. He drove around in a station wagon and frequently jumped out to give a short, excited lecture to groups of villagers crouching along the road waiting for the evacuation trucks. "I am Captain Nguyen Hué, district chief of the Ben Cat District," he told them, adding that he and the Americans had come to save them from the Vietcong and urging them to persuade their friends who were still hiding to give themselves up, because those who didn't would be killed.

Farther along, in an area that, according to the original plan, should already have been fully evacuated, one of two majors in our jeep noticed the figures of two little girls by the edge of the forest. Going into four-wheel drive, we lurched over the plowed stretch to where they were standing. Just beyond the border of the fifty-yard demolition, a number of tiny huts still stood in a grove of tall trees sloping down to rice fields along the river. The little girls appeared to be sisters, about nine and twelve years old. They were barefoot, wore simple, short beltless dresses, and had their black hair in long braids. A few yards away from them, a very old man and woman watched us approach. When we arrived, no one seemed quite sure how to deal with the situation. Then the two little girls took charge. Speaking slowly and clearly, and repeating everything several times, they informed a major who had attended six weeks of language school that their parents had been taken away in a truck and that they now wished to load their rice and furniture into a truck and go themselves. They laughed freely when the major failed at first to understand them. Without waiting for a response, they beckoned to us to follow them. One of the officers muttered, "Better watch it—it could be a trap," but the others followed the little girls. Upon reaching one of the huts, the girls hoisted onto their shoulders sacks of rice that I thought would surely crush them, and pointed to things for us to carry. One almost full bag of rice was open at the top. The younger sister gave me a handful of straw, indicating that I was to tie it closed. She watched me fumble for a minute, and then took the straw from my hands and expertly twisted it around the top of the bag in a way that made it secure. They insisted on bringing a large jar full of rice that could be carried only when it was suspended by its wire handles from a pole and there was a person at each end to man the pole. I took one end and the sisters took the other, and we had just started toward the jeep when the pole snapped and the jar fell—without overturning—on the ground. The little girls burst out laughing, and it was a full fifteen seconds before the elder sister ran back for another pole. Meanwhile, an empty truck had been hailed and brought over to the edge of the forest. A minute later, I noticed that the little girls had disappeared. After a brief search, they were discovered out in the rice fields stuffing unwinnowed rice into burlap bags. They came immediately when the Vietnamese-speaking major called to them. One of the officers said that he had found a rowboat and wanted to blow it up with a hand grenade. While he was performing this mission, the other Americans loaded the rice on the truck and hoisted up the girls and the aged couple, who had fetched a few bundles themselves by this time. Holding their sleeves over their mouths against the dust, they set out down the road for Phu Loi. The officer who had gone to attend to the rowboat returned after an explosion had sounded from the woods, and reported that, to his surprise, the hand grenade had blown only a six-inch hole in the bottom of the skiff.

We pushed on in our jeep to the end of the plowed boulevard in the jungle, and here we came on five armored personnel-carriers sitting parked, fac-

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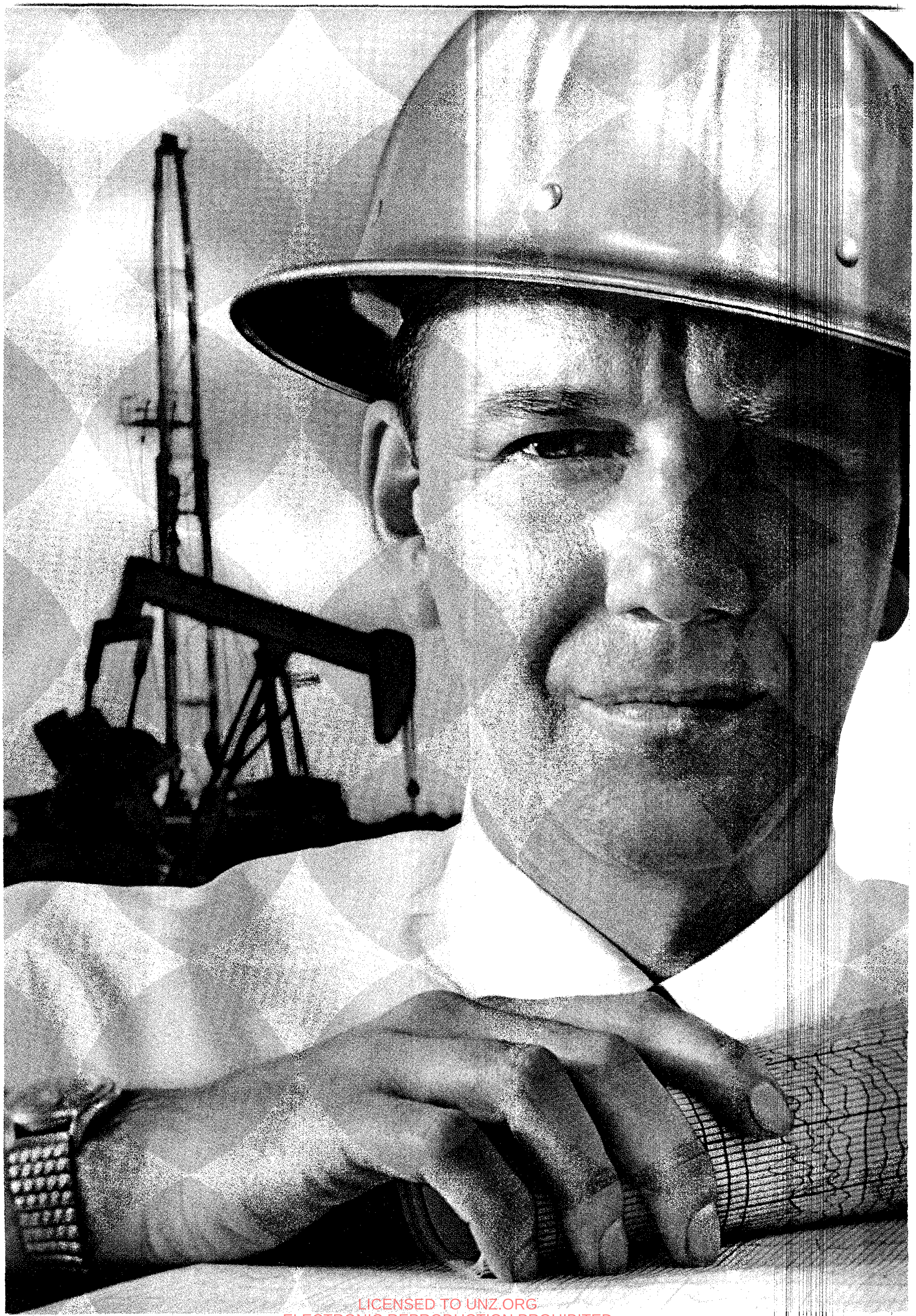

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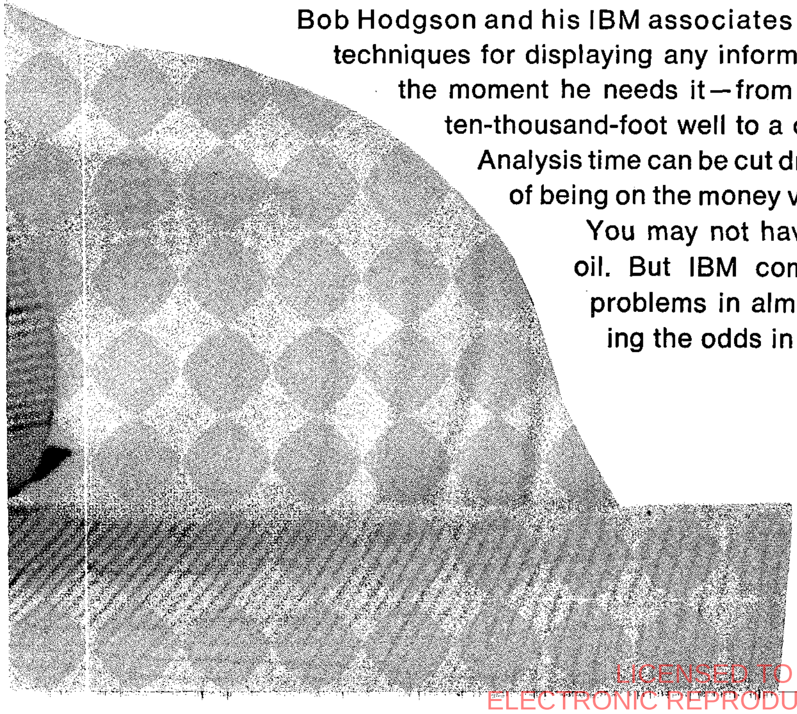

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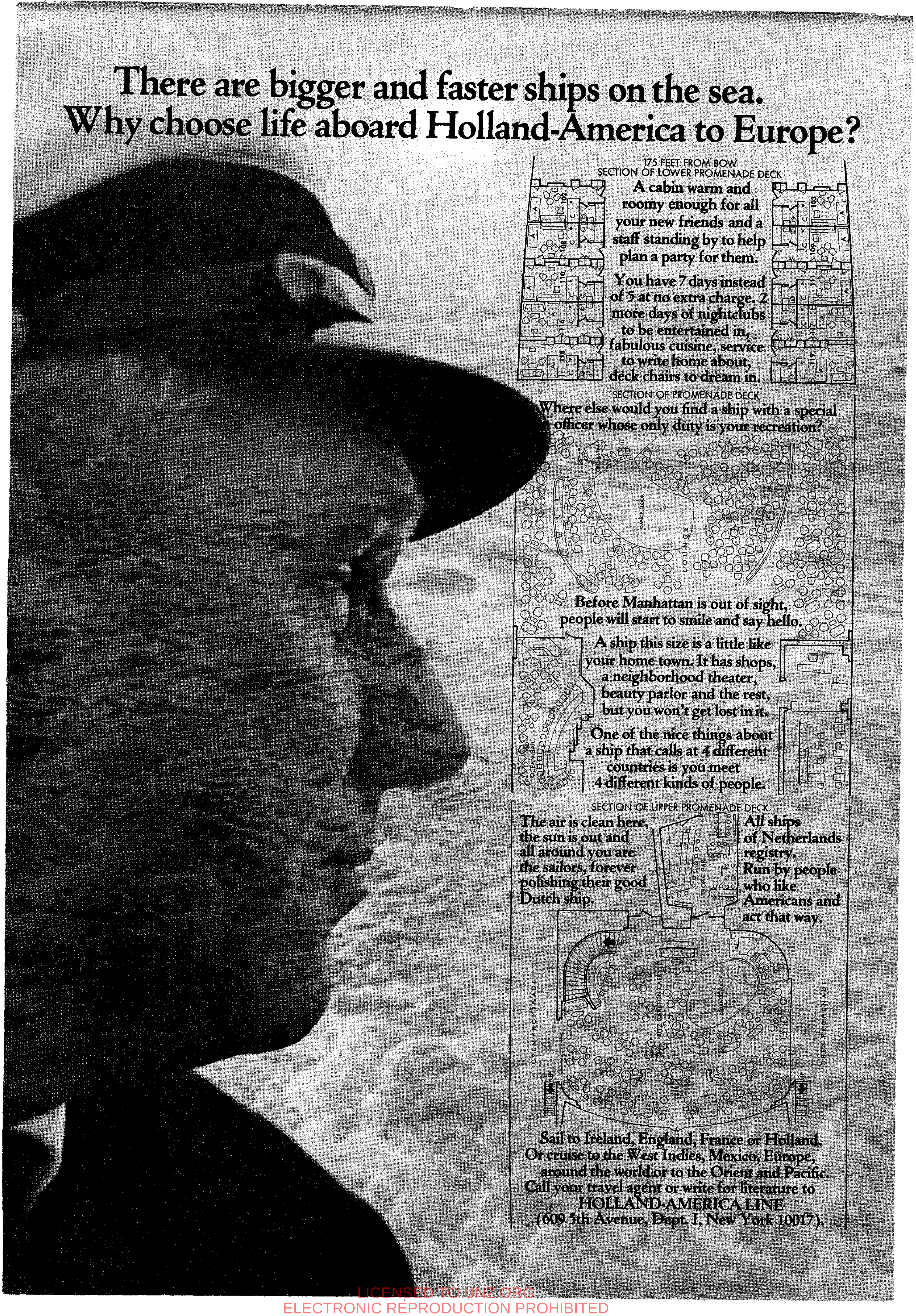
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ing the jungle in fan formation. Perched in the turrets of their massive vehicles, the men ate canned rations and kept an impassive eye on the edge of the jungle fifty yards away. On the high metal deck of one of the personnel-carriers, two monkeys no bigger than cats were tied with five-foot pieces of cord to the base of a machine gun. A soldier sitting in a turret above them alternately threw scraps of food to them and grabbed at them, so that they rushed screeching to the far ends of their cords. Sometimes, when the monkeys bared their teeth and chattered, the soldier would lean down, bare his own teeth, and cry "Nyahhh," terrifying the monkeys. Watching this from a distance, a young soldier who had just spent most of the morning in the area of the burning villages suddenly shouted, "I can't stand it! I just can't stand it! Whenever I see people with monkeys, they're always teasing them, or something. Always poking at them or annoying them. Why do they have to torture the monkeys? Why can't they just leave the monkeys alone?"

We returned across the top of the Triangle to Ben Cat, a village that was to be spared destruction. The people living in the vicinity of Ben Cat had already been "relocated" several times in the last five years, in an unsuccessful attempt to break the influence of the National Liberation Front in the area. Now, as trucks full of villagers poured out of the Triangle, the Army was using one of the smaller former resettlement areas as a headquarters and relay point for the villagers. The huts there were the architectural equivalent of a crazy quilt. Straw, bits of cardboard, corrugated iron, planks, flattened beer cans, mats of woven branches, burlap, and anything else thin and flat that might keep out rain were tied, nailed, pegged, and wired to crude frames made of tree trunks lashed together at the joints with vines or wire. A coil of barbed wire had been thrown around a half acre of these huts, and inside this enclosure the new homeless moved in with the old homeless and both groups mingled freely with the soldiers of the two armies. A heavy traffic of trucks, jeeps, tanks, carts, bulldozers, and armored personnel-carriers moved slowly through the enclosure, heading into the Iron Triangle. The children had quickly invented games involving the parked or slow-moving tanks and personnel-carriers. They climbed up on them and hung on the back for rides, to the annoyance of the American soldiers, who could not see all sides of their vehicles from their high turrets and were afraid that a child would slip under the treads. Several women and children from the village of Ben Cat had already set themselves up in business, selling bottled orange drinks and beer at more than sixty piastres a bottle (about fifty cents) to the parched and affluent Americans. Beyond this, however, there was little intercourse between the different groups in the enclosure. Carts drawn by water buffalo moved in the tracks left by tanks, and soldiers carrying submachine guns milled about among villagers lugging possessions, but each of them was on his own urgent errand, and they rarely communicated, or even looked at each other. Only the children, always curious, stared in wonder at all the new things. For a minority of the villagers, Ben Cat would be the permanent resettlement area. The majority were to be taken on to Phu Loi. Captain Nguyen Hué was to decide which families went and which stayed.

At Phu Loi, truckloads of villagers from the north end of the Triangle and from Ben Suc continued to arrive in front of the little row of huts in the huge field. On the first day, over a thousand people were brought in. When they climbed slowly down from the backs of the trucks, they had lost their appearance of healthy villagers and taken on the passive, dull-eyed, waiting expression of the uprooted. It was impossible to tell whether deadness and discouragement had actually replaced a spark of sullen pride in their expression and bearing or whether it was just that any crowd of people removed from the dignifying context of their homes and places of labor, learning, and worship, and dropped, tired and coated with dust, in a bare field would appear broken-spirited to an outsider.

THE reason for the total lack of shelter and facilities for the villagers at Phu Loi when they arrived was simply that the Vietnamese who were to provide these knew nothing about their assignment until twenty hours before the influx began. On the morning of the attack on Ben Suc, Lieutenant Colonel Ly Tong Ba, the chief of Binh Duong Province, learned, to his surprise, that American troops had already set in motion a plan to destroy four villages in his province and evacuate the villagers to Phu Loi, where he

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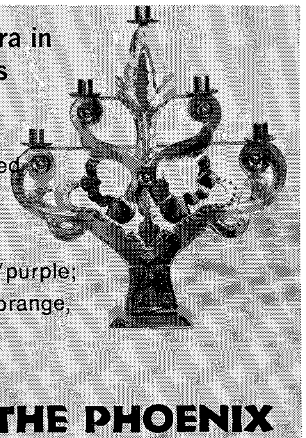

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was expected to provide them with what the Americans called a "refugee camp," and also with food, and with a form of security around the camp that would keep the villagers in as well as enemy organizers out. One AID official observed to me that day, "Refugees are a real headache. Nobody likes to have to take care of refugees." Colonel Ba was annoyed at being suddenly saddled with the tedious and thankless task of caring for anywhere from six thousand to ten thousand homeless, hostile villagers, but at the same time he was a little flattered when the Americans told him that they were thrusting on him a position of "command" in the largest operation of the Vietnam war. As the highest official of the South Vietnamese government in the province, he was to assume responsibility for villagers recently freed from Communist domination. The Americans had taken care of the "military half," and now it was up to him to lead "the other war—for the hearts and minds of the people," which could be really won only by "the Vietnamese themselves." His first task, they said, was to come out to the battlefield in a helicopter and talk to the people. They explained that they had been unable to inform him of the operation earlier because the security risk forbade their telling any local Vietnamese about it, and that they had been unable to do anything more than stockpile rice at an AID warehouse in preparation for the camp because any major construction would have given the operation away to the enemy. However, because Province Chief Ba was acquainted so late with the nature of his task, several officials from AID who knew the details of the operation thoroughly and had already decided on the site for the construction of the camp were assigned to him to suggest plans of action. These officials were very clear on the point that all credit for building the camp was to go to the Vietnamese—that, from that point on, "Vietnamese had to deal with Vietnamese." Explaining the policy later, Philip L. Carolin, Jr., the chief AID official for Phu Cuong, said, "We can't do it for them. They have to learn to do it themselves someday. One of our most important jobs here is to teach these people to stand on their own feet. Otherwise, what's going to happen when we leave?" Colonel Ba, therefore, soon overcame his initial pique and became an enthusiastic promoter of the operation as well as its commander. At times, perhaps thrilled by his sudden direct connection with the Americans' awesome military power and by his own vital role in its operations, he exaggerated the aims of the current project, indulging in bursts of enthusiasm as he talked to reporters. On the second day, after the villagers began to arrive, he triumphantly announced to four assembled American correspondents, "We are going to destroy everything in the Iron Triangle. Make it into a flat field. The V.C. can no longer hide there." Actually, instead of flattening the entire area of forty square miles, the Americans restricted themselves to bulldozing several wide avenues across the jungle.

Although two AID officials were brought in from other provinces expressly to help with the construction of the camp, the principal full-time AID official was Carolin, a big man of twenty-eight, with curly blond hair and a young, almost collegiate sunburned face with a small turned-up nose. He had worked in Vietnam for six months, after teaching history and doing social work in the United States. Temporarily superseding him in the hierarchy of American officials, however, was a man introduced to me as "Lieutenant Colonel Kenneth J. White, province representative for the Office of Civilian Operations, and top civilian in the area." When I asked him how it came about that the top civilian was a colonel, he explained that he was "on loan from the Army" for the period of the camp's establishment. Because the United States Army 1st Division would supply most of the building supplies and the ARVN 5th Division would do most of the construction, the Americans felt that a man of high military rank would get faster results as top civilian than a full-time civilian would. I asked him how he liked being a civilian. "This is my first stretch as a civilian," he answered. "You find that certain things just don't get done the way you're used to." A cheerful man of trim, athletic build, Colonel White is thirty-seven, and in talking business he speaks so rapidly that you wonder if he's going to be able to get all the words out. He maintained a buoyant enthusiasm throughout the construction of the camp. Whether he was offering advice to Colonel Ba, in a self-consciously humble, soft-spoken manner, or moving from task to task with his characteristic rapid, almost bounding gait, he displayed unflagging energy and almost unclouded high spirits, not unlike an

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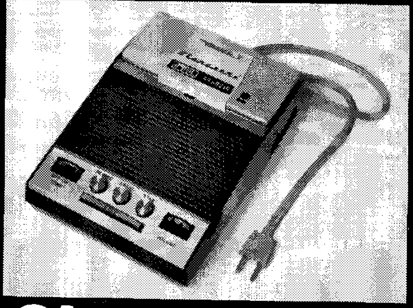

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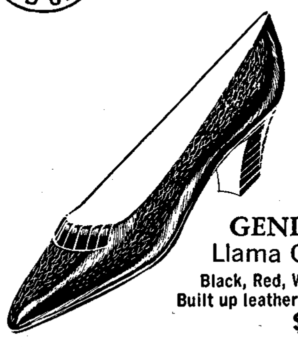

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Since there was no central advance plan for the camp, it grew through hundreds of separate improvised decisions taken by a great number of organizations, with the Vietnamese organizations reporting to Colonel Ba and the American organizations reporting to Colonel White. On the Vietnamese side, there were the province administration, the ARVN 5th Division, the Revolutionary Development teams, and, arriving later in the week, several Vietnamese groups formed for "nation building." On the American side, there were the Army's 1st Division, AID, the sizable American advisory group to the ARVN 5th Division, and the American advisers to other Vietnamese organizations, like the Province Police. There was also a team of Philippine doctors. In speaking of the planning of the camp, Colonel White remarked, "We're winging it all the way!"

As a site for the camp, AID had chosen the empty field at Phu Loi. Fronting on the road, it was bordered on one side and at the back by forest, and on the other side by barracks for the ARVN 5th Division's thousands of dependents. This housing consisted of long, straight rows of unpainted wooden sheds divided into compartments, each with a doorway but rarely a door. In between the rows, the earth was bare except for an occasional vegetable patch. Like so much of wartime Vietnam, particularly in and around the cities, the dependents' area had a rough, half-finished look, as though it were just being built, or were being torn down. It had been made by simply flattening the previous landscape and laying out the structures according to a strictly symmetrical crosshatch plan. There had been no attempts at beautification by either the builders or the inhabitants. The ARVN dependents were displeased at having to live in the neighborhood of the dirty, impoverished new arrivals, and they tried without much success to keep their children from going over to watch the soldiers at work. Later, when they spotted a movie screen inside the camp during the showing of a propaganda film, a few of the women indignantly demanded to know why the enemy people were shown movies and the loyal supporters had none.

At the moment that the Ben Suc villagers got off the trucks at Phu Loi, the military plan that had started with the attack on Ben Suc and had proceeded precisely on schedule came to an end. This was the point in the plan at which the villagers came under the control of the provincial authorities. But Colonel Ba and his advisers were not yet ready to assume control, and the result was a planless interlude of about a day. Colonel Ba and Colonel White managed to borrow men from the United States 1st Division and the ARVN 5th while they waited for the Revolutionary Development workers to arrive, but these men were unprepared for their brief assignment, and the tight guard that had been mounted over the "hostile civilians" until that day all but faded away. Any of the villagers who wished to escape could easily have done so at this point, and any outsider could easily have come to join them. At about three o'clock, the 1st Division parked a water truck with spigots in the yard of one of the absurdly jammed houses under the row of palms. Mothers and children crowded around it with pots and pitchers, and soon six inches of mud had formed under their feet. Several mothers thrust bawling babies directly under a spigot to wash them, or made their children stand under the streams of water. A medical tent was set up as at Ben Suc, and next to it blossomed a yellow nylon pavilion, shaped like a circus tent, with chairs and a table in its shade. This was referred to as the "command tent," but most of the commanders were too busy arranging for the construction of the camp to sit down. At one point in the late afternoon, three weary locally recruited Revolutionary Development workers, wearing cowboy hats, availed themselves of the chairs and the shade to take a rest. Shortly after they had sat down, an old woman in black, with bare feet and straggling hair, came shuffling toward them, talking angrily to herself. Upon reaching the threesome, she focussed her annoyance on them. She said that she wanted to go back to Rach Bap to get a baby that she had left there. The three R.D. men looked uncomfortable, and one answered with resigned politeness that they could do nothing just then, and that she should ask some soldiers standing by a truck. The old woman walked away muttering, and did not speak to the soldiers.

In the evening, as Colonel Ba began to mobilize his forces, coils of barbed wire were unrolled around the villagers wherever they had squatted down, and guards were posted, signalling the end of the planless interlude. The attempt to provide security was still only halfhearted, though. (I accompanied an American major on a tour of the grounds that evening, and in the darkness we passed through two barbed-wire barriers without being challenged. The guards we did encounter did not seem to know whether they were keeping the villagers in or the enemy out. The major thought they should face outward, and reprimanded one, a Vietnamese, for failing to do so.) As the sun set, the warmth left the dry air, and the light dimmed quickly in the unclouded sky. A few small cooking fires sprouted up among the villagers as some of them prepared a supper of the rice they had brought with them, and a low sound of talking rose from the dark field.

A hundred yards away, soldiers of the ARVN 5th Division set up floodlights and began construction of the camp. That afternoon, bulldozers had flattened several hundred cone-shaped anthills, six feet high, which had covered the site for the camp, leaving an expanse of several acres of level earth. On this the Vietnamese soldiers first erected a long, peak-roofed frame of bamboo poles, fastened together with pieces of wire. The frame was of the most basic simplicity, having no supports or poles that would not appear in a child's line drawing of a three-dimensional transparent rectangular house. Over this the soldiers pitched a single hundred-foot piece of nylon cloth and pegged it down on each side with ropes and stakes, thus forming a roof over the frame and completing the structure. The final product was a long nylon canopy over the bare earth, without floors or walls. Around ten o'clock, having constructed five or six of these canopies, the ARVN soldiers roused several hundred villagers from their resting places in the dark and led them through a gap in a long barbed-wire fence circling the canopies and into the harshly lighted construction area. Each family was assigned a space about ten feet square between the vertical poles that held up the nylon. At eleven o'clock, the soldiers turned out the lights. That night, the temperature dropped into the low fifties, making sleep difficult for the villagers, most of whom lay, without blankets, on mats or in the dust itself. About five hundred people remained in the field outside the camp.

With no walls to keep out the light, the people under the canopies were awakened at six-thirty by the sun, to find themselves in one corner of a vast

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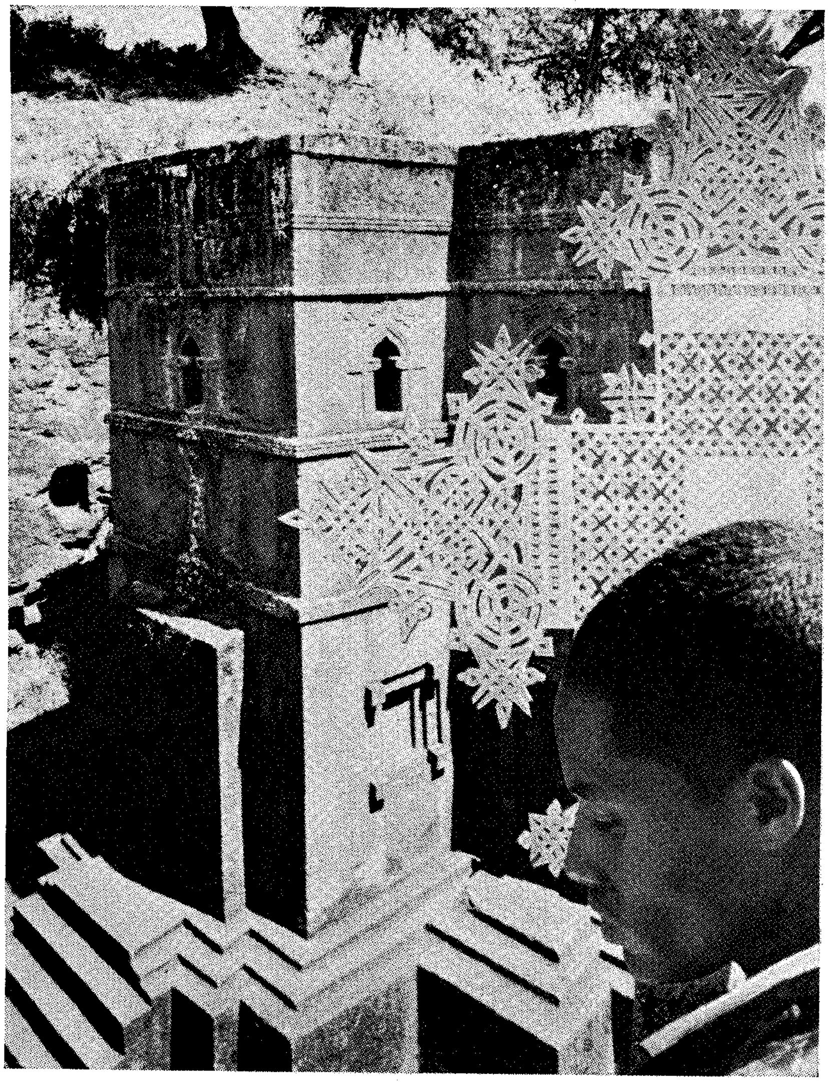

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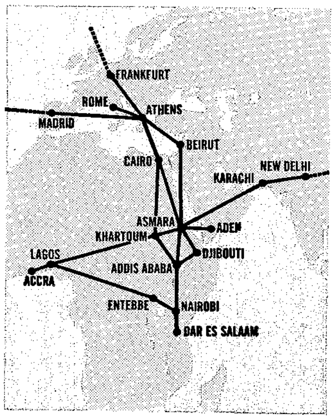

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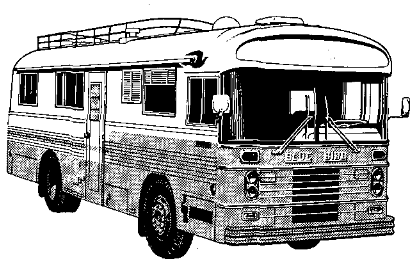
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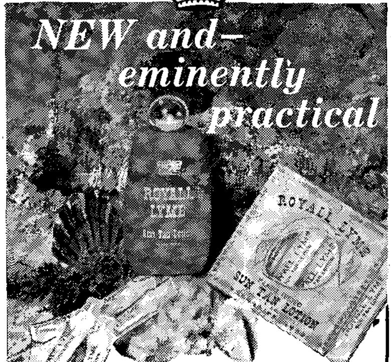

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earthen expanse enclosed by barbed wire and guarded by a few tired soldiers standing, singly, around them in the early-morning light. They noticed that the canopy over them was gaily colored red and white, the two colors alternating every twenty feet. Now helpless to do anything for themselves, they began a life of sitting and waiting. Not long after they awoke, a little gray truck on which were mounted two speakers facing in opposite directions began to pass up and down inside the barbed wire, blaring loud, cheerful Vietnamese music into the camp. After several runs back and forth, the driver stopped the truck and slumped exhausted in the front seat, fighting off drowsiness as the day grew hot and the music played on. The music consisted of a number of songs performed in the rapid, high, inflected nasal style of Vietnamese popular singers. The lyrics praised the government in Saigon and urged the people to pitch in and help with the reconstruction of their country. The songs, interspersed with propaganda tapes on which a warm, vigorous, manly voice boomed questions and a chorus of young voices shouted answers in unison, were played again and again.

Under the canopies, the people had embarked on a common existence with their animals. Because the vertical poles supporting the canopies were the only places where the big, gray, muddy, bristle-backed pigs could be tied, it was impossible to keep them from entering the compartments to escape the burning sun. The animals were everywhere and in everything. If the people grew tired and quiet as they got hungry, the animals became more and more aggressive and active. A ravenous, snorting pig would occasionally break its tether and range wide in search of food, sometimes finding it in a villager's unprotected store. And the chickens, now released from their baskets, ran everywhere, pecking at anything that looked like food. The pure, high peeping of baby chicks rose on all sides as flocks of the little creatures raced at breakneck speed down the fresh bulldozer tracks, their fuzz blending into the yellow earth so that they were difficult to see. Later in the day, as the heat grew more intense, the animals calmed down a bit—especially the pigs, which keeled over on their sides and lay panting in the dust.

By official calculation, there were almost three times as many women as men in the camp, and almost twice as many children as adults. On the morning after the construction began, the camp held about a thousand people, approximately seven hundred of them children. Growing restless with nothing to do, the children old enough to walk but too young to know where they were going tended to drift away from their compartments, sometimes following a chicken or a dog, sometimes with no purpose at all. Soon, wandering among the identical canopies, they would stop, look about them, and start crying for their mothers. (On the first day, the mothers could often find their lost children themselves, but in succeeding days, as the population rose to nearly six thousand, this became impossible. When Vietnamese Revolutionary Development teams arrived on the scene, two days later, returning these lost children constituted one of their major jobs.)

The ARVN soldiers resumed the construction of canopies at about nine-thirty in the morning. They also constructed a temporary latrine, consisting of two fifteen-yard parallel ditches, one for men and one for women, divided from each other and also surrounded by a waist-high fence of gleaming silver corrugated iron. The entire arrangement, including the interior, was visible from the busy main entrance to the camp, which was not more than fifty yards away. The designers of this mass toilet apparently intended its users to balance themselves on the brink of the ditch in order to relieve themselves into it. This latrine got very little use. Instead, most of the villagers restrained themselves until dark and then slipped out beyond the lighted part of the camp to a place where the bulldozed earth had been left in rough hills and mounds. But there was no grass or brush cover within the bounds of the barbed wire, and on the first day under the canopies a few of the old people, who could not stand to relieve themselves semi-publicly, sneaked through the barbed wire in search of brushy, protected areas outside the coils. This became considerably more difficult on the second day, when two coils of barbed wire were added to the first to form a barbed-wire pyramid—two coils on the bottom and one on top. The children slipped in and out with no trouble, but the old people required help. The helper would part the wires while the escaper entered the inner coil and attempted to negotiate the inner wall

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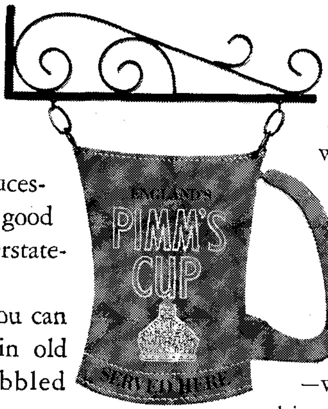

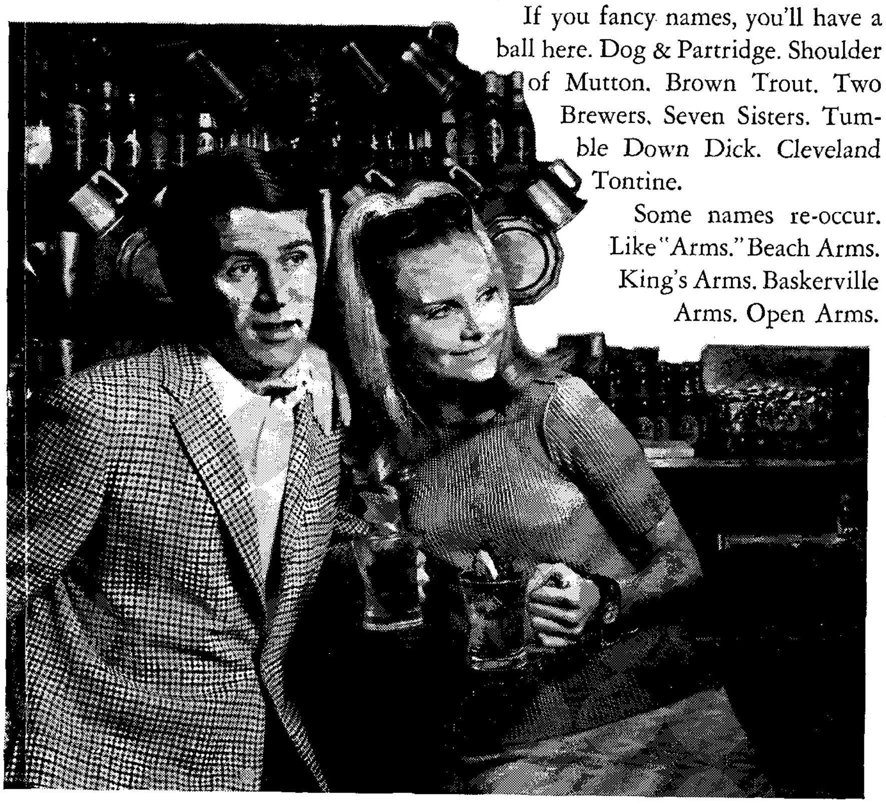

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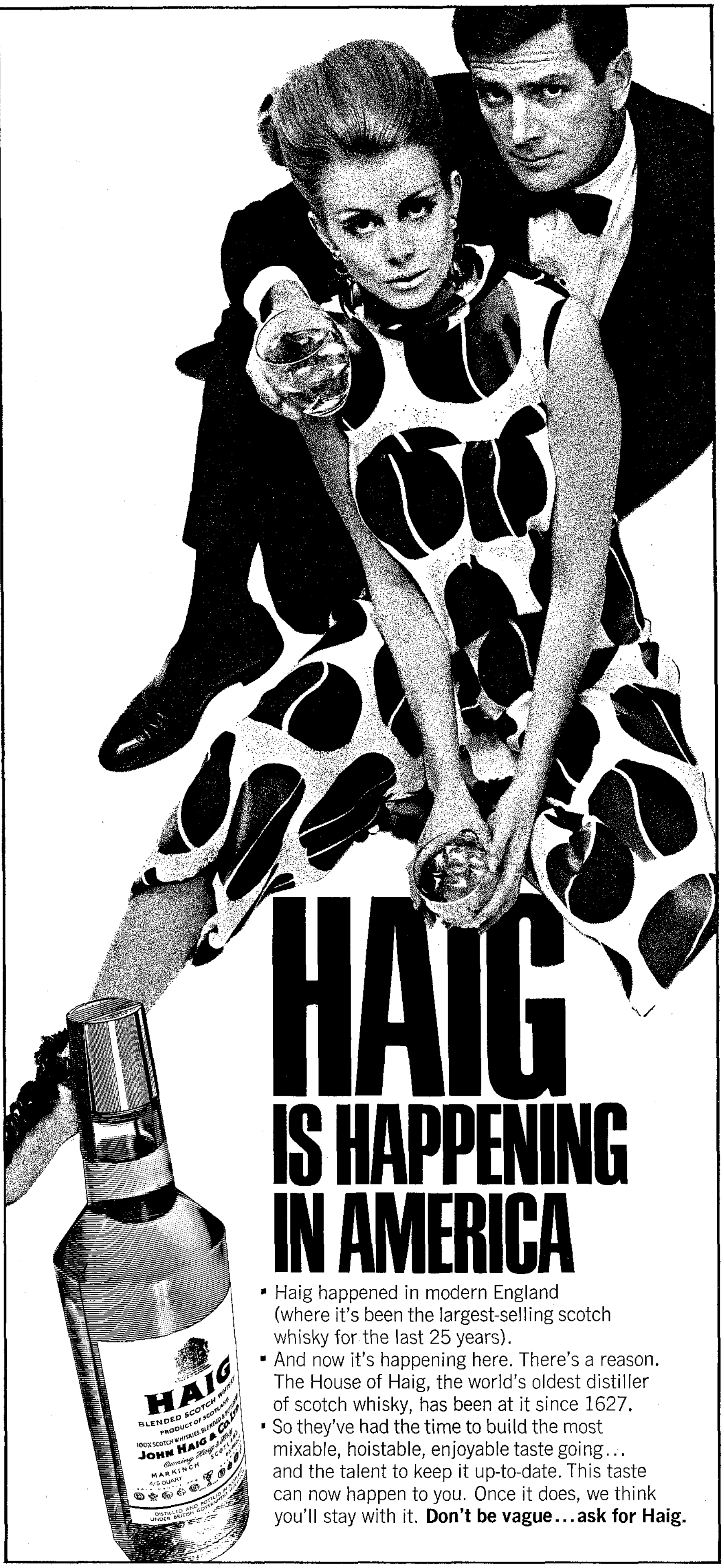
between the two coils himself, with the helper unhitching him from the wire if he got stuck. One afternoon, I came upon an old woman caught on the barbs on the inside of the inner coil and a boy about eight years old attempting to free her by reaching into the coil. When I approached, the little boy jumped back and the old woman's eyes filled with panic, but she produced a thin smile, and then, stuck inside the coil, attempted to bow to me. Speaking to my interpreter, she explained that she had been relieving herself in the brush outside the camp. The ARVN guards, although they could not condone these temporary escapes outright, apparently adopted a lenient policy toward them.

Arriving at the camp early in the morning of the first day dressed in a freshly ironed plaid sports shirt and a cowboy hat, against the sun, Colonel White met informally with two AID officials and, looking out at the newly constructed red-and-white canopies fluttering in a fresh breeze under a flawless blue sky, exclaimed, "This is wonderful! I've never seen anything like it. It's the best civilian project I've ever seen." Throughout, the camp was referred to as a "civilian project" or as "the civilian half of what we're doing here." "We've got shelter up for almost a thousand people here in one day," the Colonel went on. "The ARVN boys have been working just like coolies loading and unloading those trucks. It's been highly gratifying." Then, suddenly remembering something, he waved an arm between the tall shoulders of the AID officials in the direction of an officer of the South Vietnamese Army who was standing half outside the ring of Americans and focussing his whole attention on an attempt to grasp Colonel White's rapid English. The shoulders parted, and the officer, whose beret hardly reached the chins of the Americans, was startled out of his single-minded concentration. "This is Lieutenant An," Colonel White announced, extending his hand to one side and smiling warmly down at the Lieutenant as though he were introducing someone to a television audience. All eyes moved to Lieutenant An, and Colonel White continued dramatically, "Here's the man who did it. Here's the man who deserves the credit." Lieutenant An nodded, his eyes following Colonel White's lips in a desperate but futile attempt to understand. "He did a wonderful job with his men. He deserves all the credit." Noticing the Lieutenant's confusion, Colonel White ran through the words of praise again, trying to warm up a smile that he had been wearing too long already. "He did a wonderful job. His men stayed up until eleven o'clock doing this last night. We didn't do anything. He deserves the credit." Recognizing that attention was centered on him, Lieutenant An stepped forward with a smile. There was a silence. Colonel White turned to the Americans again and said, "About the water trucks . . ." Lieutenant An stepped back, and the shoulders closed. After the two AID officials had left, Colonel White paused, again looked out over the coils of barbed wire toward the bright canopies, and, turning to Philip Carolin, said with warm satisfaction, "You know, Phil, sometimes it just feels *right*."

Colonel Ba, when he arrived, was no less exuberant than Colonel White. He stationed himself in the round yellow command tent, which had been moved to a point near the main entrance to the camp. His men brought several more chairs, another table, a large map of the Iron Triangle, and a small cooler containing beer and soft drinks on ice. Colonel Ba, a short, powerful man who gestured strongly with his arms and usually faced the world through a pair of sunglasses, was clearly in a state of eager excitement. He issued a stream of orders and talked with gusto to American reporters in broken English, frequently laughing abruptly at his own remarks, although there did not always seem to be any joke. His American advisers politely murmured suggestions to him, almost as though their presence were a secret. American reporters repeatedly turned to Colonel White to ask questions, but usually the Colonel tactfully redirected them to Colonel Ba. As soon as a public-address system had been set up to supplement the sound truck, Colonel Ba had a microphone installed in his command tent. This put him in direct contact with the villagers, none of whom had heard the voice of any official representing the government in Saigon for two years. In addition to official announcements, Colonel Ba took care of many small problems and interrupted the taped propaganda to make extemporaneous announcements of his own. He took particular pleasure in announcing the names and descriptions of lost children in an attempt to find their parents. On the second day of the camp's existence, a Vietnamese soldier moved down the aisles between the canopies, blasting insecticide on the villagers and their belongings from a machine that resembled a large rotary



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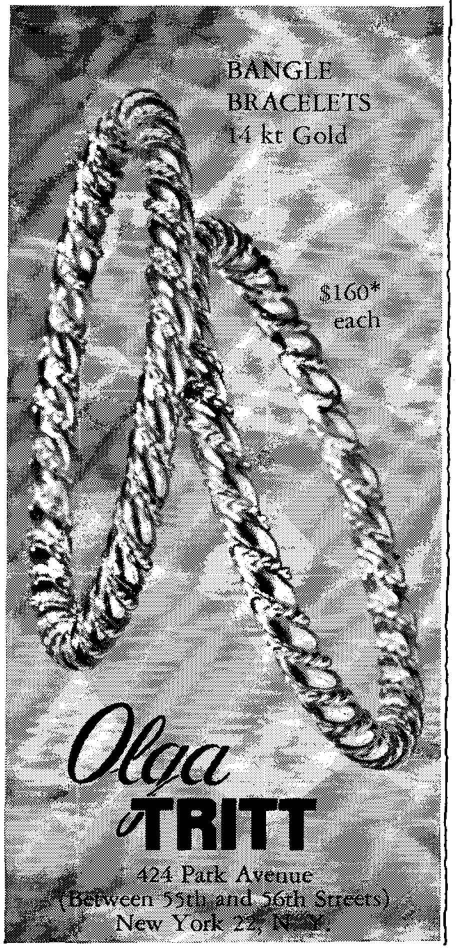

lawnmower. There was a mild panic among the villagers, who had been told by the Front that American defoliant sprays were poisonous to people. To reassure them, Colonel Ba went to his microphone and announced, "Don't worry! The poison will not harm you. It kills only insects. The Vietcong say the government and the Americans will poison you, but instead we improve your welfare by killing the insects." Then, turning to two reporters seated in his tent, he said, "You see? The Vietcong say we will kill the people, but instead the poison kills only the insects!" At every opportunity, Colonel Ba drummed away at the point that conditions at the camp were much better than enemy propaganda had predicted: he did not poison them; he did not beat up pregnant women; soon he would give everyone food.

A reporter asked him how the present program of "resettlement" differed from the earlier "strategic-hamlet" program, which both Americans and Vietnamese regard as a failure.

"In the strategic hamlet, we could not stay with the people," he answered. "We would leave and the Vietcong would come again. Now we have the Revolutionary Development workers to win their hearts and minds, and teach them about the government. This time we will stay with the people. We can educate them."

In the camp itself, the educational program was represented by the sound truck and the public-address system, the two of which often broadcast propaganda simultaneously. Along with patriotic songs and speeches, announcements were repeatedly played on tape. The following announcement played for about an hour one afternoon: "The 32nd Tactical Area Division and Binh Duong Province welcome you and promise to help you in every way. We know that in the areas under Vietcong control you are terrorized and forced to pay enormous taxes. They promise you everything but never actually do anything good for you. So now the government operation has brought you all here so you can escape from the Vietcong. We are doing our best, but know that food and space are a little short at the moment. In a few days, conditions will improve. The government will soon find a new job for everyone. The Army would like to warn you against the presence of scheming Vietcong cadres in your midst who disguise themselves as refugees. When you see such cadres, come immediately to tell the government troops. We hope that you will be able to go home soon. We also want to request Vietcong cadres to turn themselves in. They will be made welcome in the Open Arms program of the government. This is the only refugee camp in Binh Duong, and we advise all families with relatives still hiding in Ben Suc or in the other towns to come with the Army and try to persuade their relatives over the loudspeakers to come back. The government will always stay with its people!" Propaganda signs were also posted at various points around the camp. One sign, painted on cloth that was draped over the barbed-wire coils at the entrance to the camp, announced in large letters, "WELCOME TO FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY." A sign farther in, also hanging on the barbed wire, read, "WELCOME TO THE RECEPTION CENTER FOR REFUGEES FLEEING COMMUNISM."

Presently, an N.B.C. reporter asked Colonel Ba where the villagers would be moved for permanent resettlement, and when they would leave the Phu Loi camp.

"We are not sure where they will go yet. They will go to another province in about two months, I think," he answered.

The reporter asked what military operations had been launched in Binh Duong before Operation Cedar Falls.

"Before?" asked Colonel Ba.

"Yes—last year, or the year before."

"Last year?" Colonel Ba slapped his knee and laughed his abrupt laugh. "*I* don't know about last year. I wasn't here." He pointed to himself with both hands in a gesture that cleared him of all responsibility for what had happened last year. "Ask someone else about last year!" he said, dissolving in merriment.

The reporter pursued the matter of a permanent-resettlement area with Colonel White. "Tell me, Colonel, in the new area, will these people be working at the same occupations as they did before?"

"Yes, they will. They will be able to farm just as before. We are giving each family a compensation of five thousand piastres [about thirty-eight dollars]."

"Most of these people are rice farmers. Could you tell me about some of the problems of getting a paddy going? I understand that there are a lot of difficulties at the beginning."

"Yes, we are aware of this, and plan to do everything that's necessary for

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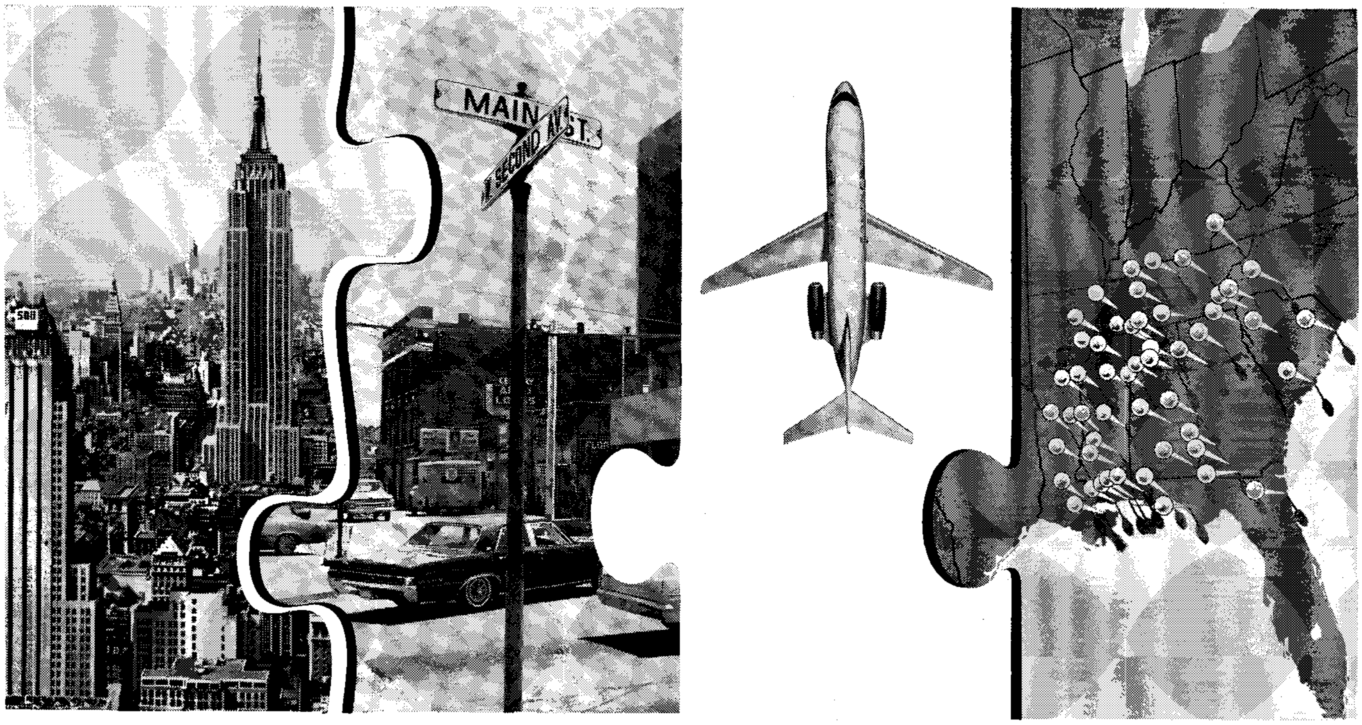

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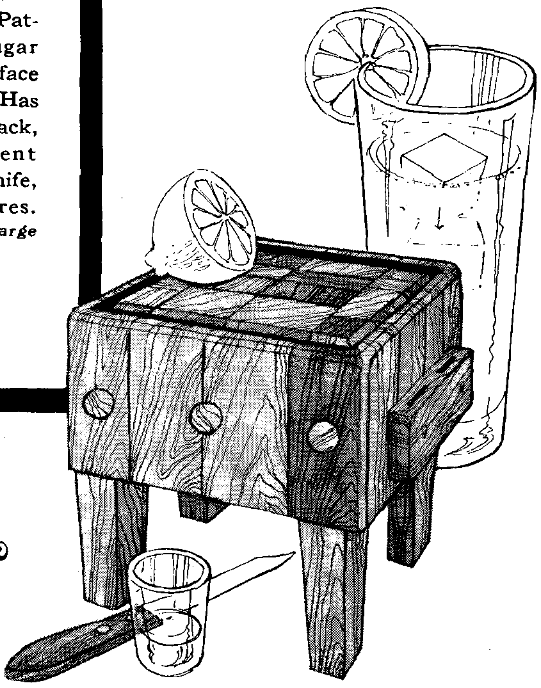


that," Colonel White answered. As an afterthought, he added, "Maybe they'll grow vegetables."

When the reporter had left the tent, a shadow of perplexity passed over Colonel White's usually cheerful face, and he turned to me and said, "That fellow from N.B.C. didn't look as if he was going to be very nice about what we're doing out here, did he?"

I agreed that he didn't.

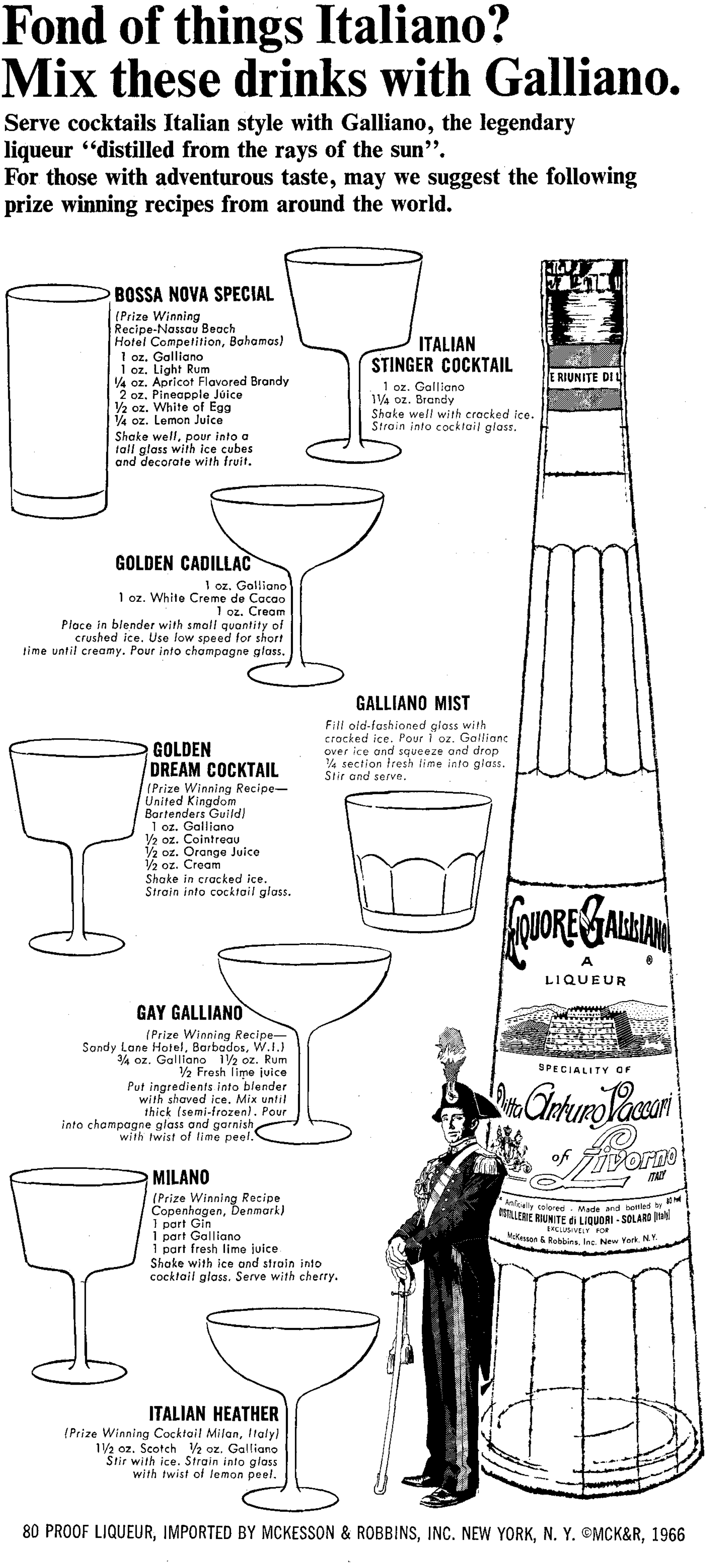
Colonel White had a theory about how a reporter might receive an unfavorable impression of the camp. "I bet that when they talk to the refugees, if they talk to the families *without* men along everyone seems unhappy, but if they happen to talk to families *with* men along everyone seems relatively happy," he said.

A NUMBER of American officers assisted Colonel White with matters concerning the camp, but they did not work there full time. Several high-ranking officers, including two generals, made personal tours of inspection in Ben Suc and in the camp. At Phu Loi, the sight of a colonel or a general striding down the aisles between the canopies, followed by staff officers with notebooks, was a common one. I accompanied Colonel John K. Walker, Jr., Senior Adviser to the ARVN 5th Division, on a tour of Ben Suc, and also stayed several days at Gosney Compound, the living quarters of the American Advisory, where I had an opportunity to see what life was like for the Americans after they had finished their day's work at the camp.

Colonel Walker, a tall, forty-eight-year-old man, has a serious, slightly formal air that contrasts with the generally easygoing manner of most of his staff officers, who respectfully refer to him as the Old Man. Living in a room of his own above a dormitory for six staff officers, he often listened to classical music on a tape recorder and, in general, seemed to seek out the company of his fellows less than the other officers did. Sitting in the staff quarters of the compound on the evening before his inspection tour of Ben Suc, I had a chance to talk with him about the war. On the subject of Cedar Falls and the attack on Ben Suc, Colonel Walker said, "What I want to know is: Did you get a feeling of the tremendous firepower we were able to bring to bear, and the precise coördination? The infantryman today has six times the firepower of his Korean counterpart. The troops of the 2nd Brigade were able to land and move to their positions within five minutes. That kind of precision saves American lives. And I'd like to mention that the 2nd Brigade is the finest in the United States Army. You can ask anyone about that. Ask General DePuy about it. And it hurts me to say so, because it's not one of my own. That's what a brigade is—a unit of power. But in this war it's got to be a lot more than that, too. The soldier in Vietnam has to have diverse talents, for dealing with any situation. The military side is only one part. Our men have to fight a war and carry on reconstruction at the same time. This isn't a war for territory, it's a war for the hearts and the minds of the people."

When I asked about the war in general, Colonel Walker said, "This war has many different facets, with the light reflecting in a different way off each of them as it changes. For instance, when we first came here we were losing a lot of men to the V.C.'s night ambushes. Now we're employing his own techniques against him, and a number of V.C. groups have been surprised to find some of our men out there waiting for them when they try to come into a village or move some supplies at night. This is a war with a difference—a weird and beautiful difference. Personally, I feel challenged by it. I'll tell you one thing—it's a heck of a lot more challenging than running a string of gas stations or supermarkets back in the States. But we don't have all the answers yet. The Vietcong is a tough soldier and highly dedicated. When you see people that dedicated, sometimes you wonder: Am I right? Should we be killing them? It gives you pause. But, even with all these problems, the soldier we've got over here today is the best soldier I've seen in three wars. Morale is tops. What I mean by that is that there is less of the kind of complaining from the troops that we used to have in the Second World War and the Korean war. You saw those soldiers helping to unload those trucks for the refugees. They just pitched right in without a word."

The next morning, Colonel Walker flew by helicopter to Ben Suc. The center of the town was empty of villagers now, but some women and children remained in their houses, waiting for boats that would take them down the river to Phu Cuong. A crew of ten-year-old Vietnamese buffalo boys had been helicoptered into the village to round up a herd of buffaloes and take them to boats on the Saigon River. But, aside from these few people and the animals, Ben Suc was now popu-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2 oz. Pineapple Juice
½ oz. White of Egg
¼ oz. Lemon Juice
Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with fruit.

ITALIAN STINGER COCKTAIL
1 oz. Galliano
1¼ oz. Brandy
Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

GOLDEN CADILLAC
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. White Creme de Cacao
1 oz. Cream
Place in blender with small quantity of crushed ice. Use low speed for short time until creamy. Pour into champagne glass.

GALLIANO MIST
Fill old-fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Galliano over ice and squeeze and drop ¼ section fresh lime into glass. Stir and serve.

GOLDEN DREAM COCKTAIL
(Prize Winning Recipe—United Kingdom Bartenders Guild)
1 oz. Galliano
½ oz. Cointreau
½ oz. Orange Juice
½ oz. Cream
Shake in cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

GAY GALLIANO
(Prize Winning Recipe—Sandy Lane Hotel, Barbados, W.I.)
¾ oz. Galliano 1½ oz. Rum
½ Fresh lime juice
Put ingredients into blender with shaved ice. Mix until thick (semi-frozen). Pour into champagne glass and garnish with twist of lime peel.

MILANO
(Prize Winning Recipe Copenhagen, Denmark)
1 part Gin
1 part Galliano
1 part fresh lime juice
Shake with ice and strain into cocktail glass. Serve with cherry.

ITALIAN HEATHER
(Prize Winning Cocktail Milan, Italy)
1½ oz. Scotch ½ oz. Galliano
Stir with ice. Strain into glass with twist of lemon peel.

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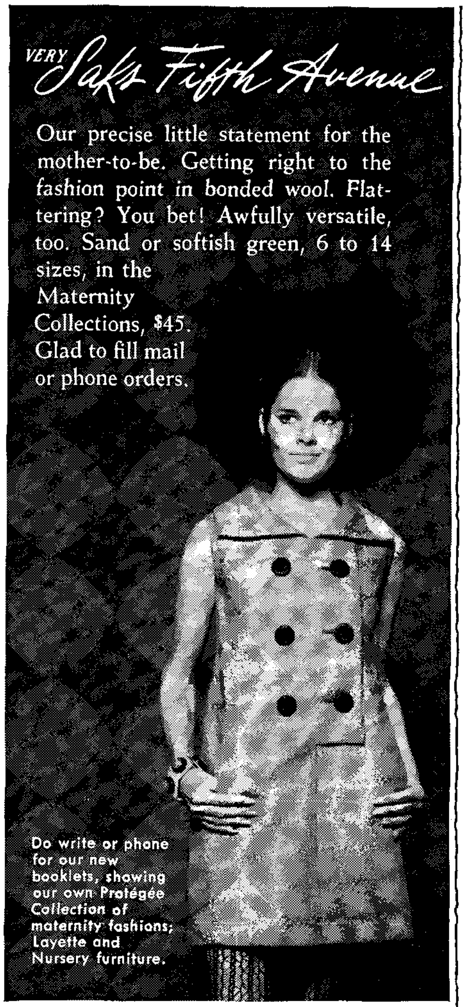

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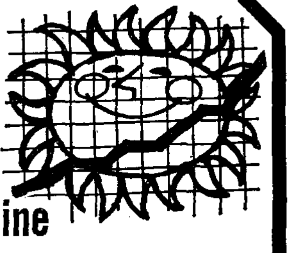

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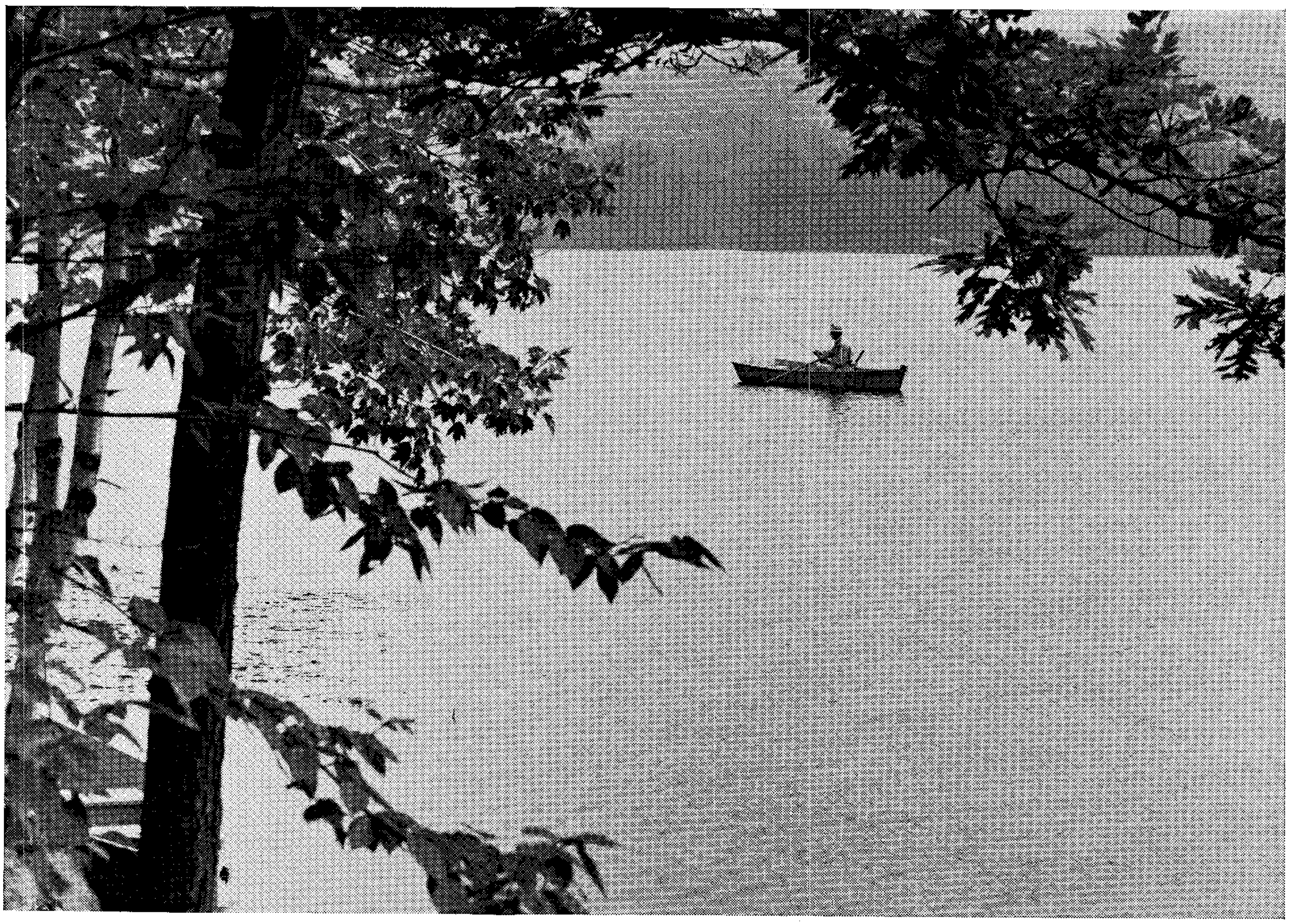
lated by ARVN soldiers. After talking with an American captain about the ARVN search operations in the village, Colonel Walker ordered a jeep in which to drive out from the center of the village along a narrow road. Six Americans piled onto the jeep, each of them holding a submachine gun. After about five minutes, Colonel Walker stopped the jeep at a clearing on the edge of the woods, jumped out, and strode over to a place where a path disappeared into a gully. He peered into the undergrowth and suggested that the path was probably used by the enemy. Then, leaving the jeep in the clearing, he struck out across country into the vegetable fields and back yards at the head of a small column of Americans, apparently unconcerned about the danger of land mines, which the Front often plants in such areas. Earlier, one of his staff officers had told me, "An inspection tour with Colonel Walker is quite an experience. He always wants to go right into the brush himself." Coming to a village house, he found that half a dozen ARVN soldiers had moved right in and were enjoying a dinner of the original resident's rice, cooked in his kitchenware and on his hearth. Chicken bones were strewn on the floor and heaped in bowls on a table. Colonel Walker registered a complaint with the soldiers' headquarters over a field radio. Walking back to his helicopter through sunny back yards and copses of palm trees, he told the pilot that he wanted to have a look at the camp at Phu Loi. The pilot flew over the Saigon River at twenty-five hundred feet, and when we neared the camp he circled it twice, coming down to an altitude of five hundred feet. At first, as we wheeled down over the camp, only the red-and-white canopies were visible, but at five hundred feet individual people could be dimly distinguished. The helicopter continued to the ARVN 5th Division landing pad. Helicopters, with their ability to move slow or fast, to circle, and to hover, enabling a viewer to scrutinize a landscape from the top or from any angle, give him a feeling of mastery over a scene, for it seems to him that he has examined it thoroughly, almost scientifically.

At Gosney Compound, I met Major Wade Hampton, who was a member of Colonel Walker's staff and worked full time at the camp. A slender, mild-mannered, courteous man in his mid-thirties, with a strong Southern accent, he told me he usually got up at about six-thirty, to give himself time to eat a leisurely breakfast and finish up his business around the base before leaving for the camp, at about eight-thirty. On his own initiative, I gathered, he had moved his post of operations from an office on the base to a tent at the camp. He came back to Gosney at lunchtime, to eat in the dining hall, and again early in the evening, in time for a hot shower and dinner. Perhaps the most important of his several duties at the camp was to organize and coördinate the dropping of leaflets over the area covered by the Cedar Falls operation. The leaflets, dropped by the tens of thousands, were mainly of two kinds, the Major explained, and he handed me a sample of each. One shows a happy family eating a meal in a cozy grass-roofed house, with their dog sitting outside, near a pretty young girl who stands leaning against a shady tree with her arms folded behind her back, looking sad. The message on the other side reads:

> TO OUR FRIENDS THE CADREMEN WHO ARE STILL IN THE WAR OF LIBERATION FOR THE SOUTH
>
> At present, your parents, your wives, your children, and your brothers and sisters who were living in Ben Suc have taken refuge in the township of Binh Duong in order to avoid the exploitation and the suppression of the Vietcong.
>
> Your families have been supplied by the Army and the government of the Republic of Vietnam with money, rice, and decent places for living. Besides all of this, their health is being taken care of by doctors, who give them all kinds of medicine every day. Thus, friends, do not hide in the desolated villages and hamlets anymore and die unreasonably by bullets and bombs.
>
> Come back to the republican regime and live happily and peacefully with your families in this coming spring. How can you forsake your families and let them live in loneliness? The government and the Army are always ready to welcome you back, so that we can build a strong and rich nation together.
>
> With friendly greetings to you all,
>
> THE COMMANDING HEADQUARTERS
> OF THE 32ND STRATEGIC AREA

The second leaflet shows an ARVN soldier, carrying the government flag, mounted on a rearing white horse that has just trampled a tattered flag of the Front on the ground. A tall white cloud rises up behind him. The text reads:

> DEAR INHABITANTS
> OF THE NHON TRACH AREA
>
> For a long time the Vietcong have threatened your lives, forced you to pay taxes and supply them with rice so that they can lengthen this painful war. They destroy roads and bridges and hinder you in your work.
>
> The Army of the Republic of Vietnam has come here to help you destroy them. So come to your senses and listen to the



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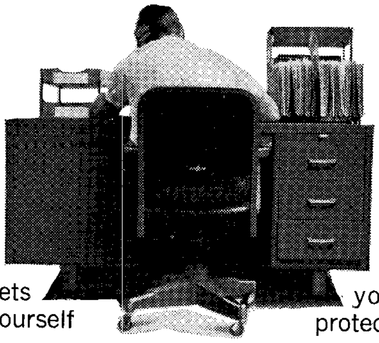

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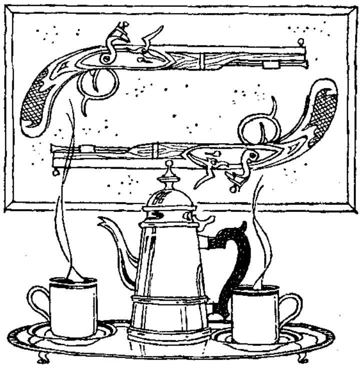

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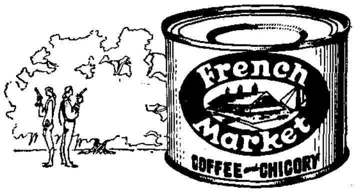

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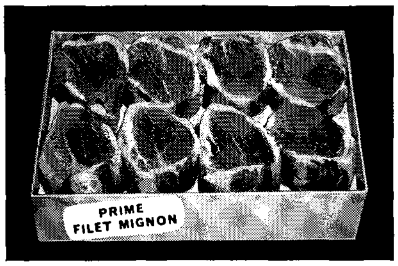

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PEOPLE SO THAT THEY CAN
REAP THEIR RICE AND TAKE
IT BACK TO THEIR VILLAGES

The People's Hearts Offensive 81

Major Hampton explained that Operation Cedar Falls was expected to be particularly effective because "this time we've got their families, and if you've ever been separated from your family like that, you know that it's pure hell—and family ties are particularly strong here in Vietnam, which explains why we've had so many *hoi chanh*." On his bureau Major Hampton had a picture of his wife and children.

I asked why he thought it had been necessary to destroy the villages and evacuate the villagers.

He, in turn, asked if I recalled the villages along the northern edge of the Triangle, and went on, "Tell me, what was the most striking feature of those villages? To me, it was that those people were virtually living underground. It was like a military fortification up there, with bunkers and pillboxes. It looked like the Maginot Line. There was nothing aboveground but a few sticks holding up grass mats."

I suggested that most of the underground rooms might have been used principally for protection against bombs, and not as fortifications.

"I don't think so," he said. "But, at any rate, that was a life of fear they lived. Fear of the Vietcong, fear of the bombs. That wasn't a natural life at all."

Major Hampton had an unusually relaxed and friendly relationship with the men and women who worked for him in his office. He had high praise for one young Vietnamese who prepared translations for him, but sometimes he criticized the Vietnamese, too. Once, when a young woman in the ARVN women's corps told him that she intended to take the customary two-hour midday siesta, he said, in a kidding tone, "That's why you lose the war, Co Ninh, that's why you lose the war."

I mentioned to him that since I had been in Vietnam I had heard almost nothing but criticism and complaints against ARVN troops from the Americans who worked with them. (For in-

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stance, one captain who advised ARVN troops told me, "I just can't take it any longer. You can't get anything done with these Arvins, and I'm going out of my mind. I've applied for reassignment to work with our own men again." And when I asked a sergeant who worked under Major Hampton what he thought of the Vietnamese, his reply was "I've worked, eaten, and slept with those villagers for six months, and I want to tell you I have no sympathy for those people. I really don't." One sergeant in the Gosney mess hall, when I asked him whether civilians weren't occasionally killed in the bombings, answered, with a laugh, "What does it matter? They're all Vietnamese.")

Replying to my comment, Major Hampton said, "Speaking for myself, I have great admiration for many Vietnamese. Some of the people I work with are just tops. To me, many of the villagers have a quiet dignity that's extremely impressive. I remember visiting the house of a village elder once. He immediately offered me the greatest hospitality, bringing me a cool drink and inviting me to sit down with his family in their house. We're not supposed to drink unpurified water around here, but I couldn't refuse that drink, although I didn't know what I might get from it."

I told Major Hampton about the cyclist I had seen shot during the attack on Ben Suc, and he said, "When I was out in the field once, a suspect made a break from a group I was guarding. I could have dropped him like that. But I just couldn't do it. I couldn't shoot him like that. So I ran around in front of him and headed him off, and he was recaptured."

Gosney Compound is about five hundred yards up the road from the Phu Loi camp, on one edge of the ARVN 5th Division's base, from which it is separated by a barbed-wire barrier. To enter the compound, one has to pass through a guarded gate. No Vietnamese are permitted to enter on anything but emergency business after 10 P.M. Gosney has much the appearance of an extremely simple but well-kept motel on an American highway. Rows of small white clapboard dormitories for the enlisted men, with neat strips of lawn in front, are grouped across from two larger clapboard buildings, which contain the dining hall and the officers' quarters. The American flag flies from a pole in front of the officers' quarters. Gosney has three clubs, equipped with bars, pinball machines, slot machines for nickels, dimes, and quarters, and a pool

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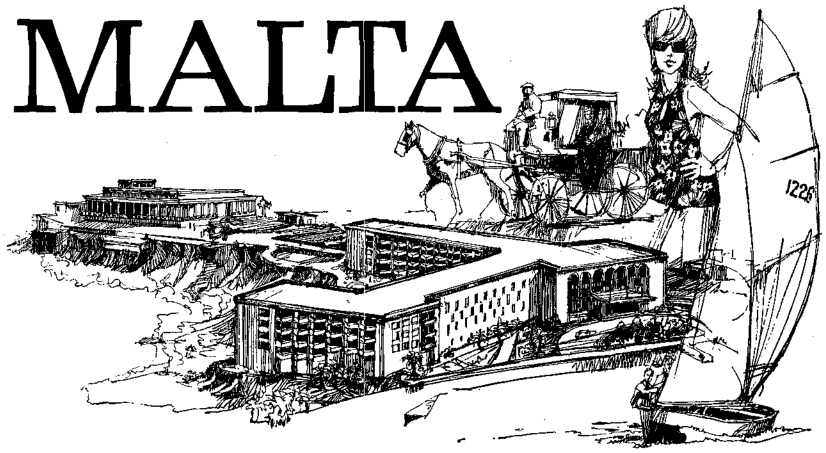

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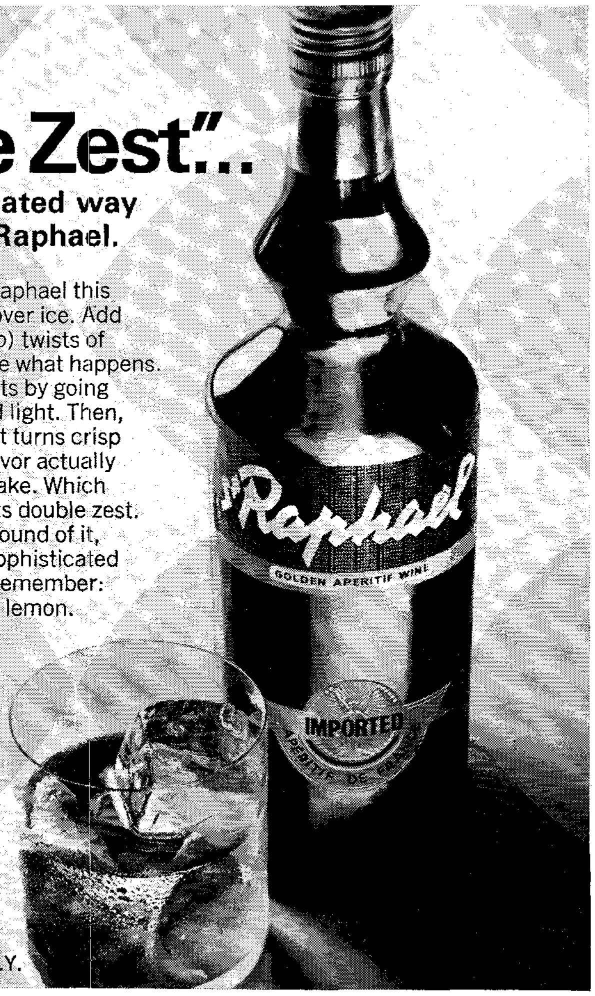

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table. The smallest club is for the enlisted men, the middle-sized one is for the noncommissioned officers, and the largest—the one with the pool table—is for the commissioned officers. ARVN soldiers serve as bartenders in the enlisted men's and the noncommissioned officers' clubs, but an attractive Vietnamese girl in a gauzy light-purple dress serves the drinks in the club for the commissioned officers. After a hot, dusty day, the men return for a fully American meal, cooked and served by Vietnamese, and perhaps a beer or two, at fifteen cents a can, in one of the clubs. Because it is highly dangerous to go out after dark, and there is nowhere to go anyway, a different movie is shown in the compound almost every night. One night when I was there, they showed "Beau Geste." On some evenings when war films are shown and the ARVN 5th Division's big guns begin to fire their nightly rounds into the Free Strike Zones, there is momentary confusion in the audience over whether the booming is the Vietnam war outside or, say, "Beau Geste's" Arab-French war in the Sahara. Sometimes the men in Gosney Compound become spectators of the real war, too. Although the compound has never been hit, mortar barrages once landed only a few hundred yards away, and night skirmishes often erupt nearby. On one evening during my visit, as the officers sat out on the porch in front of their quarters sipping soft drinks and criticizing a science-fiction film they had just seen, the slowly moving red lights that indicate helicopters rose into view not more than half a mile away. After drifting back and forth over the treetops for a few minutes, one of the helicopters, apparently finding a target, opened fire with both of its machine guns, directing their aim by red tracer bullets. At first, the fire was wildly diffused, but then the flecks of red from the left side straightened out into a single wavering line of light as the helicopter bore down on the target. The gun on the right continued to send its fire wildly into the landscape immediately below it. Colonel Walker remarked, "The gunner on the left has got his aim all right, but the guy on the right is just spraying those villages over there." The men on the porch could hear the machine-gun fire only as a faint chattering, but after a minute or so there was a series of loud swishes and thumps as the helicopters fired some fifteen rockets at their target. One man on the porch remarked, "If we kill seven of those slant-eyed little bastards tonight, it'll cost the American taxpayer five grand apiece."

For the Americans living in Gosney Compound and working at the Phu Loi camp, the camp created an unpleasant strain, requiring them to work longer hours than usual, but it did not disrupt the basic framework of three solid American meals a day and a movie at night. Although life at the compound was extremely limited and rapidly grew tedious, the wholly American atmosphere, the familiar food, the strong hot showers, and the movies blotted out—for a few hours, at least—the war, the camp, the tension, and the perpetual sense of danger. Once the men had returned to the compound, showered, and put on fresh clothes, they liked nothing less than to have to go out again. On the evening of the villagers' arrival in Phu Loi—when the camp had yet to be constructed and the people were still sitting out in the field—Major Hampton decided that he should go down to the area to see how things were progressing. Stepping out on the porch where his fellow-officers were sitting, he said, "I'm going down to the refugee camp. Does anyone want to come along?"

The men on the porch laughed, and one said, "Are you kidding us, Wade?"

"No. I think we should go down and have a look."

"You're pulling my leg, Wade. Go out? Now? At night?"

Major Hampton went alone.

There is one diversion available outside the compound. Right next to the ARVN dependents' barracks, and about two hundred yards from the Phu Loi camp, the road is suddenly crowded on both sides for about a hundred yards with unpainted, and often freshly constructed, two-story buildings bearing signs, all in English, that read, "Hollywood," "Tokyo," "The Fanny Bar," "Hong Kong," "Happiness Bar," "Snack Bar Sexy," "Scientific Health Massage," and the like. These are bar-brothels, about thirty of which sprang up in immediate response to the buildup of American troops in the area, particularly after the arrival of the 1st Division nearby. A drink for oneself costs about fifty cents, and a drink for one of the "hostesses" costs twice as much. The hostess herself, if she is a prostitute, as about half of the girls are, costs from three hundred to seven hundred piastres (from about two dollars and a quarter to six dollars and a quarter). One of the 1st Division's

Military Police told me that his superiors were preventing radical inflation of the prostitutes' fees by the simple expedient of placing establishments off limits—or threatening to—if they got too expensive. If the threat were carried out, it would cut off business completely, for the clientele is entirely American. If the ARVN soldiers should be inclined to go, their base salary of the equivalent of sixteen dollars a month would prohibit it. The strip at Phu Loi is modelled precisely on the original bar district for American servicemen in Saigon, except that what goes on in Saigon at night takes place in sweltering broad daylight—from noon until 5 P.M.—in the rural setting of Phu Loi. The strip is obliged to operate during these peculiar hours because in Phu Loi it is unsafe for an American soldier to venture out after dark. The night still belongs to the enemy. Phu Loi is a small village, and there are as many bars in it as there are all other shops put together. The hot, dusty afternoons at Phu Loi are dominated by the nightlike scenes of the bars. Vietnamese girls from their early teens on up, garbed in low-cut high-hemmed, tight-fitting imitations of evening gowns, wearing Western hair styles, neon-bright lipstick, and heavy eye shadow, stand in the doorways of the bars, in the thick dust from the constant flow of military traffic. Girls just beginning the trade are often shy and wear no makeup, but the ones who are more accustomed to the ways of business on the strip grab at the American soldiers as they pass by in small groups, often carrying opened cans of beer. If the soldiers don't come in, some of the girls taunt them with their few English phrases: "Hey, you cheap Charlie," or "You Number Ten" (the opposite of the phrase for approval, "You Number One"). Among these hostesses, there are occasionally faces of piercing beauty. Mingling with the soldiers out for amusement are soldiers on errands of business, who are distinguishable by the rifles they carry. Most American soldiers carry rifles or submachine guns everywhere they are allowed to, and few Americans appeared at the Phu Loi camp without guns on their shoulders. Carrying a gun becomes second nature, like wearing a watch. A soldier who was about to leave the Gosney Compound for his "r. and r."—rest and relaxation—told me that he felt naked without his gun. Also attracted by the unprecedented flow of money from American hands are beggars of all kinds. They have collected in large numbers at Phu Loi,

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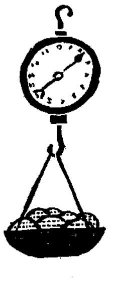
and, like the bars, they display signs in English. One boy about twelve years old leads his blind mother back and forth in front of the bars on a string, with an English-language sign around his neck asking for money. He is an aggressive beggar and directly confronts soldiers as they step out of the bars onto the dirt road. His mother murmurs something in Vietnamese and bows when her son receives money. At the five-o'clock closing hour, the soldiers all emerge from the bars, often arm in arm with girls and occasionally embracing them on the street. Five o'clock, however, is not the end of the working day for the girls. With imitation-fur stoles over their shoulders and bandannas over their hairdos, they crowd onto a small, dirty blue-and-white bus with a number of other local people and make the bumpy hour-long journey to Saigon, where they go to work again, in the city bars. Most of the Ben Suc villagers in the camp at Phu Loi were not allowed to leave the camp, but on several afternoons groups of women were escorted by ARVN guards to the Phu Loi strip to buy or sell things at the stores that were tucked in between the bars.

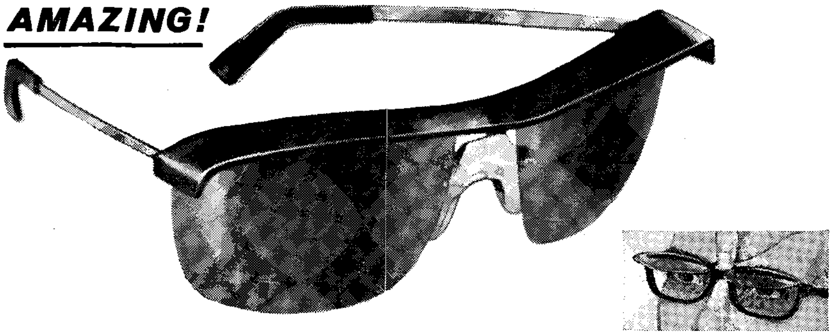
ON the second and third days of the camp's existence, Lieutenant An's men continued to erect canopies at a feverish rate, and they completed sixty-eight of them before the nylon roofing ran out. Six or seven hundred villagers were still without shelter, and to accommodate them the U.S. 1st Division set up a hundred and fifty hexagonal Army tents about ten feet in diameter and assigned one family to each. The villagers living in these tents stayed outside them in the daytime, because it was impossible to stand up inside except at the very center and the heat under the canvas was suffocating. During the first two days, ARVN soldiers distributed a ration of rice in the camp. The Americans actually supplied the ration, in AID bags printed with a design of two hands clasped in front of a red-white-and-blue shield, but they insisted that the ARVN soldiers distribute the rice to the people. Colonel White said, "We've got to teach them to do this themselves. We could go ahead and hand it out, but we're not here to sell ourselves." When the ARVN soldiers brought the first bags of rice into the camp, at lunchtime on the day after the first canopies went up, women, children, and old people crowded four-deep around them, stretching out containers of all sizes to be filled. A certain allotment had been planned for each family, but the ARVN soldiers were unable to tell who belonged to what family, so were apt to give each person a whole family allotment, and the rice was exhausted in ten minutes, leaving a crowd of disappointed women still thrusting out their pots. Some complained that their families had not eaten in two days. This scene was repeated in the evening.



On the third day, a group of fifty Revolutionary Development workers arrived from Saigon. On the example of the cadres of the National Liberation Front, most of them were between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five and wore the simple black peasant garment first adopted by the Front cadres. At the camp, they went about their work silently, speaking little to anyone, and leaving the propaganda entirely up to the loudspeakers, which broadcast ceaselessly thirteen or fourteen hours a day. (The Psychological Warfare Office measures its achievements in part by the number of hours of propaganda played. Thus, in a report on a so-called New Life Hamlet program carried out at the southern tip of the Triangle in the last months of 1966, among such items as "5,269 Medcap patients," "2,200 liters of chemical used for defoliation," "250 acres cleared by bulldozer for security," and "20,860 sheets of roofing issued to 1,156 families" are the achievements "524 hours of Psywar by loudspeaker" and "4 music concerts conducted.") In sharp contrast to the noisy, playful ARVN soldiers and their flamboyant officers, the Revolutionary Development workers usually gave no indication of their mood. Like the villagers' withdrawal from contact with anyone around them during the period of the attack and evacuation, the R.D. workers' posture of attending exclusively to their own business and generally drawing as little attention to themselves as possible was very noticeable among a frequently demonstrative, theatrical, hot-blooded people such as the Vietnamese. On those occasions when the R.D. workers did speak to the villagers, the exchanges were extremely short, both sides appearing relieved at being able to terminate the contact quickly. The R.D. workers' first job at the camp was to coöperate with the Province Police in registering, fingerprinting, and photographing the villagers. To solve the problem of food distribution, they issued each registered family a green tag as a ration ticket, which would be marked each time the family received rice.

When I asked to speak to the leader of the R.D. workers, I was introduced to Tran Ngoc Chang, a slight young man who stared off to one side of me as he delivered brief, factual answers to my questions in a soft, deliberate voice, as though he were reciting. He said that his workers slept inside the camp and received a salary of three thousand two hundred and fifty piastres a month (about twenty-four dollars). As leader, he received fifty-two hundred piastres a month (about thirty-nine dollars). When I inquired whether he had any problems with his job at the camp, he answered that he was afraid his crew of only fifty would not be able to handle effectively the needs of the six thousand people who were totally dependent on them. When I inquired about the satisfactions and drawbacks of his job, he answered quickly, "I like to work, and I want to enable the people to realize their aspirations and fulfill their hopes for a new life." I asked for an example of what he meant, and, after a pause for thought, he replied, "For instance, if the people want water, I can get it." Concerning the people's needs at the camp, he said that the most frequent demands were for more food, for permission to leave the camp to relieve themselves, and for permission to return to their villages for more of their possessions. One day, he said, a truckload of women had been taken back to a village that had not yet been destroyed, to fetch their belongings. However, permission to leave the camp for any reason could be granted only by the military, who were very reluctant to let anyone out, so the R.D. workers could not be of much help to the people in this respect.

That day, the ARVN troops began the construction of another latrine, of a more permanent type, which would hide the users from public view. A short time later, a team of Americans with a derrick entered the camp to dig a well. To the desperately bored children, the derrick was a focus of attention. So were sections of piping four feet in diameter strewn around on the ground near it; the children made use of them as a playground, crawling through the sections that were lying on the ground and climbing into the sections standing on end. Also on the third day, water buffaloes and cows began to arrive, in trucks, and were placed in a fenced-off section of the field. On the fourth day, a hundred of the men from Ben Suc were released by the Province



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Police to join their families in the camp. Just outside the barbed wire near the command tent, the 1st Division set up a mess tent that served hot dogs, chicken, potatoes, Spam, and Keen to the American and Vietnamese soldiers. The wind nearly always blew from the tent toward the camp, and the smell of the cooking wafted down among the villagers, bringing out small crowds of children to stand at the edge of the barbed wire and watch the soldiers receive their dinner on paper plates.

Throughout the first week, work teams from South Vietnam's profusion of patriotic groups for "nation building" arrived at the camp, wearing a wide variety of uniforms. The first to come were five locally recruited girls in their late teens and early twenties, at least three of them strikingly beautiful, who wore conical straw hats and long, flowing, spotlessly white *ao dai*—the traditional women's dress in Vietnam, which consists of wide, ballooning trousers under a long dresslike garment split up the sides to the waist. The girls' job was to help the medical teams by searching through the camp for those in need of medical attention. They were doing this kind of work for the first time and were afraid to approach the villagers directly. For the most part, these young girls—shy, beautiful, and useless—simply clung tightly to their clipboards and kept their eyes trained properly on the air in front of them as they bravely sailed down the dusty aisles between the rows of squatting villagers, like lovely angels in white robes who had been dropped into the camp by mistake. Next to arrive was a wholly different type of girl—a troop of ARVN women, who were clad in tight-fitting Army-green trousers, jackets covered with pockets, and small, high-heeled black leather boots. Many wore sunglasses and sported broad-brimmed green hats of a sort that have lately become very popular among the Vietnamese military. Wholly preoccupied with chattering to each other in low, nervous voices as they made their first appearance, they seemed ready, as a group, to giggle at the entire universe. When I asked a little knot of four of them, through an interpreter, what their job at the camp would be, they all broke into giggles and looked desperately at each other for someone to answer me. Finally, one girl replied, "We don't know yet. We're here to help the refugees." The giggling that followed precluded any further conversation. It seemed to me that every time I walked by the mess tent there was a line of them waiting, paper plates in hand, for hot dogs and Keen. Later, reading a report put out by the American Advisers in the 32nd Division Tactical Area, which described "the relocation of civilians" as "an outstanding success," I read that the ARVN women, who were referred to as "social workers," were "assisting in the necessary administration required in processing the refugees and giving adult hygiene and sanitation classes," and also "taking care of children and looking after anyone requiring medical care."

The villagers themselves began to improvise improvements for their quarters. ARVN soldiers having laid out bamboo poles for them, they split these into long strips, which they lashed together to construct flat panels that could become raised platforms when they were rested on rows of notched bamboo poles driven into the ground. Rudimentary partitions, made of mats, rice bags, and bedclothes, also appeared. After a week in the camp, the children began to show signs of a universally lamented transformation that seems to occur inevitably whenever Vietnamese children are brought into frequent contact with Americans. At first, the G.I.s, charmed by the shyness and reserve of the Vietnamese children and wanting to be friendly, offer pieces of candy or gum. Perhaps the children accept and politely offer thanks, but the next time there is less hesitation, and after several times the children, far from hesitating, demand the handouts. Walking along the road to the camp, for instance, a soldier would often be virtually attacked by groups of children from the ARVN dependents' area. They ran at him screaming, "O.K.! O.K.! O.K.! O.K.!" and turning smiles full of excitement and anticipation up to him as they grabbed both his hands and rifled his pockets. When turned down, they called out, "Cheap Charlie!" with terrible disappointment. The Americans, finding themselves in the unpleasant position of having constantly to refuse candy to smiling children, soon tired of this game. Inside the camp, the children were not yet attacking the Americans, but they had already learned to hold out their hands and shout, "O.K.!" Another more or less inevitable development was the hasty construction just outside the camp, by local Vietnamese, of a whole row of little stands selling beer and soft drinks to Vietnamese at high prices and to Americans at exorbitant prices. When an American objected to paying seventy-five piastres (about fifty-five cents) for a soft drink, the venders, like the prostitutes, the beggars, and the children when they met resistance, would call out, "Cheap Charlie!" and "You Number Ten!"

After most of the villagers had been evacuated from the Triangle, I drove a mile down the road from the camp to the Open Arms center. An armed Vietnamese guard let me pass without identification through a gate. Surrounded by high barbed-wire fences, heavy sandbagging, bunkers, and sentry posts, the Open Arms center consisted of a dirt yard in which several tents had been pitched opposite a long building containing a small café, a room with administrative desks, two interrogation rooms, and a dormitory filled with double-decker beds for the returnees. The interrogators kept one or two returnees busy, propaganda sessions occupied a group in the morning and the early afternoon, and construction work on a small wooden house that was to be a recreation center occasionally occupied another group, but the majority of the returnees spent most of their time asleep, or simply lying on their bunks in the heat. One group of twenty or thirty stood or crouched in a circle, absorbed in a game of cards. Five or six lay stretched out asleep on the board floor of an open-sided Army tent. Some sat around in small groups smoking and talking. (Upon arriving, each man had been issued a package of Cambodian cigarettes and a toothbrush.) All these men were listed in official reports as "Vietcong defectors," but the majority of the returnees from Ben Suc, evidently not yet realizing they were defectors, rather than just prisoners given a special amnesty, claimed that they had never participated as soldiers in the National Liberation Front or coöperated with the enemy in any way, though most said they had paid taxes. They seemed to have been unaware at the moment of their capture that they were "defecting." One returnee, after telling me that he was married and the father of two, went on, in a soft voice, "When the bombs started falling and the helicopters came, I ran into a bomb shelter under my house with my wife and children. Later, the government troops came to the mouth of the tunnel with a loudspeaker and told us to turn ourselves in or be shot. We were scared of being shot! We turned ourselves in and handed the Americans leaflets. Then I was brought here by helicopter. They

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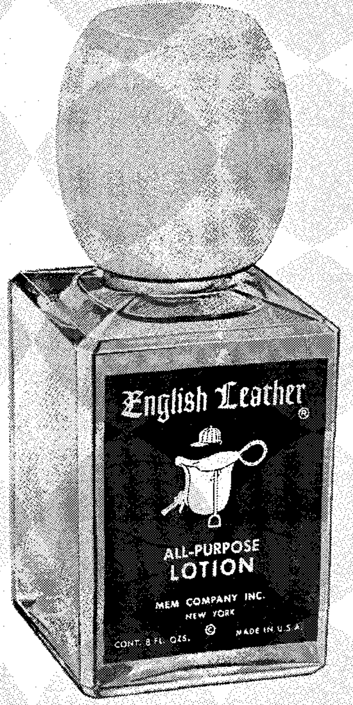

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tell me my wife and children are in a camp nearby.”

One American officer concerned with classification problems said, “We aren't going to accept them as *hoi chanh* if they don't turn themselves in until we come along and tell them we're going to blow up their hole and *then* they come running out waving their leaflet.”

A seventeen-year-old returnee with his toothbrush sticking up out of his shirt pocket said simply, “When the troops came and the artillery started firing, I hid in the fields. Later, I heard the helicopter announcement. Then I turned in a leaflet I had found a month ago.”

Another man, who admitted he had led a squad of five soldiers, said, “When the helicopter came, I ran around from place to place trying to escape, but I couldn't, so I turned myself in to a unit of government troops with a leaflet I had picked up.”

In a situation where everyone, whether a defector or not, had to give himself up or be shot, possession of one of the safe-conduct passes dropped at the beginning of the attack had apparently been the key factor in determining who was to be placed in the category of “defector.” Generally, the returnees' conversion to the government cause seemed to have involved a minimum of initiative on their part. According to a United States Army report, there were five hundred and twenty-nine returnees in Binh Duong Province in the month of January. In the two neighboring provinces of Phuoc Long and Binh Long, where no large operations took place, there were only four returnees all told in the same period.

Before leaving the Open Arms center, I sat down for a minute in an open Army tent, whereupon ten or fifteen returnees came over to look at me with sleepy curiosity. Through my interpreter, I asked again about life in Ben Suc, and a young man began to tell me about the bombing of the center of the village and about the government flag they had posted on the rice-storage building to protect the village. I noticed that he was glancing at the other returnees as often as at me, and that he was warming to his story with the relish of a man telling a favorite anecdote to an appreciative audience. Like any good storyteller, he allowed only a twinkle of amusement to appear on his own face, but the other returnees were plainly having a hard time controlling their laughter. Their deadpans were cracking, and I felt that the whole group was suddenly coming to life. “The government told us that if we flew the government flag on any building it would not be bombed,” he said, as though he had innocently placed his whole trust in the government. “So we bought a government flag in Phu Cuong and put it on top of the rice-storage building—a big flag it was.” He stretched his arms to show his audience just how big. “But then the planes came and they bombed it anyway, and the government flag went down in the bombed building.” By this time, several young men in the group had burst out laughing, although most of them were not from Ben Suc. It was a full minute before they resumed their dull, sleepy stares.

DURING the Phu Loi camp's first week, I spent several afternoons there interviewing villagers from Ben Suc through an interpreter. Before I asked them any questions, I would say that I was a reporter, not connected with the Army. They clearly disbelieved me. At first, they would nod understandingly, but later they would ask me for salt, cooking oil, or rice, or for permission to leave the camp, and I would have to explain again that I had no authority in these matters. They would nevertheless ask several more times for food or privileges, as though my claim to be a journalist were part of a game they had played with many interrogators before me. They refused to believe that this young man—the latest in a long procession of young men, of many political colorations, in their lives—did not want to persuade them of something or use them for his own ends. As we spoke, it was difficult to hear each other above the din of loud, enthusiastic taped voices coming over the public-address system.

When I ducked, with an interpreter, into a section of one canopy and asked a young man who was holding the hand of his three-year-old son if we could talk with him for a minute, he leaned down, smiled at the boy, and told him to go to his mother, a young woman with a broad, open face and large, dark eyes, who was standing nearby. The young man came forward to meet us with an unruffled composure that I encountered again and again in the Ben Suc villagers, as though nothing in the world could be more natural for them than to have a talk with an American. He stood before us with a faint smile of amusement. After introducing myself in my usual way, I asked what he thought about coming to the camp. Through the interpreter he said, "I realize now that there is a war going on and that I have to leave to be defended by the government troops and the Americans. Here it is safe—there will be no bombs and artillery. The crops in my field have all been destroyed by chemicals, and my elder brother was killed by a bomb. Many people were killed when the center of the village was bombed last year. Here we are protected by the American troops."

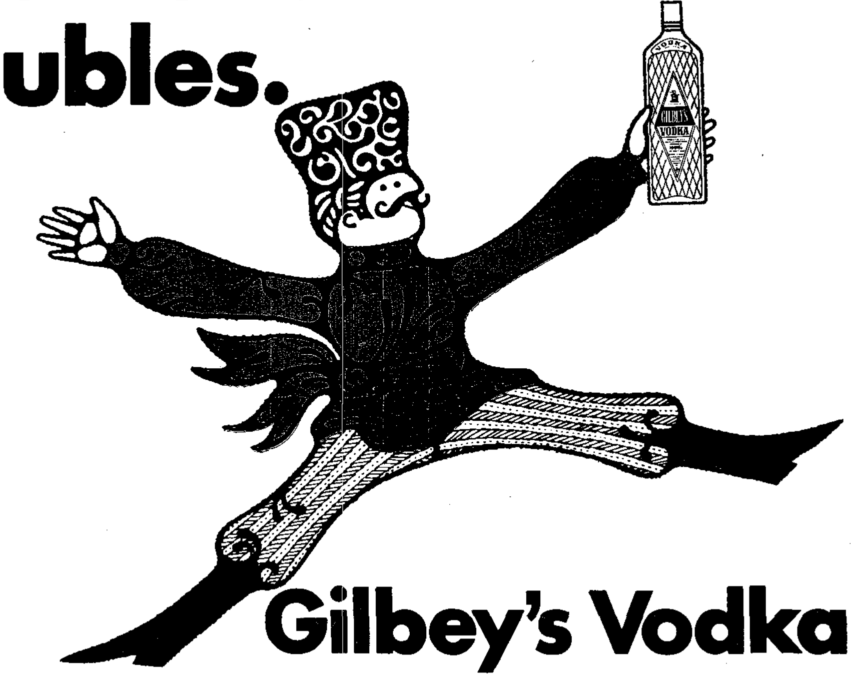
I asked him what he had enjoyed most in his life at Ben Suc.

With a laugh at being asked such a question, he answered, "I play the guitar, and I liked to sing at night and drink with friends—to eat fish and drink until the sun came up. I am thirty-one now, and was married when I was twenty-three. I have three children. I believe in Confucius and pray to Confucius to keep me from misfortune, to send me good luck, and for peace. On most days, I would get up at six o'clock, eat, have a bath, and then go out to the fields. At midday, I would come back, have another bath, and eat, and I would have a bath again when I stopped working at night. I haven't had a bath in four days now. Do you think we'll be able to have one soon?"

I expressed surprise at his taking so many baths, and told him that most Americans take only one bath a day.

"I don't believe it!" he answered. "We always take three baths a day—four when we are sick. After a bath, you feel healthy and feel like eating a lot. We have become very tired here waiting for food, and for water for a bath."

Outside another canopy, I approached a middle-aged man with long, mussed-up hair who sat cross-legged on a straw mat in front of his compartment, scowling frankly while his wife, squatting next to him, tried to blow life into a small twig fire. It was late afternoon, and a chilly breeze had picked up as the sun moved lower in the sky. The thin, scowling man, who wore only a black shirt and green short pants, was shivering slightly. "I have a stomach ache," he told me, pressing his hands over his belly. "I got here yesterday morning on a boat, but we couldn't bring anything with us. All our things are still in Ben Suc—our oxen, our rice, our oxcarts, our farming tools, and our furniture." He related this without looking at me, in a re-



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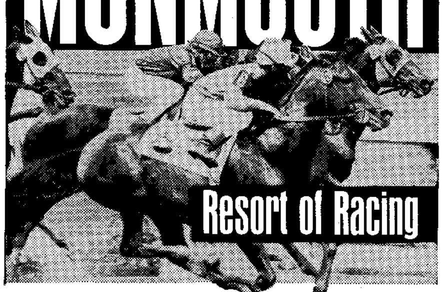

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strained but disgruntled tone. "Now we have only plain rice to eat—nothing to flavor it, not even salt. They don't bring any food. And there's not enough water to take a bath."

I asked him how he felt about leaving his village.

"Anybody would be sad to leave his village," he said. Then, quoting the loudspeakers, he added, "But we have to be protected by the government and American troops."

At this, his wife turned and said furiously, "We have nothing! I have no cooking oil, no rice! We have to beg from the people next to us!"

I asked her if she knew about the rice distribution by the Revolutionary Development workers.

Now losing all control of her temper, she snatched a green meal ticket out of her pocket and waved it at me. "They gave me a ticket a day ago, but they never have enough rice. We couldn't even bring blankets or clothes. My son is naked. Look!" She pointed to a little naked boy of about four, who stood watching his angry mother. "It's no good for children here. Not good for their health. They get cold at night, and there is nowhere for them to go to play." Abruptly, she turned her back and began trying again to get her fire going.

Her sick husband continued to look at the ground. After a minute or so, he said, "I am actually from Mi Hung, but we moved to Ben Suc six months ago, after Mi Hung was bombed."

I asked how long he thought he would be made to stay in the camp.

"I don't know. I was just put here. I can't do anything about it. I can't speak English. How should I know what they are going to do next? I can't understand what they are saying. Many of the old women were weeping when they were taken away."

At another place, addressing myself to a mother holding a baby, I was immediately surrounded by three mothers. They all wore rolled-up black pants with white or blue shirts—dirty now, since the camp had no washing facilities. At first, only one replied when I asked how they liked life at the camp.

"Everybody was taken away from Ben Suc," she said. "We couldn't bring our rice, and we brought only a few possessions. We ran into the bomb shelters when the bombing started."

When I asked the women about their husbands, they all began talking excitedly:

"My husband was out plowing, but I don't know where he is now."

"We don't know where they are."

"They were taken away."

"I don't know if he is still alive or not."

"I saw people dead in the fields, but I didn't know who they were."

One of the women moved forward, and the others grew silent. "We want to go back, but they are going to destroy everything." She was not supposed to know this yet, but she looked at me evenly as she said it.

I asked her whether she was from Ben Suc.

"I am actually from Yao Tin, and was at Ben Suc only for the harvest, to help my parents. I left all my money and things at Yao Tin. I couldn't even go back to my parents' house after coming to the center of the village. My sister is still at Ben Suc, I think."

Having heard that Vietnamese villages often rely on a group of elders to make decisions on village matters, and thinking that it would be interesting to talk with them, I asked the three women if they could tell me who the village elders of Ben Suc were. As this was translated, a hint of mischievous amusement appeared on the face of one of the women, and with sudden cheerful recklessness she declared, "We didn't have any village elders." Her little smile was contagious, and the three women exchanged conspiratorial glances, like schoolgirls with a secret. Emboldened, the first speaker added, "Nobody was important. Everyone was equal." All three watched my face closely to see how I would react to this gambit.

I asked if anyone had collected taxes.

"No, there were no taxes," another of the women answered. "We used what we grew for ourselves."

The first then said, "There was no government. And no government troops." All three struggled with suppressed amusement.

I asked them how they had liked having no government and no government troops.

At this, they all broke into girlish laughter, hardly even trying to cover their smiles with their hands. No one answered the question. Instead, one of them said, "Anyway, now we must be protected by the government and the American troops." She still could not wholly suppress her rebellious smile. As though to say something calculated to please me even more, she added, "Last year, government troops and Americans came just to give out medicine, and no one was killed."

Another woman said, "This time, many were wounded, killed, or taken away."

In one compartment, an old man sitting on a mat told me, "I was born in Ben Suc, and I have lived there for sixty years. My father was born there also, and so was his father. Now I will have to live here for the rest of my life. But I am a farmer. How can I farm here? What work will I do? There were many killed, but luckily I came safely with my three daughters. They have given us rice here, but I can't eat it. The American rice is for pigs. And we have no cooking oil." (After the first handout of rice, in several places around the camp I noticed pigs with their snouts deep in piles of American rice that had been dumped out by the Vietnamese. Like most East Asians, the Vietnamese are extremely particular about the color, texture, size, and flavor of their rice. Rice also has ritual meanings for them that go beyond matters of taste and nutrition. The Vietnamese welcomed the long-grained, brownish, American-grown rice about the way an American would welcome a plate of dog food—as a dish that was adequately nutritious, and perhaps not even bad-tasting, but psychologically repellent.)

The old man had an idea for his future. "I have relatives in Phu Cuong who will help me and my daughters. Won't you let me go out of here and build a new house in Phu Cuong, where I can farm?"

Once more I tried to explain that I was not from the government. The old man obviously didn't believe me.

In the morning of the fourth day, there was a high wind, which blew clouds of dust so thick that you couldn't see from one end to the other of the aisles between the canopies. Under one of the canopies, an old man with a wispy goatee and a mild, gracious smile sat on a mat, holding a baby in his arms, in the lee of a pile of possessions and several mats that his family had hung from the bamboo framework to protect themselves from the wind and dust. He smiled down at the baby as it played with a twig. Answering my questions, he said, "I have two sons, but I don't know where they are now. They went into the government Army, and I haven't heard anything about them for several years. Now I live with my daughter." The baby became agitated, beat its arms, and threw away the twig. Shifting the baby into one arm, the old man drew a tobacco pouch from his pocket and gave it to the baby to play with. In the pouch, along with

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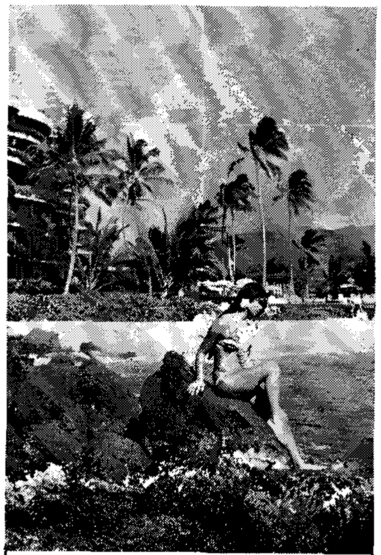

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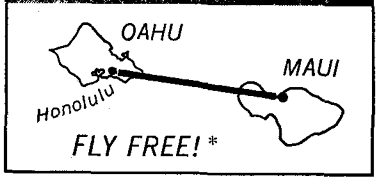

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a small box for tobacco and paper for roll-your-own cigarettes, was his newly issued identification card, which already had a slight tear in the center. The baby's interest lit on the I.D. card, and, grasping it tightly in both hands, it widened the tear until the card ripped in two and it was left holding a piece in each hand. The old man, who was delighted with everything the baby did, laughed warmly at its latest deed and smiled at the people around him. Then he put the two pieces back in the pouch and put the pouch in his pocket.

Meanwhile, a little girl who had her hair in a single long, black braid and was wearing golden rings in her ears had approached to watch me, curiosity overcoming fear.

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Eleven."

"What's your name?"

"Ngai."

"What do you do all day?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing at all?"

"I help my mother cook."

"What do you like best here?"

"I like my dog." She hoisted up a black puppy for me to see. "My friend gave it to me."

"What do you like least here?"

"It's too hot and crowded. I like my aunt's house."

"Why?"

"It's cool. It has walls."

The old man laughed in agreement.

As I stood up to leave, I saw that Ngai was wriggling with inner conflict and staring at me with a smile of determination and excitement. Then I saw that she was holding her hand out, palm upward but close to her body, in an irresolute play for a gift of candy from the American, but almost as soon as she had mustered the courage she lost it and turned away from me in embarrassment.

Under another canopy, a woman with a blank, lonely gaze sat holding a tiny baby. She hardly seemed to notice me as I approached her. When I addressed her, she talked as though she were thinking out loud, and didn't answer any questions directly. She said, "The helicopters came early in the morning while I was on my way to the field. My husband is in Saigon now. I think he's in Saigon. The loudspeakers came overhead, but how could I hear them? The bombs were exploding everywhere. My father is deaf, so how could he hear the voices from the helicopter? Now I don't know where he is. All I could bring was my children

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and my clothes. My father is very old. Maybe he is dead."

THE demolition teams arrived in Ben Suc on a clear, warm day after the last boatload of animals had departed down the river for Phu Cuong. G.I.s moved down the narrow lanes and into the sunny, quiet yards of the empty village, pouring gasoline on the grass roofs of the houses and setting them afire with torches. Columns of black smoke boiled up briefly into the blue sky as the dry roofs and walls burned to the ground, exposing little indoor tableaux of charred tables and chairs, broken cups and bowls, an occasional bed, and the ubiquitous bomb shelters. Before the flames had died out in the spindly black frames of the houses, bulldozers came rolling through the copses of palms, uprooting the trees as they proceeded and lowering their scoops to scrape the packed-mud foundations bare. When the bulldozers hit the heavy walls of the bomb shelters, they whined briefly at a higher pitch but continued to press ahead, unchecked. There were very few dwellings in Ben Suc to make a bulldozer pause. The bulldozers cut their own paths across the back-yard fences, small graveyards, and ridged fields of the village, ignoring the roads and lanes. When the demolition teams withdrew, they had flattened the village, but the original plan for the demolition had not yet run its course. Faithful to the initial design, Air Force jets sent their bombs down on the deserted ruins, scorching again the burned foundations of the houses and pulverizing for a second time the heaps of rubble, in the hope of collapsing tunnels too deep and well hidden for the bulldozers to crush—as though, having once decided to destroy it, we were now bent on annihilating every possible indication that the village of Ben Suc had ever existed.

—JONATHAN SCHELL

•

It's the rerun season for certain now and the TV networks accordingly are replaying past mistakes, such as a "Family Affair" episode last night, in which the impeccably grammatical butler (Sebastian Cabot) asked a telephone-caller, "Whom shall I say called?"—*Bob Williams in the Post.*

Let's just call him "the butler."

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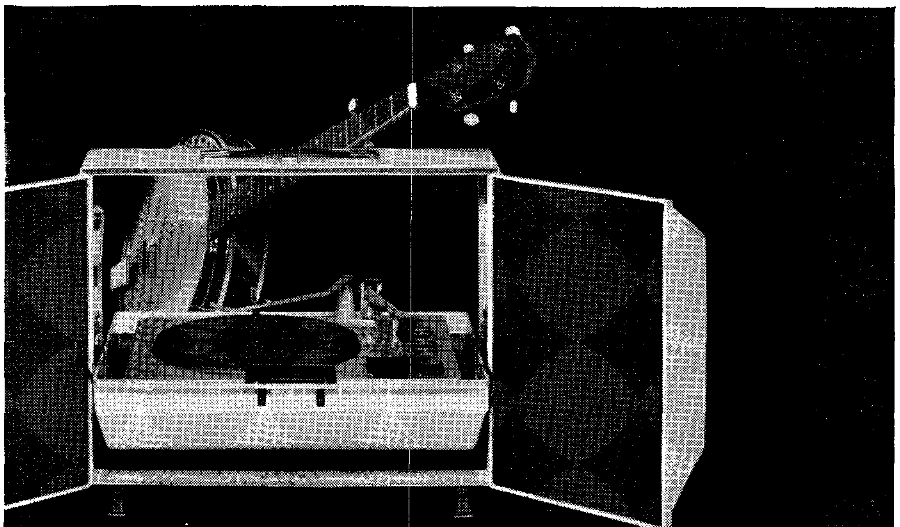

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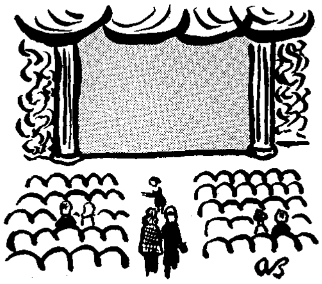
THE THEATRE

WAR GAMES

Peter Ustinov's "The Unknown Soldier and His Wife" is an attempt at a comic satire aimed at wars as they have been started and fought through the ages, and it misses, I'm sorry to report, because it isn't serious enough. There is no reason to doubt Mr. Ustinov's anti-war convictions, but his urge to entertain is so irrepressible—an odd thing to complain about these days—or certainly so irrepressed, that the convictions ultimately lose out. Manner and matter just don't match. There is a scene somewhere near the end in which a company of soldiers, during the First World War, are struck dead by poison gas, and they lie around the battlefield in grotesque postures. The audience should be horrified—it is a frightful tableau—but by then it is too late. Too much feeling has been frittered away in slack laughter. (Laughter is another odd thing to complain about.) And at the very end, when the Unknown Soldier breaks out of his coffin, refusing to stay dead, one is uncomfortable rather than moved. The passion that could have been fused into satire has been diffused into playfulness, and the final effect is not of anger on the dramatist's part but of complacency.



Hit or miss, there is considerable fun to be had along the way, although the way lasts about three hours and the play seems at times to meander instead of move. At the opening, the arena stage of the Vivian Beaumont is almost bare. The actors, as a group of soldiers and a couple of their women, amble on casually and stand around talking. The house lights dim, and when the auditorium is dark they turn front and stare at us in a cold, Brechtian manner, for some reason I could not figure out. The play begins and ends with preparations for a ceremony in which an archbishop—played by Howard Da Silva, of all unlikely clergymen!—is about to lead a memorial service to the Unknown Soldier. In the crowd are a fierce sergeant, a bemedalled, bustling general, and a pregnant young woman in a trenchcoat who claims to be the widow of the deceased. A pacifist revolutionary moves through the house, row by row, passing out flowers and pamphlets. Soon one of the characters notices that all the army boots have turned into sandals, the archbishop is helped out of his robes and appears in a purple-trimmed toga, the wife sheds her raincoat (and pregnancy) to reveal a tunic underneath, and the soldiers put on plumed helmets. We are back in ancient Rome and in the middle of the first episode. The play moves from episode to episode through history, and the constants—among them the players and their roles—outnumber the variables. Each time, the Unknown Soldier, a nonkiller, sacrifices his life to save someone else. Christopher Walken plays him as a gentle fellow, just pawky enough not to seem wishy-washy. The wife—a charming performance by Melissa C. Murphy—is loving and ardent, but she grows increasingly impatient with her man for always dying and leaving her. The clerics, all played by Mr. Da Silva, are invariably pompous, hypocritical, and goatish, with designs on whatever pretty woman happens to be at hand. The generals or noble commanders, by way of that good actor Brian Bedford, are invariably officious and vain. The enemy leaders, as well played by Alan Mixon, are arrogant and contemptuous. The sergeants—W. B. Brydon must have been one once—are bellicose and remorseless. (In his own defense at a trial during the French Revolution, Mr. Brydon snaps out to an examining soldier, "When I knocked out your teeth, who picked them up?") Of all the recurring characters, the funniest is one of the defeated enemy, played by that droll fellow Bob Dishy, who takes unto himself all the most repellent qualities (including a dead-shot broad accent) of the eternal defeated German whose ability to invent lethal weapons is so special and invaluable that he not only escapes punishment but is always hired by the victors. In each episode, it is the common soldiers who die in battle or come limping home; the captains and the kings survive. And at the end of each episode the dead stand up and go to fight another war.

If I have given the impression that "The Unknown Soldier and His Wife" is a bad show, then I have misled you. Mr. Ustinov's urge to entertain may indeed be irrepressible, but so are his humor and his talent for parody and mimicry. He has written any number of funny speeches for his characters. Nevertheless, there are too many tries for epigrams that don't come off, too many second-hand routines that run beyond their natural stopping point, and, most important of all, too many instances where even truthfulness is sacrificed for whimsey. To take an example, it may be Mr. Ustinov's belief that all wars are started for frivolous reasons (not wicked or misguided but *frivolous* reasons), but I doubt it, and it is perhaps just as well that the action stops short of the rise of Hitler and the Second World War. The scenery and costumes, by Motley, are effective. Jules Fisher's lighting is, as usual, absolutely wonderful. At one point, during some Crusade or other, the bare floor of the stage is suddenly, and by lighting alone, turned into a mosaic in Saladin's palace.

—Edith Oliver

•

THE CANOER

The hush of
the river
at 4 A.M.—
fish flipper their bellies across moss,
trees walk down to the very shoreline
thinking nobody is watching them,
his paddle darts in and out of
the water, getting better acquainted
each time with its own slippery
texture,
hands boggle out of the river
offering foam money in the corner of his
eye.

In my own mind
I change the texture of the river,
superimposing on it
a buffalo, bleeding in the hindquarters,
not raging but calm and taking
the waters. The river dries up
around him, and the skeleton of the
buffalo
walks down the dried-out bed of an
old river.

—Diane Wakoski

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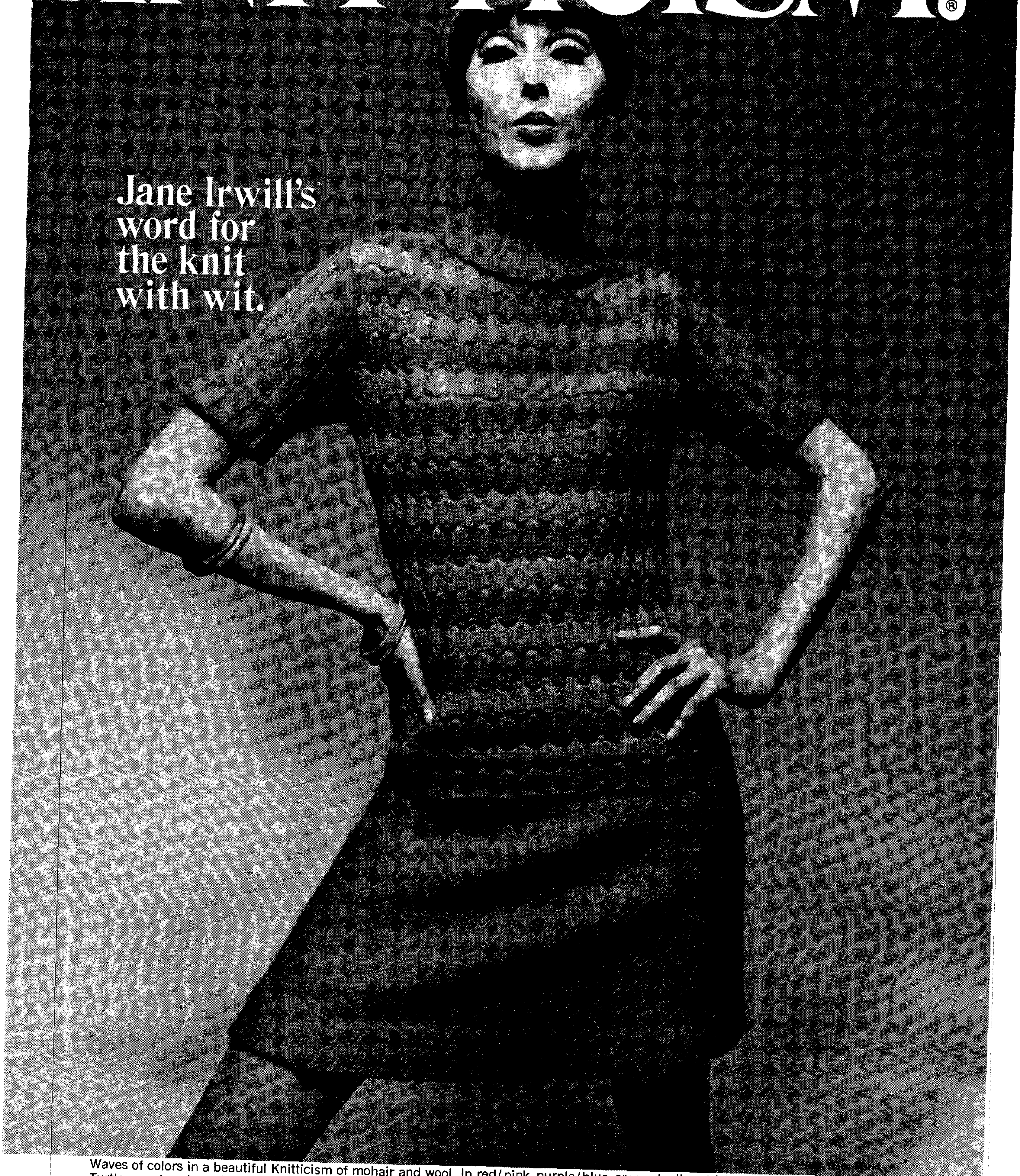
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THE RACE TRACK

Whirlwind

BUCKPASSER not only won the Suburban Handicap at Aqueduct on the Fourth of July but did it with as amazing a finish as this longtime racegoer can remember. Turning into the homestretch, he was far behind the leaders, who were running so smoothly that not even his most enthusiastic admirers would have taken 5–1 that he'd be as close as third. But with less than a furlong to go, just as it seemed the task was beyond him, he turned on an incredible burst of speed, passed Ring Twice like a whirlwind, and was half a length to the good as the two went under the wire. It happened so quickly that it was hard to believe until the numbers went up. Later, I asked several clockers how fast Buckpasser was going at the end, but they had been too engrossed in watching him to time him. Baeza, who rode him, said, "In the last sixteenth he went like a Cadillac." And Baeza should know; he drives one.

As the seven starters walked around in the parade ring, I thought that Buckpasser, though a picture of equine nobility, was noticeably lighter in flesh than he had been for the Bowling Green, the race on the grass a couple of weeks earlier in which he finished third. Of the others, Ring Twice, who had an advantage of twenty-one pounds in the weights and was the hottest tip of the afternoon, looked and moved particularly well. So did Handsome Boy. The latter was first out of the gate and led until well around the turn for home, where Ring Twice took command. Buckpasser began slowly and took his time warming up. Indeed, Baeza started working on him much earlier than usual, and I've seldom seen this Panamanian jockey dig into a mount harder than he did in the stretch. And when Buckpasser responded, he ran only an eighth of a mile—but what an eighth of a mile it was! For the record, Yonder, second to him in the Metropolitan, was third and Handsome Boy fourth. By the way, when Buckpasser won the 1965 renewal of the Tremont Stakes, this department's comment was "And if you want to make anything of it, Tom Fool, Buckpasser's papa, won the Suburban in 1953 and Busanda, his mama, won it in 1951. Something to remember, come, let's say, 1967."

Buckpasser's next start will be either in the Amory L. Haskell Handicap at Monmouth this weekend or in the Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct the following Saturday, depending on the weight assigned him in each. There's more kudos winning the Brooklyn, and in my opinion he could win both, but Ogden Phipps, his owner, and Eddie Neloy, his trainer, keep in mind the lead that would be under his saddle. In the Suburban, he carried 133 pounds. The Suburban purse brought Buckpasser's earnings to $1,419,144, leaving him still half a million behind Kelso. However, he's the highest-priced horse in the world, for recently he was syndicated at a total valuation of $4,800,000. Mr. Phipps retained sixteen of the thirty-two shares in him; the others were snapped up by breeders at $150,000 each.

IT would have been fine if the American-bred racers of C. W. Engelhard had brought off the double of the year abroad, but after his Ribocco won the Irish Sweeps Derby a fortnight ago, his Assagai finished fourth in the Grand Prix de Saint-Cloud in Paris. Ribocco—who is by Ribot out of Libra, if you didn't know—was bred and foaled in Kentucky and sold at Keeneland. Last season, he was one of the top two-year-olds in England, and recently he finished second to Royal Palace in the Derby Stakes at Epsom. Twenty-three three-year-olds started over the rolling mile-and-a-half course at the Curragh of Kildare, and Ribocco, always in a good position, came up in the stretch to win by a length from Sucaryl. Dart Board was third. The broadcast of the race was well done by Michael O'Hehir, of Radio Eire. It should have been required listening for the gentlemen of the microphone at tracks in this country.

Assagai, it seems, left the gate winging, opened up three or four lengths on the seven other starters, and held his lead for more than half of the twenty-five hundred metres. (But races in France are not won that way. Even in the short ones, the runners go off slowly and sprint the last quarter of a mile.) He still led turning into the stretch, but then, as Baeza, who rode him, put it, all the other horses went by him all at once. The first three home were French: Taneb, who hadn't won in

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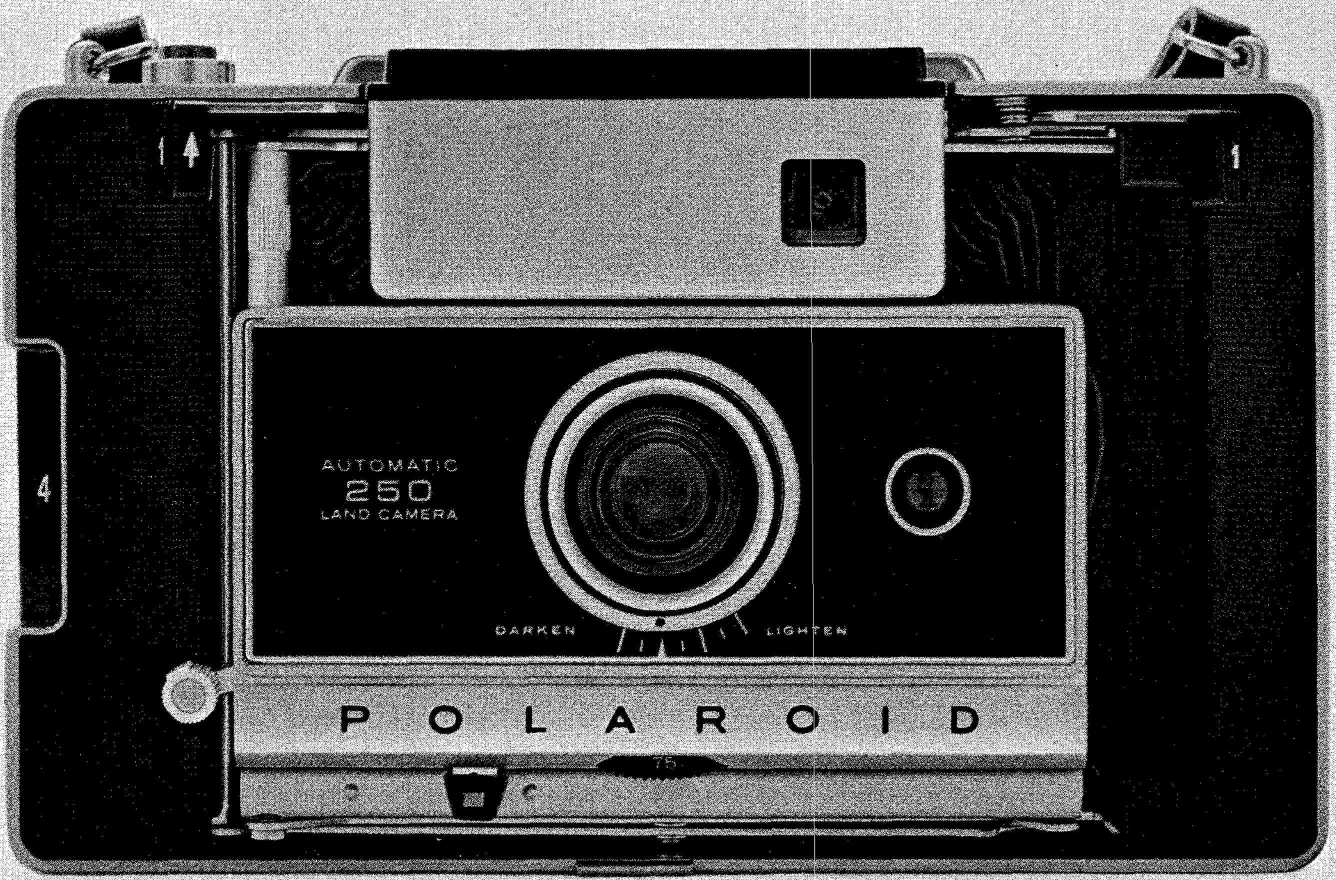

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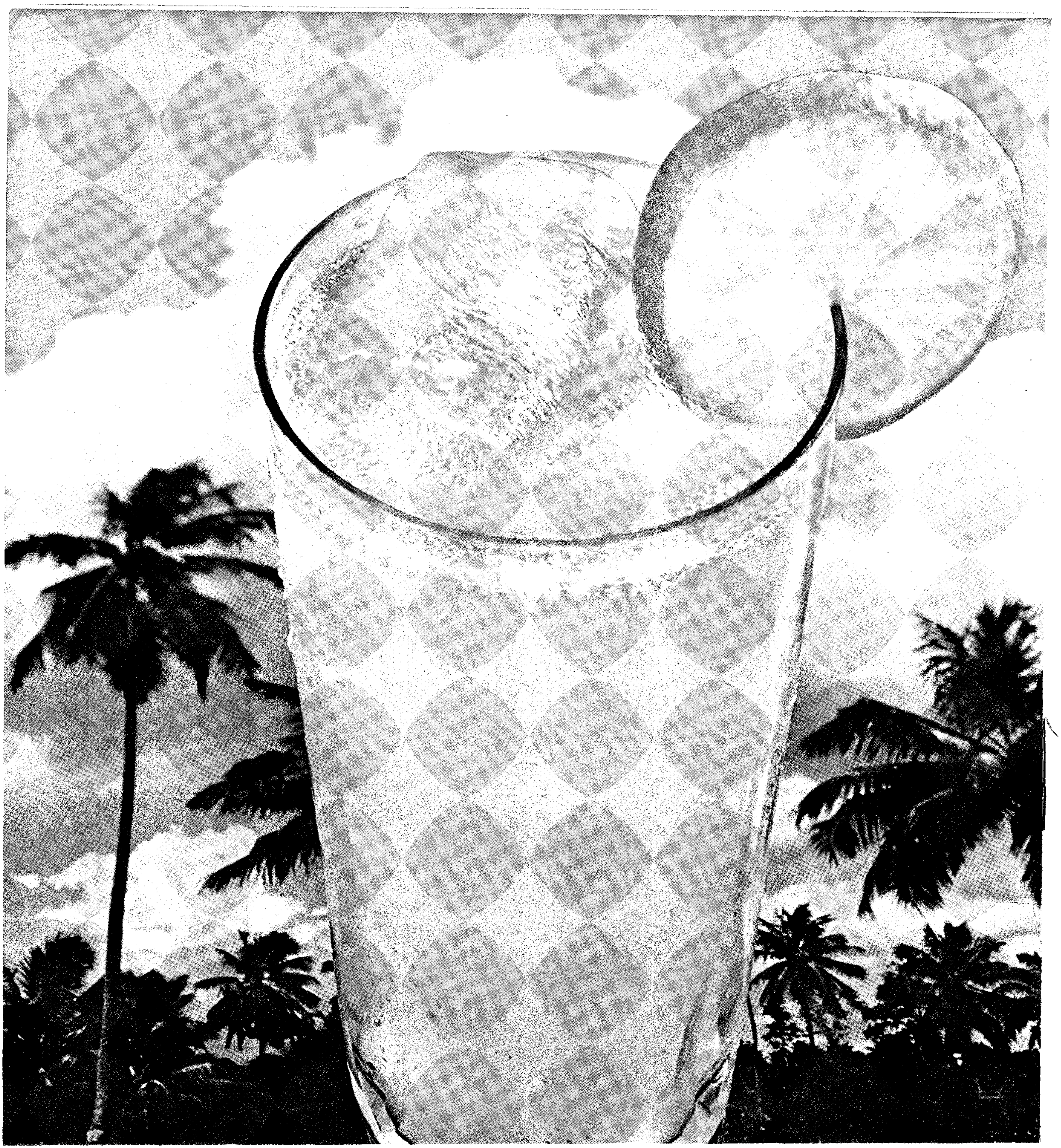

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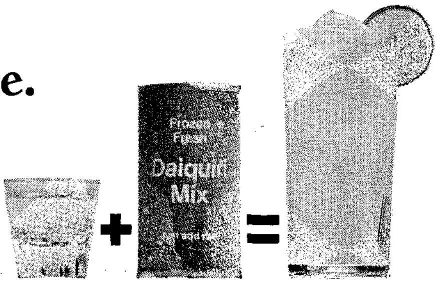

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nearly a year; Nelcius, winner of the 1966 French Derby; and Taj Dewan, who was second to Royal Palace in the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket in May. However, Assagai came on again, and his stable had the satisfaction of seeing him finish ahead of Charlottown, the winner of the 1966 English Derby, and Behistoun, the winner of the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel last November.

THE big weekend surprise, at Delaware Park, was the defeat of Damascus in the William duPont, Jr., Handicap by Exceedingly, a Maryland four-year-old with moderate form, to whom he conceded eight pounds actual weight. Damascus was far behind Flag Raiser, who set the pace, and Exceedingly for three-quarters of the mile and a sixteenth, and some observers thought Shoemaker, who rode him, was a shade too confident. But you'll always hear something like that when a 1–5 shot loses. Shoemaker said his mount ran a big race but just got beat. Dr. Fager's aficionados, like Joel Chandler Harris's Tarbaby, ain't sayin' nuthin'. There's no doubt, though, who the best three-year-old filly is—Quillo Queen, who polished off eleven of her age and sex in the Monmouth Oaks on the Fourth.

AFTER the Suburban, racing at Aqueduct last week seemed dull. An exception was the gallop for two-year-old fillies that brought out Queen of the Stage, who lives in the stall next to Buckpasser in the Phipps barn. As she'd done in her only other start this spring, she romped home by seven lengths. Last weekend, Indian Sunlite, a roan four-year-old by Summer Tan, also turned in a smart performance, in the Sheepshead Bay Handicap on the turf course. Mowing down the leaders in the last half mile, she won comfortably from Mount Regina, Amerivan, and seven others, including Straight Deal, winner of the event last year. And I liked the way Bold Hour ran in the Saranac Handicap. He hasn't been very active this year, but he seemed to have what it takes as he raced Tumiga into submission at the end of a long drive. He may go in the Dwyer Handicap at the Big A this weekend, although the distance, which is a mile and a quarter, is farther than he likes. Other starters, I imagine, will be Air Rights and Favorable Turn, who ran one, two in the Lamplighter at Monmouth last Saturday, and Reason to Hail, who runs nearly every weekend.

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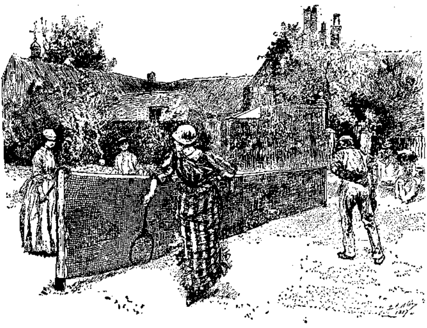

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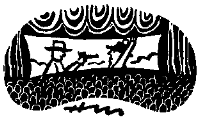

WHEN one man's stage play is turned into another man's film and, not surprisingly, speaks with two voices, movie aestheticians have a weary phrase to explain what has gone wrong. They say that the film has failed to "use the medium." I never quite know what this means, apart from a Surreal flicker of something to do with an exploited spiritualist, for film can surely do anything it likes, including talk as much as a play. To say that dialogue contravenes the medium of the cinema is like saying that a hiccup contravenes the medium of the telephone. The trouble with the special Anglo-American habit of making movies out of existing plays doesn't lie buried in some truism about film's being a visual form. John and Roy Boulting's "The Family Way," adapted from an English stage play by Bill Naughton called "All in Good Time," works itself to the bone making visual points, but it is still a de-energized piece of filmmaking. The root objection to adapted stage hits is simply that the adaptations don't often have very much life, because the characteristic preference of film producers for a proved text cruelly limits the enjoyment of writing and directing a film. For anyone but a film producer, it is obviously more interesting to invent out of the air than to grub over something that already exists in a hermetically constituted form. To look for the material of a movie in another finished dramatic work seems a tortuous thing to do, like making eggs Benedict by unpicking an omelette.

In the case of "The Family Way," the author wrote his own screenplay—from an adaptation by Roy Boulting and Jeffrey Dell—but the classic cancelling-out process still went into operation and expunged most of the character of the work. The Boulting Brothers certainly aren't to be insulted as typical front-office men, because they write and direct as well as produce, but their quality is sophisticated, and their voice cuts across the simple tone of Bill Naughton's play. The story is about the efforts of a shy North Country bridegroom to manage bed with an unhelpfully girlish bride while they are living in his family home, under the eye of an immensely competitive father. The trickily victimized boy is played by Hywel Bennett, a mooning, ox-eyed actor who would probably be more constructively cast against type. The girl is Hayley Mills, whom the publicity wildly holds to have grown up in this film. The boy's father is John Mills, at his crusty best; the character roars sentimental songs at the piano with brutish pathos, and douses his wife's cooking in ketchup like some iron-clad nursing sister dolloping antiseptic onto a cut. His opinion of his son's endowments as a husband is a malign and edgy one, formed in a locality with an ethic of heftiness. The neighbors, themselves efficient in the code, gossip tirelessly and sum up the couple with compact malice. Onstage, the mixture of ferocity and mawkishness in the soul of the Northern working class emerged from Bill Naughton's text with hard truth. He seemed to be describing what he knew and to be writing at cost to himself, without glib cracks. Though it was very funny, his account of a farcically cruel system of marital appearances was underpinned by an implication that he was obligated to sustain some commitment to it, because it was in his blood. The tone of the picture is quite different. It has the sound of an outsider, disclaiming responsibility. Its criticism often appears obtuse and impatient and without much affection, and the humor is sometimes vilely knowing, like the leery wordplay in the changed title.

It seems entirely typical of the inclination of the movie industry that the young couple should become the principals when they are shifted onto the screen, although they are wet company, and that the four parents realized in such tough-minded detail in the stage play should recede into character turns. In the theatre, the most arresting passages were the references by the parents to a dead boon companion of theirs called Billy. The father having forced him on his wife on their honeymoon, the mother acquired her own undisclosed power of feeling for him, and now that they suddenly speak of him again after half a lifetime their pent-up recall starts to alter the present. The film somehow lets all this go for very little, and shrivels the description of fiercely barricaded friendship into something prurient. It seems the characteristic result of a bad, bad system of muddled authorship that clobbers English and American filmmaking alike. The worst aspects of the English film industry have always tended to be a tin-pot version of the worst of Hollywood. Scripts originated for the cinema are a commonplace everywhere else in the world; the English convention looks only across the Atlantic. It imitates Hollywood's bet-hedging taste for adaptations because it has imitated the context of a producer's way of film-making, with the primary artistic decisions taken by businessmen who fear the fact that the imaginative process collects around a core of risk. The caution and bullying that are endemic in Hollywood have simply been repeated in England, with less dash. If American filmmakers have suffered from moguls' cinema, England has perpetrated the cinema of accountants. The Boulting Brothers themselves know all too well that original screenplays are historically as unpopular in the British film industry as they are here. They have come to be such a familiar object of highbrow evangelism and commercial terror that one scarcely notices any longer that the sheer phrase "original screenplay" is as lunatic as, say, "hand-done oil painting." I suppose an equivalent system might well have struck down painters, given a situation in which paintings were enormously popular and paint hugely expensive. Some stock-exchange prophet would have set himself up in the financing of canvases, begun to deceive himself that only he held the key to public taste, and decided eventually that the safest investment for his backers' money was to commission work on subjects that had already been successful as drawings. Then he would have started asking the original draftsmen to do treatments of the projected paintings, and fired them, and hired other draftsmen, with diametrically opposite styles. And having chosen the coloring himself, he would have found someone avant-garde with a big reputation for green art to fill in the greens, and used a framer who had always framed the pony drawings in the nurseries of the Royal Family. It would have been tough on people who wanted to paint.

Postscript: A quote from a producer interviewed in a Los Angeles newspaper: "Of course, you have to hire a writer on faith, reputation, and something we call a track record. With directors it's easier. I can always fire them in the middle of a picture and take over myself." —PENELOPE GILLIATT

●

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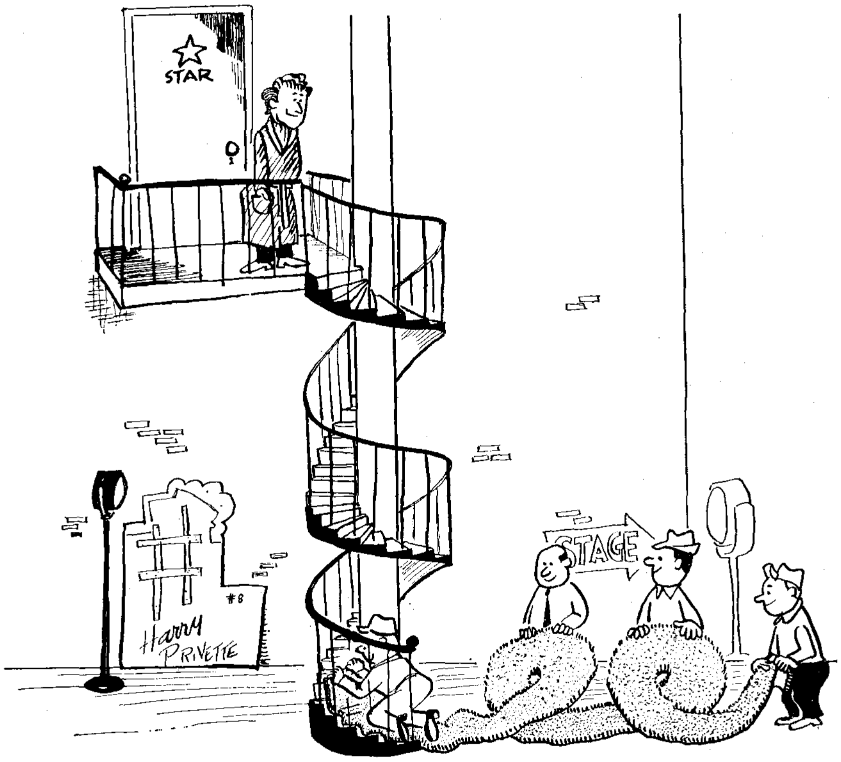

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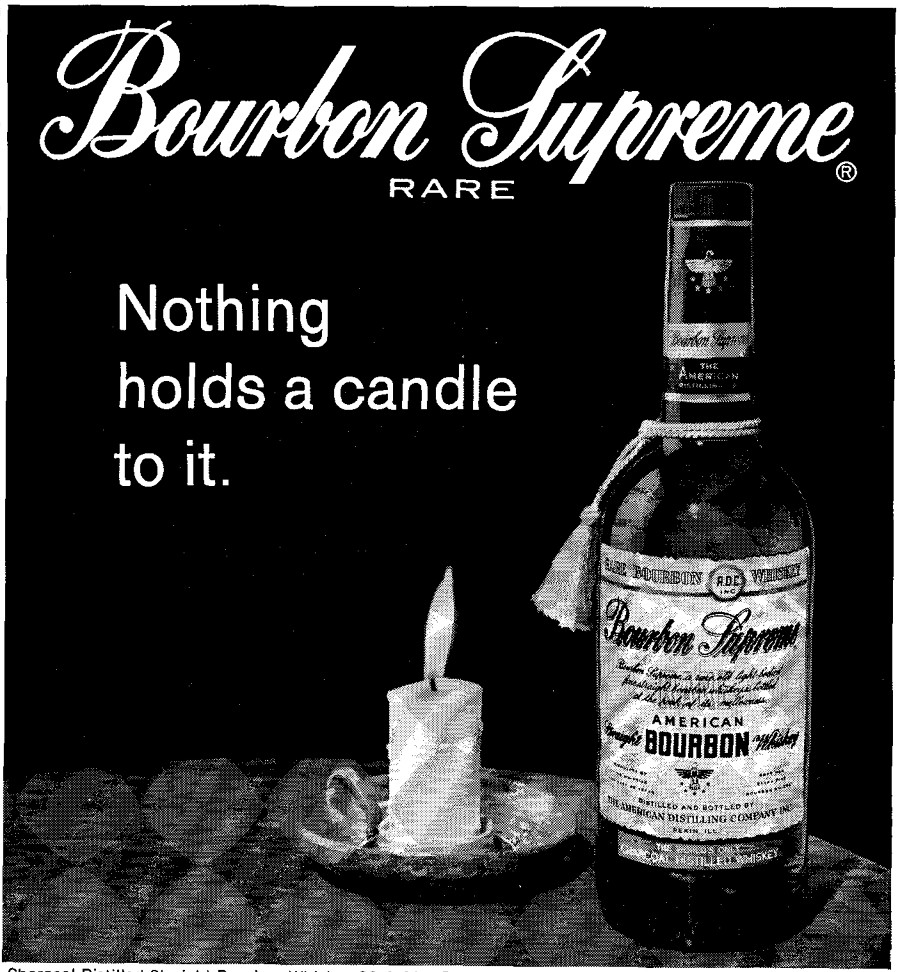

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Hamburger Way

THE visit of the Hamburg State Opera to the Metropolitan Opera House has served as a lesson to us in a number of ways. Its performances have been uniformly effective theatrically and not by any means undistinguished vocally. The Hamburg Opera does not present "grand" opera as the Metropolitan does. "Grand opera," a term that is French in origin, has come nowadays to mean opera with a great variety of travelling stars who are fitted into productions the way parts are fitted into a machine and who are remarkable, often, for their singing ability but are inevitably less effective from the dramatic standpoint, simply because few of them participate in the rehearsals when a production is being put together. The first performance of a new production at the Met is nearly always dramatically acceptable. By the time the fifth or sixth performance comes around, however, a whole new group of singers is in the cast—a group that has had the benefit of perhaps one stage rehearsal, if that—and the theatrical side of things suffers accordingly. The system is a built-in feature of the Metropolitan Opera, and it has its advantages. A startling array of new singers is always appearing, attracting the public over and over again, and some of these singers have truly great voices. But, as the Hamburgers have shown us, this is not the only way to produce opera. The Hamburg State Opera is a close-knit group, thoroughly rehearsed and containing few if any international stars; when it puts on a performance, every detail of the staging is fresh because the artists who are performing are the ones who were in the production at the beginning of the season.

Whether this method of doing things would work in New York I am not prepared to say. It has been claimed that our public is so fickle that it wouldn't go to the opera at all unless casts were continually primed with big names. This I doubt, and the packed houses at the New York City Opera bear me out. There is, however, a more serious obstacle. The demands of the stagehands and musicians make prolonged rehearsal too expensive. The Hamburg Opera can devote fifteen rehearsals or more (at a guess) to a production and keep the cast intact; the Metropolitan can afford no such luxury. The Met usually rehearses a new opera, or a new production of an old one, four to six times onstage. After that, it's on its own, except for a perfunctory going-through-the-motions prior to its first performance in subsequent seasons. After a few seasons, the current cast may have lost sight—and memory—of what the production originally was like. The result is fine singing coupled with semaphoric acting by singers who know just enough about the details of the production to avoid bumping into one another as they cross the stage. Of course, it isn't always quite as bad as that. A singer with outstanding talents as an actor may, by hook or by crook, make these talents felt; a cast may be kept *fairly* intact during a season. But the tendency is as I have described it, and it is not likely to change unless the Metropolitan becomes a non-star, self-contained outfit. This would probably mean the elimination of some big-name artists, such as Corelli, Nilsson, Sutherland, and Tebaldi, and it is just possible that the public wouldn't stand for it. However, the Hamburg Opera has given us a taste of what we are missing.

Moreover, the visiting Hamburgers have introduced a number of first-rate new singers to us, and—to our shame—have shown us how beautifully some of our young American singers can perform, given the conditions that obtain in Hamburg. Among the newcomers were a splendid mezzo-soprano named Nadezda Kniplova, a soprano (almost as good) named Enriqueta Tarrés, the lyric soprano Edith Mathis, the bass Toni Blankenheim, and the tenors Gerhard Unger and Ragnar Ulfung, the last of whom I heard in Montreal a few weeks ago, and whose acting seemed to me quite out of the ordinary. Then there were the Americans, who shone as they never had in America: the tenor Richard Cassilly, the mezzo-soprano Tatiana Troyanos, the coloratura soprano Jeanette Scovotti, the lyric soprano Felicia Weathers, the baritone McHenry Boatwright, the soprano Arlene Saunders, the baritone Heinz Blankenburg, the tenor Loren Driscoll, and the conductor Charles Mackerras, who is English by citizenship but was born in Schenectady. This is quite a list of expatriate artists, and several of them are among the Hamburg Opera's outstanding ones. Many of them have sung with the New York City Opera, and a few have done minor roles or had short exposures at the Met. It is a pity

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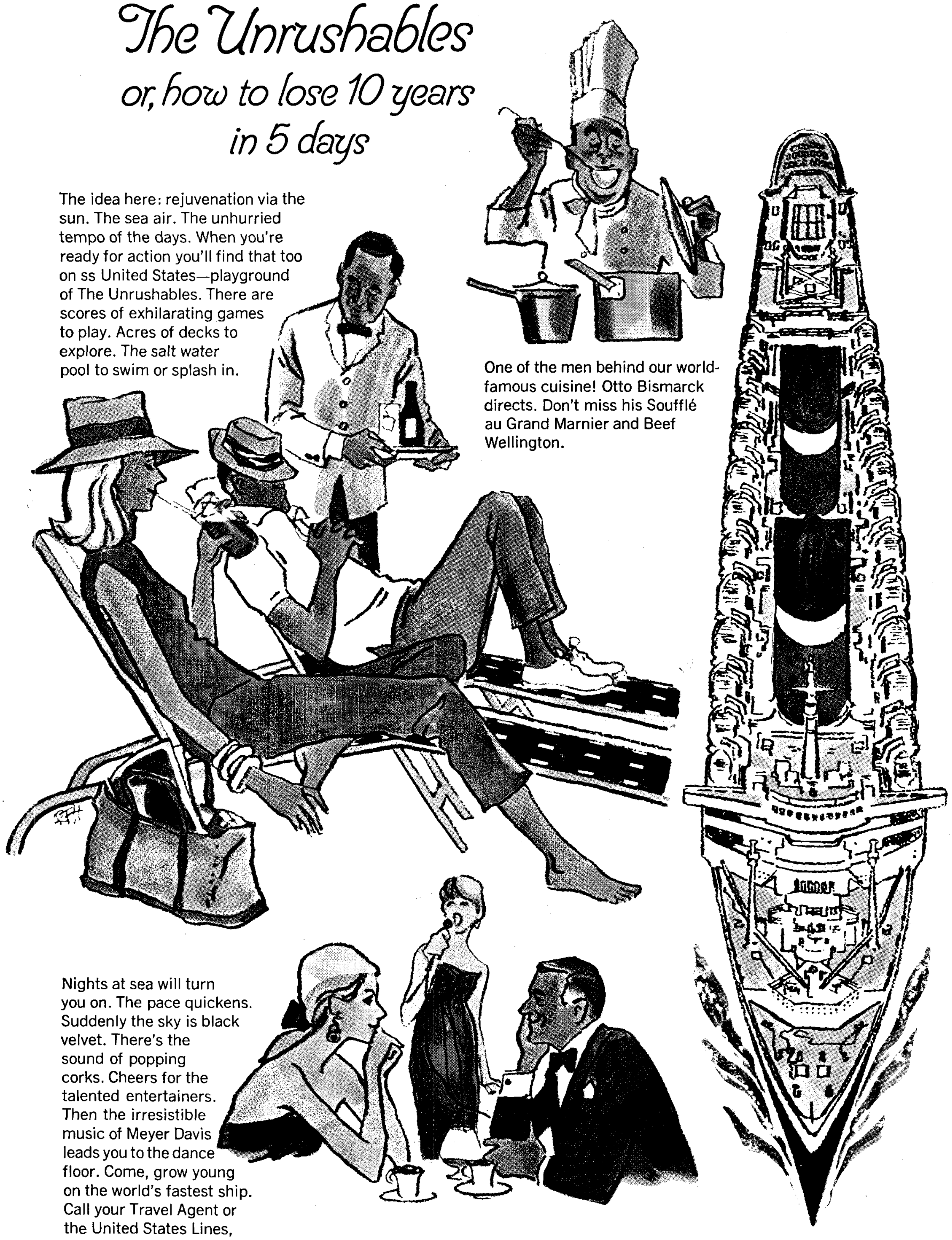

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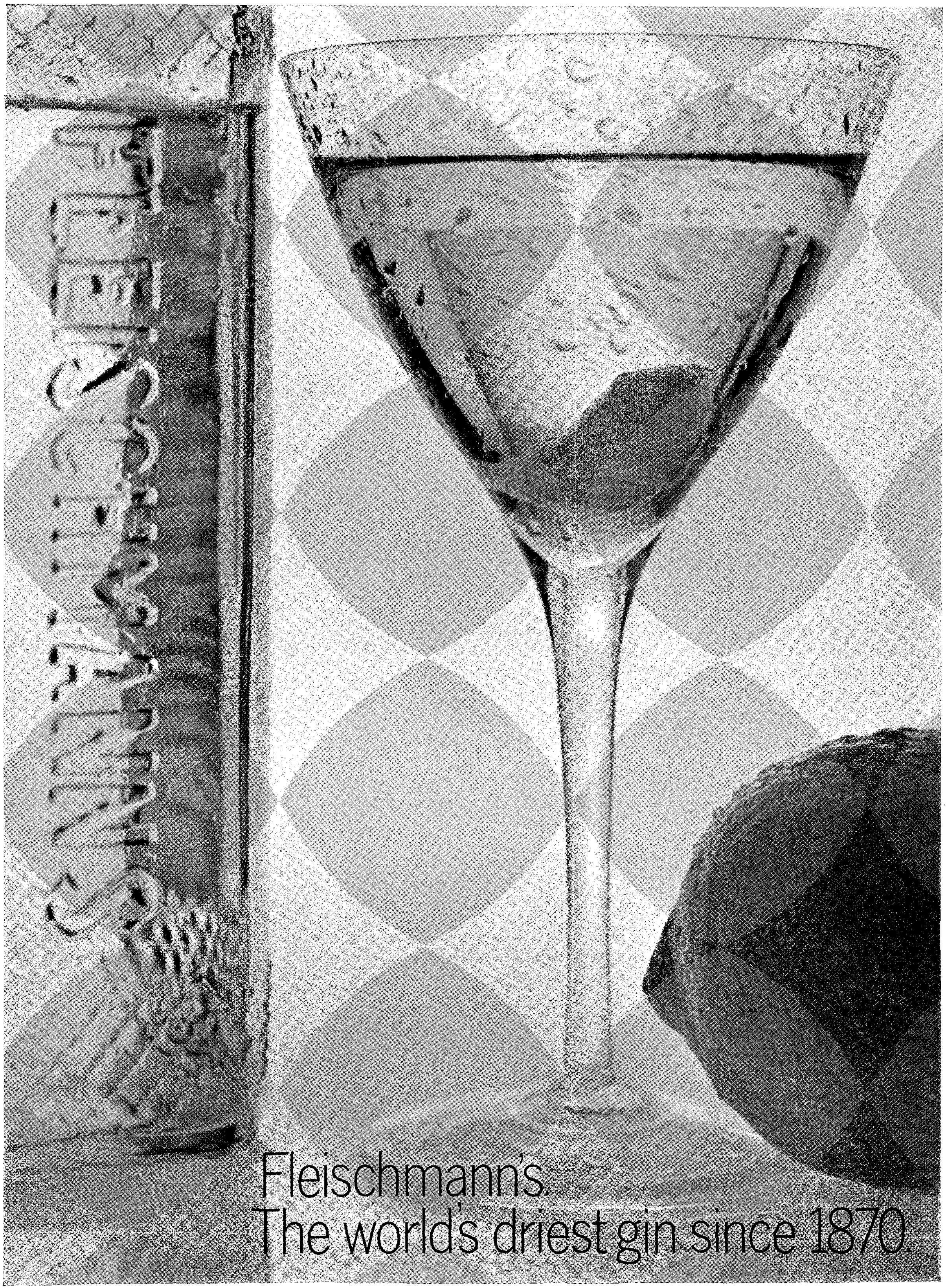
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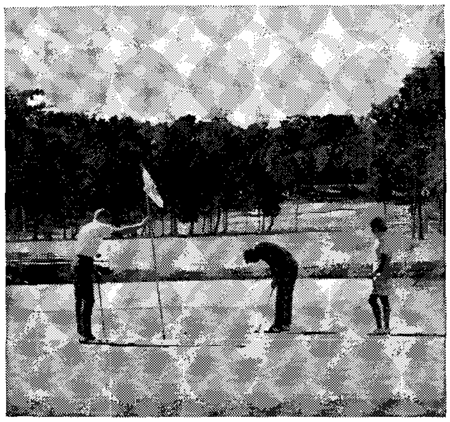
that we cannot offer better opportunities for their talents in this country.

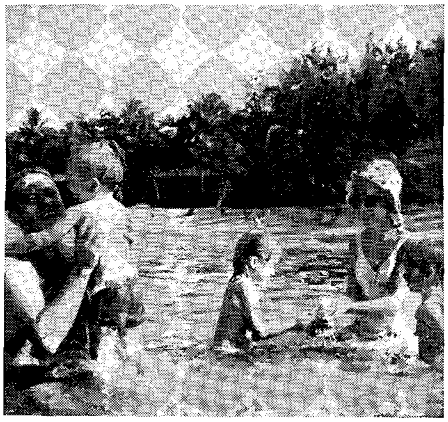
ON the other hand, the operas chosen for performance by the Hamburg company were by no means of uniformly high quality. I have already mentioned Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler" and Alban Berg's "Lulu," neither of which would survive more than a season, I suspect, in New York, though the latter was certainly an amusing spectacle. On Monday evening of last week, however, the company presented Janáček's "Jenufa," which, it seems to me, deserves a permanent place in the Metropolitan's repertoire. It *was* presented at the Metropolitan many years ago, without much success. But I think that we have matured enough to accept Janáček's masterpiece, even though it is conceived in pastels and contains no loud climaxes. It is not a "modern" opera. Janáček was a contemporary of Puccini, and the work was finished in 1903. Like much of Janáček's operatic output, it belongs to the school of *verismo*, and it is as realistic as a newspaper report. It tells a pathetic little story, set in the backwoods of Moravia, about a peasant girl who has an illegitimate child by the town ne'er-do-well, about her foster mother's drowning the child for the sake of the family honor, and, finally, about the heroine's disenchantment with the ne'er-do-well and her marriage to a good guy who has always been in love with her. This simple story has been made the basis of a poetic score—one of those typically Bohemian scores in which the composer evokes all the love that Bohemians apparently feel for their rural landscape. In this respect it resembles the work of Smetana and Dvořák, and, like Smetana's "The Moldau," it echoes the forest music of Wagner here and there. But the writing is extraordinarily original, proceeding gently as the orchestra shifts from chord to chord—each chord being held while little ornamentations are made on it, these ornamentations including the vocal line, which, despite this curious method, seems perfectly natural throughout the work. The effect, to the ear, is of successive blocks of sound supporting a kind of melody that is very nearly continuous recitative but that nevertheless has a lovely lyric quality.

The scenery for this production, by Teo Otto, was completely realistic, consisting of an outdoor view of a shingled mill in a forest, followed by an interior, of a rather bare peasant hut, with only a fireplace, a crucifix, and a lamp. The interior served for Acts II and III. The staging, by Oscar Fritz Schuh, was masterly. Each member of the male chorus in the first act was an individual—a rambunctious peasant boy quite different from the rest. Miss Kniplova, an imposing woman with a mezzo-soprano voice of Wagnerian proportions, did the foster mother, and her scene of remorse in the last act was a compelling bit of drama. A Lebanese singer named Luisa Bosabalian did Jenufa. She has an excellent voice in a plump body appropriate to this opera. Her one fault is that her German diction is poor. The good guy was Mr. Cassilly, who seems to be assuming the position of *primo tenore* in Hamburg, after filling that role for some time with the New York City Opera. But the most astounding performance of the evening was that of Mr. Ulfung, the Norwegian tenor I have already spoken of. He was the bad guy. He came onstage in a way that implied drunkenness and proceeded to do a peasant dance with his hat over one eye, chucking the girls of the chorus under the chin. Then he turned cartwheels and somersaults like a circus acrobat. I have never seen such an exhibition of athleticism on the operatic stage. (Just imagine Joan Sutherland or Richard Tucker doing a cartwheel.) Mr. Ulfung is, as I remarked after seeing him in Montreal, lacking a bit in velvet tone. But he is one of the most versatile actors in opera today. Other roles—and there are many minor ones—were done to perfection. The conductor, Leopold Ludwig, took things in a leisurely manner, even a trifle turgidly. All the same, it was good to see a staged performance of "Jenufa." The opera exerts a spell that is difficult to analyze. Much of it, I think, derives from the depiction of streams, waterfalls, and other woodland sounds in the score—not a realistic depiction but a recognizable representation of the forest-and-river atmosphere of an inland locale. The stream, with its mill, is the background—the constant factor—in the story, just as the orchestra is in the opera. The characters play out their little crisis and its resolution, but the murmur of the water goes on and on, symbolizing the permanence of nature. The orchestra of the Hamburg Opera, incidentally, is the Hamburg State Philharmonic, and it is an incomparable ensemble.

ON Tuesday evening, the company presented Giselher Klebe's "Jacobovsky and the Colonel," based on Franz Werfel's novel, which, it will be



Great summer vacation plans



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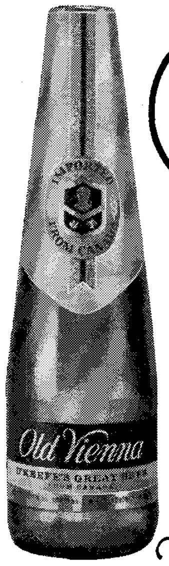
remembered, was also the basis of a Broadway play produced toward the end of the Second World War. The opera turned out to be a pretty weak affair. The composer had merely ornamented what had been considered a rather charming play with punctuations and occasional stretches of totally uninteresting, cacophonous music. Most of the dialogue was spoken, or was in *Sprechstimme*, which amounts to the same thing. Nowhere was there any enhancement of the drama through the music. In fact, the drama would have been more effective without it. So what interest there was centered on the text. This happened to be in German, and as a result only a minority of the audience showed any signs of attention. Long before the last act, large numbers had walked out. Just why the Hamburg Opera saw fit to bring this item along is a mystery. To be sure, there were interesting things about the drama itself and about the way it was staged. It concerns a long trip through France by a dimwitted Polish colonel and a Jewish man of parts whom he despises—both fleeing the advance of the German troops—and the curtains between the acts presented a map of France with lights indicating where the refugees were at the moment. And there was that big green automobile, which has remained the symbol of the play, throwing out clouds of exhaust and piled high with belongings. The conductor, Matthias Kuntzsch, was making a début here, but it was one that gave him no opportunity to show what he could do, since he had no real music to conduct. Most of the cast seemed to be first-rate actors; whether they were singers one could not judge because they had nothing to sing. I know, from performances of other operas, that Oskar Czerwenka (Jacobovsky) is a respectable bass as well as an actor and that Arlene Saunders (Marianne, the colonel's girl friend) is a splendid soprano. I thought that Gerhard Stolze was miscast as the aristocratic colonel—a role played on Broadway by Louis Calhern—for he was much too clownish. But this was a small detail in a wholly unsatisfactory evening. At any rate, I was glad that I had heard the work. It indicated to me where to place the composer—at the bottom of the list.

NEXT, on Wednesday evening, came the American composer Gunther Schuller's opera "The Visitation," which has been extravagantly praised in Germany. Its drama is a paraphrase of Kafka's "The Trial," set in the American South, with a harassed Negro as its hero. The Negro, Carter Jones, is subjected to mysterious accusations; he appeals in vain for help from legal, underground, and ecclesiastical sources, and is finally murdered with a shovel. Schuller's music includes nearly everything in the contemporary repertoire of sound—twelve-tone composition, electronic tape, jazz, a recording by Bessie Smith, and even a conventional hymn, which is done as the murder takes place. No doubt his intentions were of the highest order.

But the essence of Kafka's novel is its spooky fantasy, and translating the scenario to a brutally realistic setting destroys its meaning. What we saw the other night was a remarkably naïve Southern Negro being threatened and finally killed by small-town whites. During his difficulties, the libretto offered a great deal of sudden (or Harpo Marx-style) sex, mostly between whites, and this brought titters from the audience at points where I am sure Schuller meant things very seriously. It also contained a wealth of embarrassing clichés. The score was generally inexpressive, as twelve-tone and electronic music is likely to be except in the most skilled hands. My only explanation of the enthusiastic reaction of the Germans to this opera is their ignorance of America—that, and the German notion that twelve-tone music, with which they have been torturing themselves ever since the Second World War, must be good because Hitler disliked it.

The production was excellent. Mr. Schuller himself conducted, so we may conclude that everything was as he intended. Ita Maximovna had created stunning scenery, making use of the neon signs that add so much to the beauty of the American cityscape at night. McHenry Boatwright, a handsome fellow with a fine baritone voice and notable acting ability, made the most of the role of Carter Jones. Other first-rate characterizations were turned in by Tatiana Troyanos as Jones's landlady, Jeanette Scovotti as a prostitute, Heinz Blankenburg as the head of the local Legal Aid Society, Kerstin Meyer as his slatternly wife, Felicia Weathers as a Negro maid with whom Jones has a sudden sexual encounter, Simon Estes as Jones's uncle, William de Valentine as the deacon of the local church, and Richard Cassilly as a night-club operator. The German performers had been carefully coached in English and spoke



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their lines well, but Kim Borg (head of the local lynch mob), who is Finnish, did not produce an understandable word. Altogether, "The Visitation" is a rather immature endeavor. The audience, after the final curtain, was equally divided between expressions of polite approval and expressions of loud hostility, though these last were directed mainly at the composer. The cast was well received.

ON Thursday night, the company presented its final production, Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress," and did it memorably. The scenery, by Mario Chiari, was lush and decadent-looking. Gian Carlo Menotti, who staged the production, had adopted a more robust, romantic style than that of Ingmar Bergman, who did the Stockholm Opera version that I commented on some weeks ago. Where Bergman had been cold, mannered, and highly sophisticated, Menotti was straightforward and believable. As a result, the scenes in which Baba the Turk appeared were a little out of key with the rest of the work, as, indeed, they usually are. But the staging showed me again how crude the Metropolitan's production of 1953 had been. The auctioneer, for example, acted normally, and did not attempt to show off his voice. Baba as done by Tatiana Troyanos was more aggressive than Stockholm's Baba. The card-playing scene in the graveyard was not quite as eerie as Stockholm's was. Still, there was an engaging sense of reality about the proceedings. Most important, the singing was simply beautiful, and I, who have never been particularly attracted by "The Rake," began to see things in it that I had never seen before. To be sure, its score is eclectic, tricky, and reminiscent of everything from the Renaissance to Handel. But it is nevertheless the work of a master craftsman, and when its melodies are sung as magnificently as they were the other night it is capable of exerting a spell. Miss Saunders was an enchanting Anne Trulove, Loren Driscoll was the Tom Rakewell, and Tom Krause the Nick Shadow. Charles Mackerras conducted, and was probably responsible for a great deal of the evening's musical beauty. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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The House also passed and sent to the Senate a bill granting free hunting and fishing licenses to Rhode Islanders who are totally disabled.—*Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin.*

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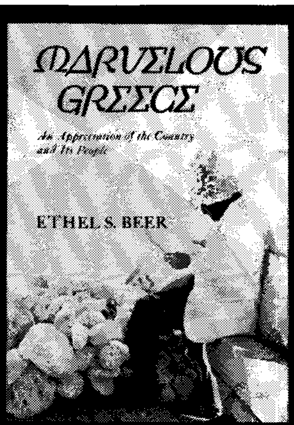

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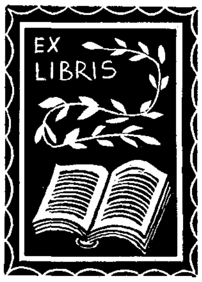
BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

It's an Old Country, by J. B. Priestley (Atlantic-Little, Brown). The complicated and captivating story of Tom Adamson's search for his long-lost father. Very long-lost—Tom was only three, and his sister was only four, when the elder Adamson walked out on his family to move in with a rich and glamorous lady who could help further his career as a painter. That was in 1933, and here we are in 1967. Tom, whose mother hurried herself and her children out to join her brother in Australia almost immediately after being abandoned, considers himself an Australian and considers this his first visit to England. He has no idea where to start looking for his father, who was an actor as well as a painter, and an exceptionally handsome and charming man who never stuck to anything long enough to make the big success he should have made. The search begins in London, in the quiet but not ordinary hotel where Tom spends his first few nights, and continues along a varied and brightly peopled path that seems to take him all over England and alternates between the old and storied and the new and Mod. And Tom finds a third England—the one of private romance. This is a very good book. Serious, kind, skeptical Tom is an admirable companion, and Mr. Priestley is irresistible.



The Least One, by Borden Deal (Doubleday). A first-person story about a young boy growing up in a very poor Southern farming family in Depression times. The boy, who has never been given a first name, is twelve years old when the story begins, in 1932. There is one other child, John, who is fourteen in 1932, and then there are the mother and the father, both of them big, stalwart, kindhearted, and very much alive, thanks to Mr. Deal's sensible and observant spirit. The story tells of poverty, struggle, and innocent triumph, and is full of animals and neighbors and the daily adventures and occasional accidents that make each life separately remarkable. And by the end of it the boy has his own name, although we are not told what it is.

GENERAL

The Imagination of an Insurrection: Dublin, Easter 1916, by William Irwin Thompson (Oxford). A literary study of the Easter Rising, in three parts, the first dealing with the writers who prepared for it by creating Irish nationalism, the second with the writing of three poets who died in it (Pearse, MacDonagh, and Plunkett), and the third with three better writers, whose work was profoundly affected by it—Yeats, Æ, and O'Casey. A most interesting idea and a considerable success. It would have been a greater success had Mr. Thompson, whose doctoral dissertation this was, been advised to narrow his focus and avoid the word "myth."

Sir Richard Burton: The Erotic Traveler, edited by Edward Leigh (Putnam). Burton travelled the exotic parts of the world, including our own Wild West (where he was most interested in Indians and Mormons), to study customs, with special attention to sexual practices (at least until later years, when his wife travelled with him). He sometimes disguised himself as a native, and even opened native shops. Mr. Leigh has paraphrased Burton's travels as a framework for reprinting the erotic material. Readers in search of titillation are warned that some of it is harrowing (sadism, mutilations), some of it is fallacious (aphrodisiacs), some of it seems irrelevant to American conditions (eunuchism), and some of it appears hardly worth the trouble (copulation with a female crocodile).

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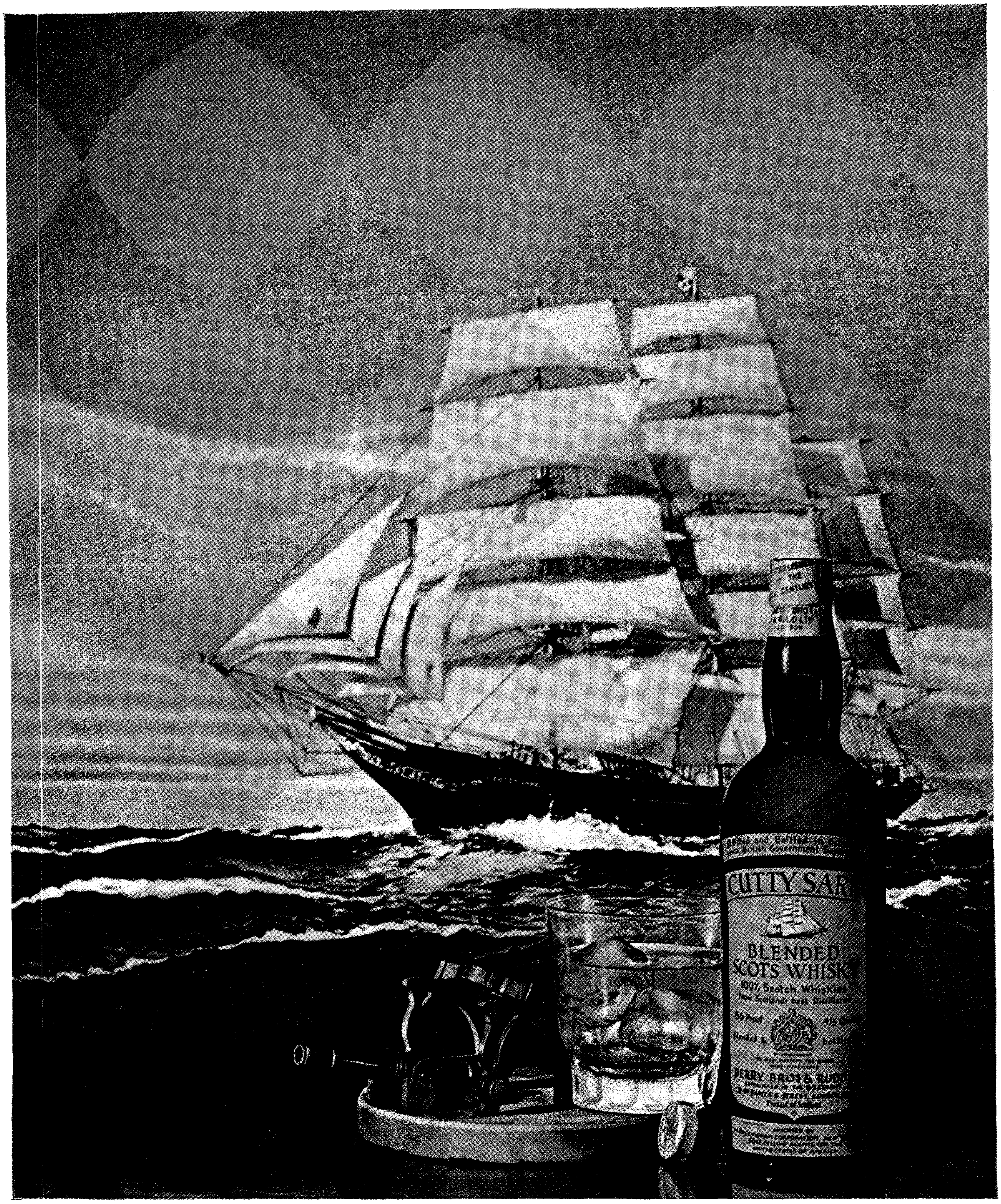
—*Sarasota (Fla.) Herald-Tribune.*

We don't like that little chuckle.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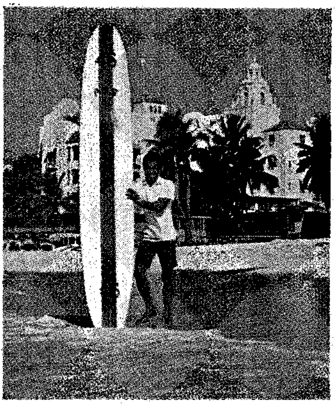

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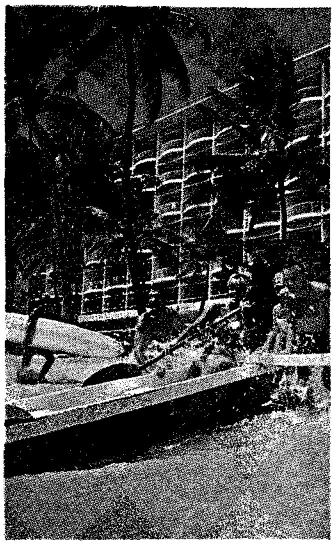

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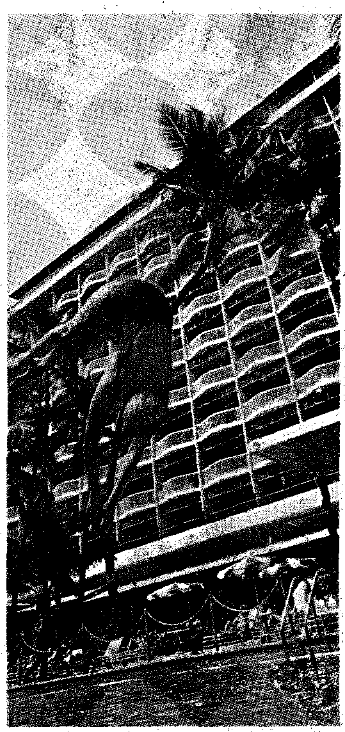

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